FAMOUS COMPOSERS

BY

NATHAN H. DOLE

VOL. 1

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NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

VOLUME I

WITH PORTRAITS

New York
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
PUBLISHERS

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PALESTRINA.

(GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.)

1514-1594.

IN the year 1798 the French occupied Rome, and Mesplet, the Commissioner of Fine Arts, gave a grand concert in the palace of the Vatican as a tribute to the French nation. An orchestra made up of the best players in the city, and a chorus comprising the finest singers of the various Roman chapels, were brought into service.

The first piece on the program was the overture to Gluck's *Iphigenia.* This brilliant selection was followed by an unaccompanied *Benedictus* from an ancient Mass, sung by four solo voices from the Sistine Chapel.

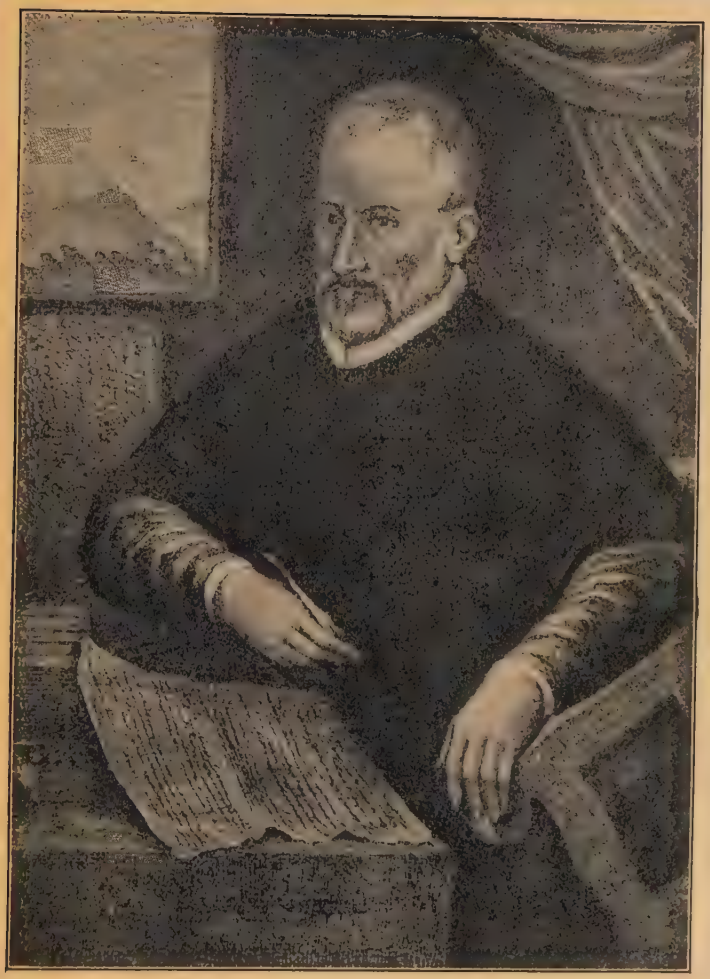
The other singers were appalled at the probable effect. What a contrast between the fiery harmonies of "the Bohemian restorer of dramatic music" with which the hall was still echoing, and the quiet flow of religious themes more than two centuries old! A general pallor overspread all the faces of the singers from the Sistine Chapel, and the whisper went round, "What an unfortunate arrangement!" One who was present thus described the scene: —

"But now the four men assigned to the piece are ready to begin. All is silence. After the second note the audience were amazed: each and every one seemed to be transported into a new universe with new heavens and a new earth; new melodies, new harmonies, new

sounds, new accords, new successions; we of the Chapel did not recognize the well-worn *Benedictus*. Is it angels singing? Are they men? Is it human music? Is it a divine concourse of imperceptible sounds? A general ecstasy seized the audience. When the composition closed with the last unexpected cadence, there arose an indescribable tumult of applause. The great hall and the adjoining rooms, filled to overflowing with hearers of every age and sect, of every mode of thought, rang with unheard-of enthusiasm for the novelty of such tones, and all had to confess that this was music, that this music was the music of the mind and of the heart, and that it was as far superior to the *Overture* as the *Overture* was superior to the uncouth sounds of barbarous nations."

The *Benedictus* performed on that gala occasion was composed by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, called the Prince of Music, and the spectator who so graphically described the effect produced on that brilliant audience was Giuseppe Baini, "Roman priest, Capellan Cantor, and director of the Pontifical Chapel," whose enthusiastic life of Palestrina, written in beautiful Italian, was until a few years ago the repository of all that was known about the great composer.

Palestrina is the name of a place, and Palestrina is the name under which the world honors one of the noblest and most unselfish sons of art. Indeed, in hearing the name, one thinks not of the place but of the man who in receiving it as a distinction came to confer a distinction upon it, the birthplace being glorified by the humble birth. Palestrina, the place, is to-day only a "collection of narrow and filthy alleys," visible from



GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.

From the painting preserved in the musical archives of the Vatican.
Unknown painter.

Rome as "a grayish mass of houses on a chalky spur of the Apennines," about twenty miles from the Palatine Hill. Until very recently it was a hiding-place for banditti, and the unguarded pilgrim to the birthplace of "the Homer of music" was not unlikely to pay tribute to enterprising but illegal tax-collectors.

In the days of old the town was known as Praeneste, its foundations antedating Rome itself, to which it was a formidable rival. Afterwards it was famous for its nuts and roses, and for its temple to Fortune, there called *Premigenia*, matron of matrons, who was consulted by women from all over Italy. This temple was the largest in Europe, and a landmark from the sea. Around it clustered the villas of the Roman nobles who liked the coolness and salubrity of the air. Here the Antinoos of the Vatican was discovered, and, among other precious relics of antiquity, the finest old mosaic in existence.

In the Middle Ages it was the possession of the Colonna princes, whose castle, more than once destroyed by jealous popes, crowned the heights and overlooked a prospect unequalled in the world.

Nearly four hundred years ago there lived in Palestrina a well-to-do peasant named Pierluigi Sante, or more properly Sante Pierluigi, who certainly owned a house and vineyard, and possibly cultivated a small farm. His wife's name was Maria Gismondi, and she is thought to have had some small property of her own. They had two sons, one of whom was Giovanni Pierluigi or John Peter Louis, who afterwards came to be called the "very angel of composers."

The date of Palestrina's birth was for a long time dubious. It was supposed that the town records were

destroyed by the Spanish and German soldiers under the Duke of Alva. Baini, who did not think it worth while to make a thorough investigation, devotes much space to proving that he was born in 1524, but Cicerchia, one of Baini's pupils, after a careful search, discovered documentary evidence that the date was ten years earlier, as indeed had been suspected by Kandler and other later biographers.

An Italian writer relates a pretty legend about Giovanni coming down to Rome to market with his father. He tells how, as he went, after the manner of beggar-boys, singing along the street on his way toward the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, of which he afterwards became chapelmaster, he was overheard by the director of the music, who was so delighted with his voice that he took him under his instruction.

Unfortunately there is no basis of truth in this anecdote. The boy must have early shown great aptitude for music, and as singers at that day were almost certain to secure lucrative positions at the courts or in the private chapels of opulent princes, his parents, who perhaps knew by rumor that the Duke of Milan employed no less than thirty singers, and paid as much as a hundred ducats a month for the services of one man, determined to have their son taught singing. His mother is believed to have sold a piece of land to furnish the necessary funds.

There were in Rome at this time many famous teachers, all foreigners, — Spaniards, Frenchmen, Portuguese, and especially Netherlanders. The legend has it that when the young man from Palestrina came down there in 1540, he entered the school of the Fleming Claude Goudimel, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he was or became a Huguenot, and, a victim of

jealousy, perished at Lyons on the day of the St. Bartholomew's massacre. With him Palestrina is said to have studied the principles of counterpoint and composition, but this whole episode has been denied, and it is impossible to get at the truth. However, from our knowledge of his after-career we need not hesitate to believe that he applied himself diligently to the studies required of singers at that day, who had to be able to compose and even improvise within the stern and precise forms of an art as yet unconscious of its possibilities of freedom.

He was powerfully influenced by his friend Orlando di Lasso, Knight of the Golden Spur, the last and greatest of the Belgians, called "the brilliant master of the North" — a man whose career was in itself a romance. He was at this time enjoying the honorable position of master of the children —*maestro de' putti* —at the Lateran basilica; but afterwards, at the chapel of the Emperor Maximilian, who made him a noble, he had the direction of a choir of sixty-two singers with thirty instrumentalists. Di Lasso made many improvements in musical form, and his compositions are said to show vast fertility of invention as well as breadth, depth, and power.

In studying the lives of great men it is always interesting to find the secret springs that lead to originality; and how often we see a chance word or a keen suggestion leading the way to splendid results!

Ten years passed away during which Pierluigi was chapelmaster of the church at Palestrina, at which his duties kept him busy playing the organ, leading the choir at daily mass, and at the various services at vespers and completorium, besides teaching the canonicals and the children the art of song. Then in 1551, when François Roussel left Rome, he was appointed "master of

the children" in the Julian Chapel at Rome, a position of honor and responsibility. He was regarded so highly that he was granted the superior title of chapelmaster, *maestro di cappella della basilica vaticana*, — which gave him precedence over all the other singers of the basilica. His monthly stipend was the beggarly sum of six scudi, probably not equivalent in purchasing power to ten American dollars.

About this time Palestrina took the most fateful step of his life. In 1548 he married. His wife's name was Lucrezia Gori, or Goris, and she was a virtuous maiden, — *donzella onesta*, — who brought him a respectable dowry. A house which formed a part of it still stands — a mediæval structure with dark gloomy rooms, one occupied a few years ago by a shoemaker. "With her," says Baini, "he suffered the most pinching poverty of his life, with her he endured the most cruel afflictions of his spirit, and with her he ate the hard bread of poverty, . . . but with her also he lived in the rays of light which afterwards flashed from height to height of his glory and success, for the faithful couple passed together almost five and thirty years." Baini firmly believed in the mythical legend of his poverty.

While serving here he wrote a volume of five masses for four and five voices, and published it three years later with a dedication to the Pope Julius III. This was the first work of church music ever dedicated by an Italian to a Pope. In his dedication he speaks of his work as the *rhythmi exquisiores*, in which "he sung the Christian praises of the most high God."

Palestrina's volume of masses greatly pleased Julius III., who very likely felt flattered by the words "*Ecce magnus sacerdos*" — "Behold the mighty priest" — with

which the first began. The reward quickly came. This Pope had shortly before issued an edict or "*motum proprium*," as it was called, regulating the affairs of the Sistine Chapel. In accordance with this, singers were no longer to be admitted through favoritism, but, as was proper, only after a strict examination. In the case of Palestrina, however, the Pope felt justified in making an exception, and accordingly invited him to enter the chapel service as one of the pontifical singers. On the morning of January 13, 1555, the Chapelmaster Maccabei, bishop of Castro, after finishing early mass, summoned the singers, and, having read to them the Pope's missive, presented to them their new colleague.

Palestrina was made immediately aware of the jealousy of the other singers, most of whom were from beyond the mountains and as superior to the new-comer in voice as he was superior to them in genius. The secretary of the college, a Spaniard, makes mention of the occasion in his diary, and says that Palestrina was admitted contrary to the Pope's own mandate and "without the consent of the singers." They evidently made him feel that he was an interloper.

But Palestrina had a resource in his art. He signalized his acceptance of his new position by composing a volume of four-part madrigals, written, says Baini, "in a clear, splendid, expressive style, full of sentiment and perfect originality, — a style wholly his own and never attained by his predecessors or his contemporaries."

The words of the songs which he thus set to music, he afterwards came to regard as licentious and even scandalous, though compared with many secular poems of that day they were innocent enough. He himself felt that he had done wrong, and like the conscientious

man that he was, he acknowledged his fault, and mourned over it all his life. Nearly thirty years later in a dedication to a volume of motets he wrote: "There are too many poems the themes of which are loves profane and unworthy the name and profession of Christians, and forsooth these very songs, written by men filled with madness and corrupters of youth, very many musicians have chosen for the subject-matter of their art and industry, and for the very reason of their success and genius have proved an offence thereby to good and serious men. I both blush and grieve that once I also belonged to this same class. But since the past cannot be changed, nor what hath been done undone, I turned over a new leaf."

Again in another dedication he says, "Even as a youth I abhorred such things, and I have earnestly striven never to produce anything which should serve to make another worse or less virtuous." And still again he professes his intention to consecrate all his talents to singing the praise of God — *divinis laudibus.*

These two are the great and noble lessons of his life. When he might have won riches and fame, he chose comparative poverty and a humble station, in order to devote his unequalled genius to what he considered his duty, and instead of catering to the luxurious taste of the day, he chose the higher privilege of serving God alone. This greatness of Palestrina's was higher than that ascribed to him by Dr. Proske, who says that the true greatness of his character was based on the fact that he dedicated his immeasurably broad and deep activity in art throughout his life to pure church style!

It is interesting to note that among the madrigals in this first volume was one in praise of Francesco Rosselli,

the same François Roussel whose place he had taken as "master of the children" in the Julian Chapel. Palestrina declares that the composer must surely have been in heaven whence he brought down the divine harmony to mortals. The praise, though fulsome in the exaggerated manner of the day, shows a genuine generosity of spirit, and makes us love its author all the more.

Palestrina's service in the Sistine Chapel was of short duration. His patron, Julius II., died in March of the same year, and his successor reigned only a few weeks. Already in May the stern Paul IV. was on the throne. One of his first acts was to reform the Sistine Chapel. He summoned the deputies of the college, and demanded whether the singers were living in the modesty and discipline required of all, under pain of excommunication. On being told that they were, he asked if there were not several married singers, "a scandal to the service of God and the holy law of the Church." The answer was, "Three." The Pope replied that while he must praise the zeal of his predecessors in providing the chapel with worthy men, still he was convinced that the singers must be celibates and priests according to the law. He therefore demanded that the married singers be forthwith expelled.

Though the deputies protested that after the singers had once taken the oath, put on the *cotta*, and received the "kiss of peace," they were members for life, unless guilty of some grave misdemeanor, and moreover the three married singers were famous composers, and one, at least, had been a faithful member for eighteen years, still the Pope was inflexible, and on the 30th of July, in presence of all the singers except Palestrina, who was ill, perhaps in consequence of his grief, the solemn

mandate, couched in sonorous and pompous Latin, was read, expelling, casting out, and removing the three men guilty of the terrible crime of matrimony, and declaring that they ought to be and consequently were removed, expelled, and cast out — *cassatos, ejectos et amotos!*

As an equivalent for their loss of position, the Pope munificently granted them a pension of about six scudi a month! Palestrina as he lay ill in bed had the account and the sentence read to him by the secretary. He had been a pontifical singer only six months and nineteen days. After a graphic account of his gloomy prospects, burdened as he was with a wife and three small children, and prevented by his pension, petty though it was, from the personal exercise of his profession, Baini adds: "The Father of mercies, however, the God of all consolation, called upon, as I believe, with true faith by the man thus humiliated, very soon changed the dark misfortunes that overwhelmed him."

The misfortune could not have been very dark, for three years later he is known to have bought two plots of land, and he already owned several vineyards and houses. He accepted a flattering offer to become chapelmaster in the famous old basilica of St. John in the Lateran, the church called "the Head of the City and the World." He thus became the successor of his friend Orlando di Lasso. The Pope allowed him to retain his pension, and in October of the same year he assumed his new position, which he held for a little over five years. During this time he is supposed to have lived with his little family in a cottage on the slope of Monte Celio, far away from the noise and tumult of the city. He was busy, but it is questionable whether he was so much

pinched by poverty as he would himself make us believe. In the dedication of one of his works to Pope Sixtus V., he afterwards wrote: "All cares are hostile to the Muses, but especially so are those caused by straitened circumstances — *angustia rei familiaris.* But I thank the Divine goodness that even in the extremest difficulties, I have never interrupted the pursuit of music. For what other alleviation could I have had — a man from boyhood devoted to this pursuit and assiduously practising it — would that it had been with as much progress as labor and diligence!"

Baini compares his zeal to that of the Elder Pliny, of whom the Younger wrote: "He felt that all time was wasted not devoted to his studies, and thus it was that he completed so many volumes." Though the composer wrote much during these years, he published nothing. "The Lateran may have echoed often with the glory of his new productions," for it is true the archives of the proto-basilica contain many of his works, among them a setting of Jeremiah's Lamentations to marvellous music, and the Pope, hearing of his great work, deigned to ask him to compose for his service some *Improperii* — works of such splendid simplicity and originality, that, as Baini says, "they are still sung and will be forever sung in the Apostolic Chapel, receiving every year for almost three centuries the tribute of tears from sensitive hearts" — still during all this time he published nothing, and it has been thought that the reason lay in his bitterness of sorrow at what seemed to him his disgrace. Nevertheless several of his smaller works were obtained from him by friends under one pretext or another, and published without his knowledge. Among these was a very beautiful five-part madrigal in praise of a certain charming

and graceful singer probably named Alessandra; it begins, —

Donna bella e gentil che'l nome avete
Di quel gran vincitor, che'l monde vinse.[1]

And it declares that her singing is so sweet and rare, her face and gestures so beautiful, that she is certainly an angel descended from heaven.

In spite of the allowance made to him for wine, and the fact that he spent none of his salary in publishing his works, Palestrina felt cramped as to his means; and therefore, when the celebrated Liberian Chapel of Santa Maria Maggiore, which, owing to the invasion of the Duke of Alva and the consequent panic, had become somewhat disorganized, invited him to become its musical director, he begged the Lateran authorities either to increase his salary or to permit him to resign. He was permitted to resign, and in March, 1561, assumed his new duties, among which was that of instructing delinquent boys, for which he received extra pay. Here Palestrina served for upwards of ten years, and during this time he won the greatest glory of his life, whereby even now he is traditionally called "the savior of church music."

During the preceding centuries many improvements in writing music had been invented by the clever composers of the Netherlands and Italy: marks of expression, new modulations, new keys, graceful forms of ornamentation, trills, and other artifices. At the same time many abuses had crept in. For instance, some composers colored their notes to mark different conceptions connected with the music: red notes signified light, green signified trees or landscapes, blue the sky, and kindred ideas.

[1] Fair and gentle lady who bearest the name of that great conqueror who subdued the world.

Still worse absurdities had fixed themselves upon church music. The basis of a mass, for instance, was originally one of the themes handed down by tradition from the early fathers. The art of counterpoint followed stated rules, built up the musical structure upon these Gregorian tones, called the *canto fermo* or plain-song. It was a strait and narrow path to follow, and resulted generally in great stiffness, formality, and monotony.

More ingenious composers often combined several of these themes, and at last it became the habit to graft upon the solemn church theme secular airs, just as though "Yankee Doodle" and "The Old Oaken Bucket" were intwined with "Old Hundred." The sacred words were sung to tunes such as "My husband has maligned me," "Red Noses," "The Armed Man," and dozens of other popular ditties. Even Palestrina sinned in this respect. The matter was made worse when some of the singers, forgetful of the house of prayer, actually sang the sometimes lewd and profane French or Italian words, and as they were privileged to improvise, they often added the most astounding feats of musical acrobatics, much to the marvel and very little to the edification of the audience.

When Pope Nicholas V. asked one of his cardinals how he enjoyed the singing at the Sistine Chapel, the latter replied in very concise Latin: "Methought I heard a herd of pigs grunting and squealing, for I could not understand a single word." And Cirillo Franchi in 1549 wrote to a friend complaining that while one singer was saying *Sanctus*, another was saying *Sabaoth*, and another *Gloria tua*, "resulting in such howls, bellowings, and garglings that they seem to be January cats rather than May flowers!" [1]

[1] The great Bach once wrote a mass in which German and Latin words are sung against one another.

These abuses led to a reaction. There arose a demand for the choral service to be simpler and more easily understood. At the twenty-second session of the Ecumenical Council of Trent, Sept. 17, 1552, reform in church music was discussed, and it was decided that the clergy should see to it that nothing lewd or impure were permitted either on the organ or with the voice, "so that the house of God might seem to be truly the house of prayer." The story often told, that it was proposed to banish music entirely from churches, and that Palestrina arose as the defender of the art, is a pure myth.

After the close of the council, Pope Pius IV. appointed eight cardinals as a committee to oversee the execution of all the decrees enacted. St. Carlo Borromeo and Vitellozzo Vitellozzi, both great lovers and patrons of music, and the former the Pope's nephew and confidant, were given special charge of the musical reform. The two cardinals and a deputation of singers from the Sistine Chapel had frequent meetings, and when the latter expressed a doubt whether so long a composition as a mass could ever be sung so that the words would be clearly heard, it was determined to ask Palestrina to compose one that should be free from the mixture of alien words, and from profane melodies, and at the same time be comprehensible to the hearers.

The choice of Palestrina was natural, for Cardinal Borromeo was at that time the head of the Liberian Chapel, and the composer was a pensioner of the Sistine Chapel, for which he had just written a wonderful mass on the musical scale *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,* — a work "clear, noble, delicate, grand, and full of sentiment."

Palestrina undertook the work with enthusiasm, and wrote not one but three six-part masses. On the first

he wrote the prayer, "Lord, enlighten mine eyes," showing how seriously he took his task to heart. The first private performance of them took place at Cardinal Vitellozzi's palace on Sunday, April 28, 1565, in the presence of the eight cardinals.

Never was greater success more fairly won! Praise was bestowed upon all three, but the third, in which the composer entirely threw aside the mannerisms of the Belgian school, was pronounced a miracle: "always well-balanced, always noble, always vivacious, always logical, always full of sentiment, and always growing more powerful and lofty: the words more than fain to be heard; the melodies subservient to devotion; the harmonies touching the heart, delighting and not distracting, edifying and not disturbing: lovely with the loveliness of the sanctuary."

Palestrina himself believed that he had created a "new style," and this belief has been shared until very recent times by musicians accounted competent judges. Ambros, however, speaking of the interest excited among the cardinals and other connoisseurs of that day by this mass, says, "And yet it may be said that the reverend commissioners were deceived. What transported them was not a new, unheard-of style; it was the magic of euphony, the mystery of pure beauty, that made such an irresistible impression upon them."

Whatever be the truth of the matter, the mass gave the composer the title of "the great reformer of church music."

Giovanni Parvi, who transcribed the three masses for the Sistine Chapel, took especial pains to write out this one in characters larger and more beautiful than usual. The Pope, who was told by his nephew of the "inspired" composition, — "a work surpassing belief and worthy to

be considered as a production superior to mere human talent," — desired to hear it; and on Corpus Christi Day, 1565, when the ambassadors of the Swiss nation, who had come to Rome with most generous gifts to the Pope, were invited to a special morning service, the first public performance of the mass was given.

It is said that Pius IV., after hearing it, exclaimed: "These must be the harmonies of the new song which the Apostle John heard in the triumphant Jerusalem, of which another John (Giovanni) gives us a foretaste in the pilgrim Jerusalem."

We can easily believe that the effect must have been overwhelming, sung as it was by those glorious voices, the best in Europe, in that famous chapel where the paintings of Michelangelo and Rafael were glowing in all the freshness of their incomparable coloring.

All lovers of pure music in all time have been enraptured by the harmonies which Palestrina, of all church composers, was the most inspired in creating. The famous Paer, when the Sistine choir once sang for his special benefit, exclaimed: "This is divine music indeed, such as I have long sought for and my imagination was never able to realize; but which I was certain must exist."

After a delay of a month or two, perhaps owing to the fear caused in Rome by the Turks, who, under the command of the ferocious Mustapha Cassano, King of Algiers, and Dragut, Viceroy of Tripoli, were besieging Malta, the Pope rewarded Palestrina for his services by creating for him the new position of composer to the Pontifical Chapel. This raised his salary to nine scudi a month. If these nine scudi were silver, as is quite possible, the increase in his stipend would not seem so

PALESTRINA REPEATING BEFORE MARCELLUS II. THE MASS BY WHICH HE DEMONSTRATED THAT POLYPHONY COULD BE THE VEHICLE OF RELIGIOUS EMOTION. A.D. 1564.

niggardly, for the silver scudo, or crown, must have been worth not far from ten dollars in our money, but with even greater purchasing power. Pope Pius IV. died two months later, and though the jealous members of the chapel did their best to have the interloper ousted, Palestrina was retained in his position by the new Pope and his six successors.

About the same time, by special request, he dedicated to King Philip of Spain a volume of masses including the one "whereby church music was saved," and which has been always known as the *Missa Papae Marcelli,* from the name of one of Palestrina's earlier benefactors, the pious Pope who really did so much for church reform.

From this time forth abundant honors were heaped upon the composer, whose reputation as "the great imitator of Nature" (as he was called by the father of Galileo) was now spread through Europe. He was appointed by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, and a most liberal patron of the fine arts, to be master of his concerts. On the death of Giovanni Animuccia, in 1571, he was immediately invited by the generous Cardinal Farnese and the chapter of the Vatican basilica, that is, the Church of St. Peter's, to be, for the second time, their chapelmaster as his successor, — a position which he retained until his death.

He also succeeded Animuccia as the maestro for the famous "Oratory" of the patriarch Saint Filippo Neri, for whom he composed many beautiful pieces. Prince Buoncampagni, the wealthy nephew of Pope Gregory XIII., chose him as the director of his chamber concerts; and afterwards he enjoyed a similar position under the munificent patronage of Cardinal Aldobrandini. And he was commissioned by Pope Gregory to correct, emend,

and restore to its pristine purity the ecclesiastical or Gregorian chant, — technically the "gradual and antiphonar," — an immense labor, beyond the powers of any man, and one which, after years of devoted study, he left incomplete.

"The father of harmony," as Gerber calls him, not only gave private instruction in music to a few cherished pupils, among them his three oldest sons, five examples of whose work "in the stiff Flemish school" were published in a volume of motets, dedicated to Cardinal d'Este; but also associated himself with Giovanni Nannini, the new maestro of the Liberian Chapel, in the first public music school ever opened by an Italian in Rome. From this school, says Baini, "was derived all the beauty, the grandeur, the sentiment, of the Roman school, mother and mistress of all other schools." This may be exaggerated praise, but certainly the list of pupils who enjoyed instruction in this school embraces many famous names, and its influence must have been far-reaching.

During all these years he worked indefatigably. Almost innumerable motets in four, five, six, and even twelve parts, hymns and offertories, lamentations and magnificats, litanies and madrigals, services for the whole church year, and nearly a hundred full masses, flowed from his pen. Many of them were published at Palestrina's own expense, and were dedicated in simple, manly, unaffected style, to his patrons, the various Popes, some to crowned heads; but most were written for the Sistine Chapel, where they have lain for two hundred years.

His life was probably happy, for his income must have been comfortable toward the end of his life. Besides

property in Rome, he had a vineyard and garden, a store, a tavern and houses in his native village, and doubtless often went there to enjoy the cool summer air. We have a pleasant picture of him in 1575, the year of Pope Gregory's tenth jubilee, when some fifteen hundred of the townspeople, with young girls "clad like angels," and bearing olive-branches in their hands, and a brilliant throng of priests and ladies, "not lacking fine order and great modesty," came down to Rome and made a triumphal entrance to the music of three choirs under the direction of Pierluigi. He had, however, a reputation for being rather miserly. Nevertheless, when the widow of his eldest son Angelo married again, in 1577, he presented her with thirteen hundred scudi and other property assured by a vineyard and two houses in Rome. Five years later, when he bought still more land, he was called in the document *dominus magnificus*. These well-proven facts must forever put an end to the fable of his poverty.

He also had his sorrows. His three musical sons probably died at an early age; and in the lovely month of June, 1580, his beloved Lucrezia was taken sick, and, after a lingering illness, died in July, and was buried in the new chapel of the basilica. Five years later, a jealous clique in the Sistine Chapel tried to make "this most venerable and exquisite harmonist" appear as ambitiously struggling to get advancement. Their jealous efforts fortunately failed, and Palestrina's beautiful patience, humility, and resignation, sustained him till he was fully vindicated. He would have been glad to publish more of his works.

He was taken ill the last of January, 1594, and three days before his death, after receiving extreme unction,

he called his sole surviving son, Igino, to his bedside, and said: "My son, I shall leave behind me many of my compositions which have never yet been printed; through the generosity of my patrons, the Abbot of Baume, Cardinal Aldobrandini, and Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, thou wilt be enabled to have them put into type. I give thee my injunction to have them published as soon as possible for the honor and glory of the most high God, and the service of his holy Church."

Unfortunately, Igino was an unworthy son, and took advantage of his father's name and fame to make as much money as possible from the splendid works which were thus inherited.

The manuscript diary of the Sistine Chapel contains this entry in the hand of the secretary, Ippolito Gambocci: "Wednesday, Feb. 2, 1594. This morning the most excellent musician, il Signore Giovanni Pierluigi, our colleague and *maestro di capella*, passed from this to a better life." According to the custom, all the composers, singers, and musicians of Rome, as well as an immense concourse of people, attended his funeral at St. Peter's; the Pontifical Chapel, numbering thirty, chanting the four-part response *Libera me Domine.* The body of the famous man was placed in a box on which was a leaden plate bearing the inscription:

IOANNES PETRVS ALOYSIVS PRAENESTINVS
MVSICAE PRINCEPS.

Some years afterward Palestrina and many others, who had been buried at St. Peter's, were taken to the New Chapel, and interred, without any attempt at identification, in a trench before the altar of St. Simon and St. Jude.

Palestrina represents in music the flowering and culmination of centuries of gradual growth. Ambros even denies that he added anything new to music. He says his mission was "to complete." Even within ten years after his death, the radicals of the rival school of Florence began to call his compositions "barbarous," and by the middle of the seventeenth century the Roman Pietro della Valle desired to have them "put into a museum as antiquities." An attempt was even made to have them taken from the *repertoire* of the Sistine Chapel!

But the Roman school of which Palestrina was "the Homer," though destined to die, as far as mere form was concerned, left its work perfect, and its influence is undying. So long as the world lasts, lovers of music will find in Palestrina's compositions absolute satisfaction. As Ambros so well says: "They breathe the holy spirit of Devotion."

HENRY PURCELL.

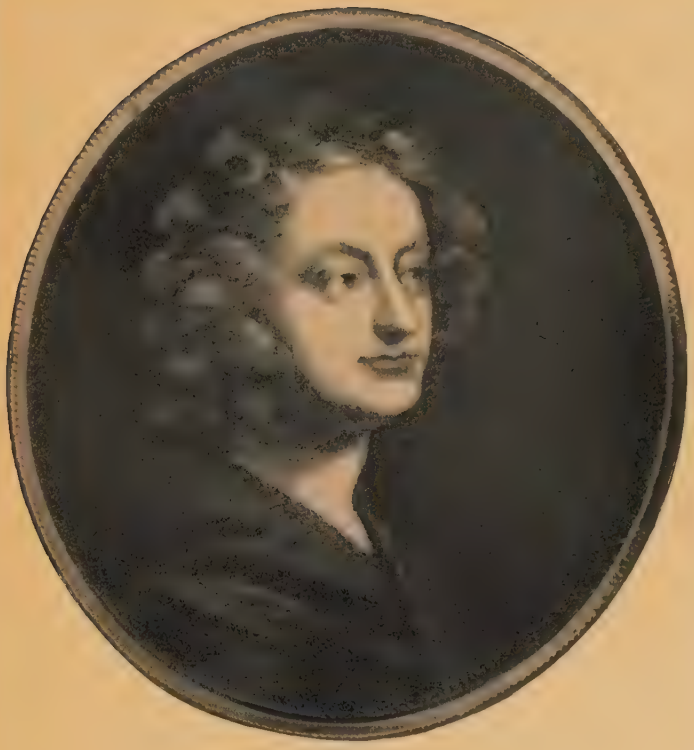
(1658-1695.)

IN the seventeenth century, Puritanism, which was a protest and a reaction against luxury and corruption, had become blind to all beauty except the beauty of holiness, and deaf to all music except that of penitential psalms.

She came out into the garden of the Muses, and tore up the flowers and banished the birds. She would neither herself take pleasure in them, nor suffer others to rejoice.

In 1644 the liturgy was solemnly proclaimed by the British House of Lords to be a "superstitious ritual." It was decreed by the Westminster divines, that, since it was "the duty of Christians to praise God publickly by singing of psalms together in the congregation, and also privately in the family," the voice was "to be audibly and gravely ordered," the chief care being "to sing with understanding and with grace in the heart, making melody unto the Lord."

But instruments in churches were regarded as "profane, pagan, popish, idolatrous, dark, and damnable." Hence fanatical Puritans made their way into the cathedrals, cut down paintings, destroyed stained-glass windows, mutilated carvings, broke statuary, tore up gowns and surplices, and took down the organs. Few were left. The soldiers quartered in Westminster Abbey pawned



PURCELL.
1650–1695.

the pipes of the one there, for pots of ale. Church books were burned. The organists were turned adrift, and obliged to earn a precarious living by giving lessons in private families. As Burney says: "The art of Music, and indeed all arts but those of killing, canting, and hypocrisy, were discouraged."

So completely were the means of performing church music dissipated, that when, after the Restoration, it was attempted to restore the old service, there were almost no organs, and only a few organ-builders in the kingdom. So few boys were found capable of singing in the choirs, that the treble parts were either played on cornets or sung by men in falsetto. Boys were even "pressed" into church service, much as men were forcibly enlisted into the king's navy.

At the time of the coronation of Charles II., in 1661, "Captain" Henry Cook was "master of the children." Among the "gentlemen," numbering nineteen, were two brothers, Henry and Thomas Purcell. Nothing is definitely known about their ancestry: they are conjectured to have been of Irish lineage. They both stood high in the profession of music. Henry Purcell, senior, was not only Gentleman of the Chapel Royal, but also a singing man of Westminster Abbey, master of the children and music-copyist for the same cathedral, and member of the Royal Band.

Thomas Purcell, in 1662, began to receive "the wages and living of six and thirty pounds, two shillings and sixpence by the year during his life," as one of Charles II.'s "musitians in ordinary for the lute and voyce." Ten years later he was appointed composer in ordinary for the violins, "receiving annual wages and fee of fifty-two

pounds, fifteen shillings and tenpence." He was likewise chief and leader of the King's Band of "four and twenty fiddlers." In 1672 he was elected "Marshall of the Corporation of Musique in Westminster," and he received still other honorable appointments which would have yielded him a good income had he received the pay regularly, but this was not the case. Pepys in his Diary quotes the organist, Mr. Hingston, as saying: "Many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages." Both of these gentlemen composed "brave anthems," catches, and glees, but now little is left of their work. They are chiefly interesting from the relationship which they bore to Henry Purcell, junior, called the *Orpheus Britannicus*, the most famous of the early composers of England. This "welcome prodigy" was born some time in the year 1658, in St. Ann's Lane, Old Pye Street, Westminster. He must have very early manifested musical ability, and there is little doubt that his father gave him his earliest training.

The elder Henry died when the boy was only six years old, and his uncle Thomas not only took charge of him, but even adopted him as his own son, and always felt a lively and affectionate interest in his welfare.

The boy, though so young, was immediately made a chorister in the Chapel Royal, and thus came under the instruction of Captain Henry Cook, an excellent master, who had won his military spurs in the Royalist service, and, being "esteemed the best musician of his time to sing to the lute," was doubly rewarded by Charles II. Pepys frequently refers to his "brave musique," and declares that "without doubt he hath the best manner of singing in the world."

For eight years the young Purcell worked under his

tuition, and as early as 1667, when he was only nine years old, he wrote a three-part song entitled, "Sweet Tyraness, I now resign," which was published by Playford, and was supposed for a long time to have been written by Purcell's father. When he was eleven years old he composed the music for a piece entitled "The Address of the Children of the Chapel Royal to the King and their Master, Captain Cooke, on his Majesties Birthday A. D. 1670." There is also good reason to believe that about this same time he wrote the music to "Macbeth," as well as many anthems which are still sung.

Two years later Captain Cook died, and was succeeded by one of his most promising pupils, Pelham Humphreys, likewise a musical prodigy, whom the King sent to France to study under the famous Lulli. Humphreys died at the early age of twenty-seven, but the inspiration of his influence must have been very contagious to a clever lad like Purcell. He, in turn, was succeeded by Dr. John Blow, another of Captain Cook's boy choristers, and one likewise distinguished for having composed anthems at the early age of twelve. He became Purcell's teacher. Cummings says, "Blow was undoubtedly the very master Purcell then needed, for he was eminent for his goodness, amiability, and moral character, and combined with these excellent qualities all the learning of a sound musician."

Blow lived a long and useful life, distinguished not merely as an organist and composer, but as a generous and unselfish man. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his tomb, which, according to Dr. Burney, preserved "a *canon* of a more pacific and harmless character than any of those that adorn the monuments of

neighboring heroes, his present associates," presents as his chief title to notice the fact that he "was master to the famous Mr. Henry Purcell."

Purcell, though his voice had changed, was still attached to the Royal Chapel as a supernumerary, but when he was eighteen, he was appointed copyist to Westminster Abbey, a responsible and honorable post, since there was such a great dearth of choral books in the cathedrals. This same year (1676), he composed the music for three plays: Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, Dryden's *Aurenge-Zebe*, and Shadwell's *Libertine*, the last-mentioned being interesting as founded on the same story which afterwards furnished the libretto for Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The four-part chorus, "In these delightful, pleasant groves," is not infrequently performed at the present day.

The following year Purcell lost one of his most intimate friends, — Matthew Locke, of whom Dr. Burney says, "he was the first that furnished our stage with music in which a spark of genius is discoverable, and, indeed, the best secular composer our country could boast, till the time of Purcell." A glimpse of his personality is conveyed by this brief note written to Purcell from Locke's rooms in the Savoy: —

DEAR HARRY, — Some of the gentlemen of His Majesties musick will honor my poor lodgings with their company this evening, and I would have you come and join them: bring with thee, Harry, thy last anthem, and also the canon we tried over together at our last meeting.

Thine in all kindness,

M. LOCKE.

SAVOY, March 16.

The year after Locke's death, Purcell resigned his appointment as copyist. Possibly the demand upon his

services for compositions for the theatre was so great that he felt he must have more time. Dr. Burney says, "He was, very early in his life, solicited to compose for the stage, and chamber, in both which undertakings he was so superior to all his predecessors, that his compositions seemed to speak a new language; yet, however different from that to which the public had been long accustomed, it was universally understood."

And he adds: —

"In compositions for the theatre, though the coloring and effects of an orchestra were then but little known, yet, as he employed them more than his predecessors, and gave to the voice a melody more interesting and impassioned than during the past century had been heard in this country, perhaps in Italy itself, he soon became the delight and darling of the nation."

From this time forth Purcell, with quite equal devotion, wrote for the choir and the stage, and there is no little wit in the scurrilous Thomas Brown's pretended letter from old Dr. Blow to Henry Purcell represented as unexpectedly gone to the place of torments, instead of the place of harmonies, where it says, "You know men of our Profession hang between the Church and the Play-house, as *Mahomet's* tomb does between the two Load Stones, and must equally incline to both, because by both we are equally supported."

It throws no little light on the manners and customs of the day when he adds: "Religion is grown a stalking-horse to every Bodies Interest. . . . Our Parochial Churches this hot Weather are but indifferently fill'd, but our Cathedral are still crowded as they us'd to be, because to One that comes thither truly to serve God, fifty come purely to hear the Musick!"

Early in 1679 Purcell was composing with especial reference to the celebrated bass, the Rev. John Gostling, a minor canon of Canterbury Cathedral, who that same year was appointed to the Chapel Royal through the influence of Purcell's uncle. Gostling, "that stupendous bass," whose voice had such an extraordinary compass that the "sundry compositions made purposely for him" are now almost unsingable, became a great favorite with Charles II., who said of him, "You may talk as much as you please of your nightingales, but I have a *gosling* who excels them all." And at another time he presented him with a silver egg filled with guineas, saying, "I have heard eggs were good for the voice."

Gostling one time accompanied the King and a merry party in his new yacht the "Fubbs." Sir John Hawkins tells the story in his "History of Music:" "They had got as low as the North Fouland when a violent storm arose, in which the King and the Duke of York were necessitated, in order to preserve the vessel, to hand the sails and work like common seamen; by good providence, however, they escaped to land, but the distress they were in made an impression on the mind of Mr. Gostling which was never effaced. Struck with a just sense of the deliverance, and the horror of the scene which he had lately viewed, upon his return to London he selected from the Psalms those passages which declare the wonders and terrors of the deep, and gave them to Purcell to compose as an anthem, which he did."

The anthem was preserved in Dr. Boyce's "Cathedral Music," and was republished by Novello in 1832. In regard to this, Mr. Horsley, who declares that Mozart was the only musician "who for invention may be said

to have equalled Purcell," afterwards when speaking of his faults says, "'The going down to the sea' is represented by the descent of the bass voice to double D, and in the passage 'And stagger like a drunken man' the expression is very strong; but, like some parts of Hogarth's pictures, it is *too* strong, and produces an irreverent feeling in the mind of the attentive and reflecting hearer." He also speaks of Purcell's habit of repeating the same word or words.

An example of this — one among hundreds — is found in a funeral anthem preserved at York Minster. The words run: "He cometh up and is cut down, and is cut down, he cometh up and is cut down, cut down, he cometh up and is cut down like a flower. He flee'th as it were a shadow, and ne'er continueth and ne'er continueth, and ne'er continueth and ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth in one stay. He flee'th as it were a shadow, and ne'er continueth and ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth, and ne'er continueth, ne'er continueth in one stay!"

Gostling was a great admirer of the *viol da gamba*, and played on it. Purcell detested it, and to revenge himself composed for him a "round" for three voices, to these words: —

"Of all the instruments that are,
None with the viol can compare.
Mark how the strings their order keep
With a whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep.
But above all this still abounds
With a zingle, zingle zing, and a zit, zan, zounds!"

In 1680 Dr. Blow showed "the total absence of envy and jealousy in his nature" by resigning his position as organist of Westminster in favor of his friend Purcell,

who thus at twenty-two came to enjoy "one of the most distinguished musical positions in the kingdom."

He is supposed to have written this year the music for several theatrical pieces, as well as an opera entitled "Dido and Æneas." This work was first printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1840, and has been frequently performed by various societies in England. The story told of its origin by Sir John Hawkins is essentially true: —

"One Mr. Jonas Priest, a celebrated dancing-master and a composer of stage dances, kept a boarding-school for young gentlewomen in Leicester Fields, and the nature of his profession inclining him to dramatic representations, he got Tate to write, and Purcell to set to music, a little drama called *Dido and Æneas*. . . . The exhibition of this little piece by the young gentlewomen of the school, to a select audience of their parents and friends, was attended with general applause, no small part whereof was considered the due of Purcell."

An original copy of the libretto, still in existence, states that the opera was performed "at Mr. Josiah Priest's Boarding School at *Chelsey*." Hawkins, in a note, informs us that Dr. Priest removed to Chelsea in 1680, and Cummings quotes the words of his advertisement to that effect. It may, however, have been composed and performed earlier, and its success have led to its repetition at Chelsea.

The opera consists of thirty-five numbers, with overture, songs, duets, recitatives, and choruses. It was once a tradition that Purcell himself sung and acted the part of *Anna, Dido's* sister, which is written for alto. Cummings says this work "will always remain a monument to Purcell's extraordinary genius." There seems little

doubt that it was the dawn of what might have been a great musical drama for England. But unfortunately the musical public was lacking. "Purcell," as has been well said, "lived before his time;" and he, like all of Blow's precocious pupils, enjoyed but a brief career.

It is supposed that Purcell married some time during this busy year. His wife's name was Frances; and they lived in St. Anne's Lane, in Westminster, just beyond the Abbey. It is a mooted question whether his married life was happy. Cummings is inclined to believe that his wife was loyal and devoted to him; but the tradition is that she was what Novello calls her, a "low-minded and termagant woman," and that her conduct toward her husband was "a subject of raillery and jocular remark among his most intimate friends."

In proof of this the following anecdote is told: "When Purcell heard that Stradella was assassinated for having carried off a lady from her husband, he lamented that composer exceedingly; nay, so far as to declare that he could have *himself* forgiven Stradella an injury of that kind; which those who remember how lovingly Mr. Purcell lived with his wife, or, rather, what a loving wife she proved to him, may understand without further explication!"

Whether his home life was happy or not, Purcell was a most industrious man. To have accomplished what he did must have required constant application. For, besides his regular services as organist and composer for both church and theatre, he gave private lessons in music — his scholars being "the sons and daughters of the nobility and principal gentry in the kingdom," — and was often called upon to take charge of concerts, notably for Lord North in his house in Queen Street, though concerts were then "so rare that it required the assistance of no

less than a master to keep four or five performers together."

But if he had any spare time from his professional duties, and home was uncongenial, it may be that he sometimes joined his more convivial friends at "Cobweb Hall," the house of the vintner Owen Swan, which was a great resort of the musical wits of the day, or at the tavern of the bassoon-player Kennedy, on Wych Street, behind the new church in the Strand, where for a long time swung a sign on which was painted a half-length of Purcell; "the dress a brown full-bottomed wig and a green nightgown, very finely executed."

Purcell was at this time one of the handsomest men in England, and brimming over with mirth and good-humor. There is no reason to believe, however, that he was dissipated. Even at that profligate day there were admirable men, and Purcell certainly inspired his friends with something more than mere wonder at his genius.

The year 1682 was also memorable for the composer. He was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal, a position which he was enabled to hold conjointly with that of Westminster; he wrote the music for "the inauguration of the truly loyal and right honourable Sir William Pritchard Knight, Lord Mayor of London," and an "Ode or Welcome Song to the King." His also buried his beloved uncle Thomas, and celebrated the birth of his first son, who was baptized in Westminster under the name of John Baptista, but shortly after died. At the end of an anthem composed this year, he wrote the words: "God bless Mr. Henry Purcell, September ye 10th, 1682."

The next year he published a volume of "Sonnata's of III Parts. Two Viollins and Basse to the Organ or Harpsichord." It was dedicated to the King, and the

"modest preface" to the "Ingenious Reader," explaining how "the Author faithfully endeavour'd a just imitation of the most fam'd Italian Masters, principally to bring the Seriousness and gravity of that sort of Musique into vogue and reputation among our Country-men," ends with the hope that "his Book may fall into no other hands but those who carry Musical Souls about them."

The next year (1683) was marked by the first public celebration of St. Cecilia's Day in England. Purcell composed no less than three odes to this "great Patroness of Music." He also wrote a large number of anthems and other compositions. In 1684 Purcell was the organist for Father Smith in the great organ competition at the Temple Church. Smith, or Schmidt, was a German who played as well as built organs, and Purcell's skill on this memorable day "resulted in the selection and retention of the splendid instrument built by Smith" and still standing in the church. The organist who played the rival organ, built by Harris, was Purcell's friend, the Italian John Baptist Draghi, for whom Purcell's son had been named. The following year a new organ was built in Westminster Abbey for the coronation of James II., for which Purcell composed two anthems; but though he superintended the work, he did not officiate as organist, for his name appears among the basses in the choir.

Just before the Revolution of 1688, Purcell composed a "Quickstep" which became a great favorite. A ballad with a refrain *Lero, lero, lillibullero*, "treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner," was set to this "Quickstep." Bishop Burnet says, —

"The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually, and perhaps

never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Lord Wharton, the Irish viceroy, declared that "the song had sung a deluded prince out of the three kingdoms. The music of "Lillibullero" did much toward creating the Revolution of 1688.

When William and Mary were crowned at Westminster the following year, Purcell took advantage of the excel lent position of the organ-loft, which was on the north side of the choir near the altar, to sell admissions to spectators. He looked upon this as a perquisite of his office; but the chapter "thought otherwise," and it is said to be on record that he was ordered to pay over the considerable sum that he must have received, "and in default thereof his place to be declared null and void, and his stipend or salary to be detained in the treasurer's hands until further orders."

It is not known how the dispute ended; but he retained his position as organist, and in the following September, according to the Abbey registers, he had baptized there an infant son, who survived him and became also an organist. This same year the nobility and gentry of the city and county of York had "a very splendid entertainment of all sorts of Vocal and Instrumental Musick." An advertisement announcing it spoke of the "ode set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell," as being "one of the finest compositions he ever made, and cost one hundred pounds the performing." Though the music became extremely popular, and portions of it were printed in various collections, the work as a whole remained in manuscript till 1790, when it was published, but very incorrectly. It now forms the first volume of the Purcell Society's Collection.

During 1690 Purcell was busy composing for various

dramatic performances; among them, for Betterton's "Diocletian," or "The Prophetess," which was afterwards published with a dedication to the Duke of Somerset, in which, after declaring that "All Arts and Sciences have receiv'd their first encouragement from Great Persons, and owe their Propagation and Success to their esteem: like some sort of Fruit-trees, which being of a tender Constitution and delicate in their Nature require the shadow of the Cedar to shield their Infancy from Blites and Storms," he goes on to speak of music and poetry in England.

"Poetry and Painting have arriv'd to their perfection in our own Country. Musick is yet but in its Nonage, a froward Child which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best Master, and studying a little of the French Air to give it somewhat more of Gayety and Fashion. Thus being farther from the Sun, we are of later Growth than our Neighbour Countries, and must be content to shake off our Barbarity by degrees."

This work cost so much to bring out, that Purcell found "too late the Subscription money would scarcely amount to the Expense of compleating this Edition," but "it gratify'd the expectation of Court and City; and got the author great reputation."

The great poet, Dryden, began now to recognize that Purcell was "an *Englishman* equal with the best abroad," and the two became great friends. Wheatley says that the latter had an apartment in the clock-tower of St. James's Palace, and that when Dryden was in danger of arrest from debt he would take refuge there, where he could enjoy safety, and opportunity for exer-

cise in the Palace Gardens. Purcell wrote music for several of Dryden's dramas; among others for the "Indian Queen," written in collaboration with Howard.

There were pirates in those days as well as in our own, as is shown by the preface to the mutilated edition published without the author's knowledge or consent in 1695. It says, —

"Sir, having had the good Fortune to meet with the score or original Draught of your Incomparable Essay of Musick compos'd for the Play call'd the *Indian Queen*, It soon appear'd that we had found a Jewel of very great Value; on which account we were unwilling that so rich a Treasure should any longer lie bury'd in Oblivion; and that the Commonwealth of Musick should be depriv'd of so considerable a Benefit. Indeed, we well knew your innate Modesty to be such, as not to be easily prevail'd upon to set forth anything in Print, much less to Patronize your own Works, Inimitable. But in regard that (the Press being now open) any-one might print an imperfect Copy of these admirable Songs or publish them in the nature of a *common Ballad*, We were so much the more emboldned to make this Attempt, even without acquainting you with our Design; not doubting but your accustom'd Candor and Generosity will induce you to pardon this Presumption."

It was true. Purcell was extremely modest, and he seemed to have a great reluctance to publishing his works. He wrote the music for more than fifty dramas and twenty odes and festival songs, besides quantities of church music, and the merest fraction of it only was issued in his own lifetime; much of it was lost; as, for instance, the score to *The Fairy Queen*, an anonymous adaptation of *A Midsummer's Night's Dream*, for the return of which a reward of twenty guineas was offered by the Theatre Royal in 1700. Vincent Novello did much to bring his works to the knowledge of his forgetful country.

The Purcell Club, founded in 1836, met regularly till 1863; and finally the Purcell Society, founded in February, 1876, has begun a noble work in the reproduction of the great composer's works, great numbers of which have been discovered in manuscript.

In 1694 Purcell wrote his great *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in D with orchestral accompaniments, the first work of the sort ever composed in England. This was immediately adopted by the "Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy" for their annual festival; and it was thus performed every year until 1713, when Handel composed his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* for the Peace of Utrecht, after which it was performed on alternate years until 1743.

The following year Purcell composed two anthems for the funeral of Queen Mary. It was a most solemn occasion: "the day was dark and troubled, and a few ghostly plumes of snow fell on the black plumes of the funeral car." "On the gorgeous coffin of purple and gold were laid the crown and sceptre of the realm. Inside the Abbey the whole of the church, nave, choir, and transept, were all ablaze with innumerable wax lights; and a little robin-redbreast, who had found refuge from the inclement weather, constantly flew down and perched on the hearse, seeming to the spectators as if he too mourned for the Queen who had been so loved and was now so lamented." Purcell's music was worthy of the occasion. Dr. Tudway, one of the choir, asks if ever was heard "anything so rapturously fine and solemn, and so heavenly in the operation?"

The second anthem, *Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts*, has been used at every choral funeral at Westminster Abbey and at St. Paul's since its first

production. It was sung on the 26th of November following, when Purcell was buried at Westminster beneath his own organ. "He had rehearsed and inaugurated his own dirge."

He had been for some time in failing health; probably he had inherited a delicate constitution, and the amount of work which he accomplished hastened the end. During the few months before his death he composed music for at least six plays, besides a birthday ode for the Duke of Gloucester, and other things. "The last song the Author Sett, it being in his sickness," was the Cantata "From Rosie Bowers" contributed to the Third Part of the *Don Quixote* of Tom D'Urfay, for whom he had written so much.

He retained his faculties to the last, as is proved by his will made on the day of his death: "I, Henry Purcell, of the Citty of Westminster, gent., being dangerously ill as to the constitution of my body but in good and perfect mind and memory (thanks be to God) doe by these presents," etc. By his bedside were his aged mother, his "loveing wife" to whom he had just left all his "estate both reall and personall," and his three young children, Frances, aged seven, Edward, six, and Mary Peters, two; "and so amid their sighs and tears his gentle spirit passed into the better world."

On the gravestone was inscribed a short Latin poem, in which the "blest above" are called upon to applaud "so great a guest," who, having led our earthly choirs was too soon snatched away to join the choirs of heaven, though his memory will live so long as "yonder organ breathes and the tuneful throng worship God in song."

The original inscription was long ago completely obliterated by passing feet, but has been replaced by another

which includes a mention of his wife. On an adjacent pillar a tablet announces: —

"Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

Mrs. Purcell published in the course of the next three years various collections of her husband's music, and in the prefaces of each she speaks so affectionately of him that most writers are now inclined to disbelieve the current story that she was responsible for his death, by having given orders to her servants not to let him in after midnight, so that when one night "he came home heated with wine from the tavern, at an hour later than that prescribed him," he contracted the disease of which he died.

It would be easy to fill pages with praise of Purcell. History rings with his fame. All his contemporaries speak in the highest terms of his genius and his character. His soul was "all Love and Harmony."

> "Form'd for musick, with diviner fire
> Endu'd; compos'd for the Celestial Choir:
> . . . . . .
> A conqu'ring sweetness in his Visage dwelt,
> His Eyes would warm, his Wit like lightning melt,
> . . . . . .
> Pride was the sole aversion of his Eye,
> Himself as Humble as his Art was High."

Purcell has been called "the Bacon of his Art," "the English Mozart," "that divine author," "sublime, beautiful, and ornamental," "the first of English musicians," and "a genius whose laurels will retain their freshness as long as his art shall endure." Wesley said of him: —

"Purcell bears a close connection with Shakspere in his rare faculty of exciting mental emotions of every kind by his magical and marvellous modes of expression on all occasions;" but from none has he received nobler words of appreciation than from Burney, who says, "While the Frenchman is loud in the praise of a Lulli and a Rameau; the German in that of a Handel and a Bach; and the Italian of a Palestrina and a Pergolesi; not less is the pride of an Englishman in pointing to a name equally dear to his country, for Purcell is as much the boast of England in music, as Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in epic poetry, Locke in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics and philosophy. As a musician he shone not more by the greatness than by the diversity, by the diversity than the originality of his genius, nor did the powers of his fancy prove detrimental to the solidity of his judgment. . . . Upon the name of Purcell we dwell with delight, and are content to identify with his the musical pretensions of our country."

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(1685-1750.)

THE word *Bach* means brook, and, indeed, like a noble brook is the great family or clan which bears the name. One can trace it back almost to its rise among the Thuringian mountains, flowing down, always clear, pure, and musical, ever receiving new accessions of likewise clear, pure, and musical waters, until at last its beauty and magnificence culminate in the greatest of them all.

The genealogist who would trace back the Bach family to its source finds himself in a perfect labyrinth — there are so many through the course of almost four hundred years, and almost all bear the name of Johann, — John. One of the earliest known was Hans Bach, a peasant who labored in the Thuringian mines of Ilmenau. The direct forefather of Johann Sebastian was also Hans Bach, "guardian of the municipality" in 1561. His son Veit was a musical miller and baker, who used to play on his *cythringen* while the mill clacked merrily, and, as it were, beat time for him.

"This," said Johann Sebastian, "was, we may say, the beginning of music among his descendants." Veit's son Hans, Johann Sebastian's great-grandfather, became a "Spielmann," or player, having learned his art under the "city piper" of Gotha. He combined carpet-weaving with fiddling, but he travelled all about the

country as a Spielmann. "His fiddle" is said to have "sounded merrily, and his head was full of fun." The fun as well as the music was the heritage of his children and his children's children.

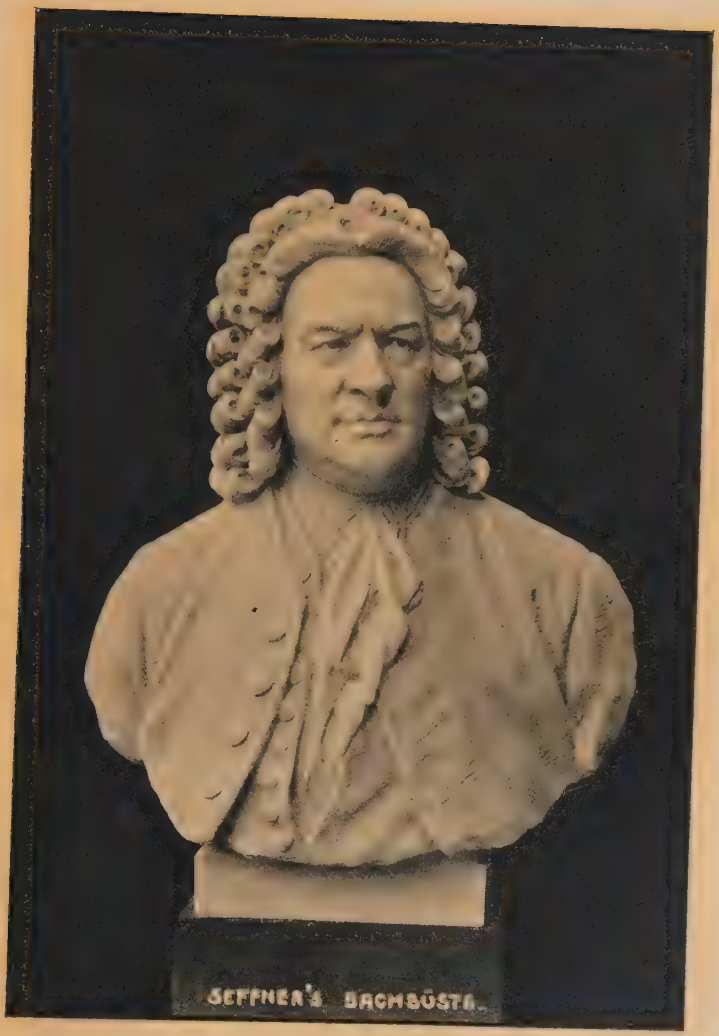
The Count of Schwarzenburg-Arnstadt sent three of Veit Bach's sons to Italy to study music. By this time there was an almost numberless array of musical Bachs. At Erfurt one branch of the family filled the office of town musician for more than a hundred years, and even during the last of the eighteenth century, though there was not really one left, the incumbents of the office kept the name of Bach.

The terrible Thirty Years' War was felt very severely in Thuringia, and, owing to the poverty and suffering, music fell to a low ebb. There came to be too much "of singing and performing coarse obscenities and disgraceful and immodest songs and ballads," too much drunkenness and dissipation among its votaries.

Among a people so musical as the Germans, a reaction was to be expected, and it came. The musicians of the better sort banded together and tried to raise the standard. For instance, the "Instrumental Musicians' Union of Upper and Lower Saxony" forbade any of its members performing on "dishonorable instruments — bagpipes, sheep-horns, hurdy-gurdies and triangles, such as beggars often use for collecting alms at house-doors."

It is said that the Bach family prided themselves generally on keeping free from such irregularities, and formed a guild of their own. They were nearly all characterized by a sincere honesty and dignity, "modest piety and decent morality," pleasantly mingled with a gay humor.

"However much their minds were devoted to the



BACH.

Reconstructed by Seffner from Bach's skull preserved in the Conservatory of Leipzig.

sublimest and gravest things," says Spitta, "they stood on the earth with a healthy firmness; they showed a capability of joining pleasantly from time to time in the trivial amusements of their fellow-men, and had eyes and understandings to enjoy the cheerful or comic side of the ordinary life that lay around them."

The "family days" of the Bach family, observed for many years, drew nearly all the male members. Sometimes three hundred of them would assemble: "First they would sing a choral, then followed secular and popular songs, which, from the contrast with the previous pious mood, would often by their quips and jests rouse the mirth of both singers and hearers to a keen and cynical wit."

Johann, or John, Sebastian Bach, thus sprung from the very heart and marrow of the German people, and embodying "the whole essence of the German nature," was born, probably, on the 31st of March, 1685.

His father, Johann Ambrosius, was one of twin sons, who so closely resembled each other that even their wives could not tell them apart. They were exceedingly alike in temperament as well, so that when one suffered from any disorder, the other was almost sure to be afflicted in the same way. They were also curiously like their father: "had the same modes of thought and expression; played the same instrument, — the violin, — and had the same way of conceiving and performing music."

Their father died early, and Johann Ambrosius settled in Erfurt as town musician, in 1667, where the following year he married Elisabeth, the daughter of a furrier; he then moved to Eisenach, where he spent the rest of his life.

Comparatively little is known about him, except that he was "a man of moral worth, conscientious and skilled in his art, at the same time of independent views, and of good report among his fellow-citizens."

At the Royal Library at Berlin is a large oil portrait of him at the age of forty: "A frank-looking man gazes out from the canvas in a careless every-day garb; the shirt which shows over the bosom is loosely held together at the throat by a ribbon; natural brown hair hangs around the head, and a mustache, even, ornaments the face."

Johann Sebastian was his youngest son, and from him received his first training in playing the violin. The boy lost his mother when he was nine, and the father soon married again but died shortly after.

Eisenach was a place full of interesting memories. In the Wartburg, overlooking the town, the minnesingers used to gather for their tournaments of song. And there Luther, when he came from the Diet of Worms, was shielded, and made his translation of the Scriptures. The town was "always famous for its music." A Latin anagram of 1597 turns the name from *Isenacum* into *En musica!* "Lo! music;" as well as *Canimus*, "We sing." Its poor children, even in the fifteenth century, used to wander about the streets singing for alms. The master of the Eisenach school established a perambulating chorus in 1600, which was kept up for more than a century.

It is supposed that Sebastian sang among the sopranos and marched through the streets singing, just as Luther had done in the same town two centuries before.

Sebastian's oldest brother, Johann Christoph, who had been for three years a pupil of the great organist and composer Pachelbel, had gone in 1690 to Arnstadt, where lived his uncle, his father's twin brother.

He was soon afterwards appointed organist of the principal church of Ohrdruf, and having, a few years later, made a home of his own, he took the young Sebastian under his care and instruction. He was the lad's first teacher in playing the clavier, and must himself have had considerable taste and talent for music, for he wrote out in a volume a collection of works for the organ by the best composers of that day.

Sebastian, having easily mastered all the exercises and pieces given him, and quite outstripped his brother's capacity to teach him, wanted something more. He would have liked the volume of organ pieces; but his brother, through pride or jealousy, withheld it from him, and kept it locked up in a latticed bookcase, where it could be seen, exasperatingly tempting. One night the lad could not resist his longing: he crept down stealthily, and succeeded in working the precious roll through the wire lattice. He had no lamp or candle; his only light was the torch of the moon, fickle and uncertain, and it was six long months before the music was copied out. His perseverance and the risk that he ran of ruining his eyes were ill-rewarded: his brother found what he had been doing, and punished him by confiscating the hard-earned copy.

The young lad was sent for a time to the famous Lyceum of Ohrdruf, where he studied theology, Greek, Latin, arithmetic, and rhetoric. Nepos and Cicero were the chief Latin writers read, but wider knowledge of the language was acquired through composition, prosody, and disputation. Much attention was given to music, and the school chorus took part at weddings and funerals in church, and in what were called perambulations where they sang from door to door. In 1720 the receipts from

these sources amounted to over two hundred and thirty-seven thalers in the third quarter alone. Sebastian soon became one of the leading singers, and received not only a stipend, but a larger share of the receipts.

The cantor of the Lyceum was Elias Herda, who had been for six years one of the choir of the Church of the Benedictine Monks of St. Michael at Lüneburg. He took great interest in young Bach, and recommended him to the school of the same convent. There Sebastian, in company with his life-long friend Erdmann, repaired in April, 1700, and was at once made one of the "matin scholars," with a small salary, and free board at the monastery. He soon lost his beautiful soprano voice, but as he was a skilled performer on the violin, the clavier, and the organ, he was retained as instrumentalist, and it is supposed that he may have become prefect of the choir.

There was another school at Lüneburg which also had a famous musical choir, and great was the rivalry between them, often resulting in very lively skirmishes during the winter season, till at last the authorities had to designate the streets through which each day the two rival choirs might perambulate and sing.

This must have been a very happy time in the young musician's life. He had most likely been discontented in his brother's home, where, besides that petty jealousy manifested in the matter of the manuscript roll, he was one too many in the increasing family. Here there was chance for growth such as his soul craved. He lived in an atmosphere of music; the library contained hundreds of volumes and thousands of pieces, many in manuscript, to which it was constantly adding. Among them were compositions by Johann Sebastian's great-uncle Heinrich

and by his son, the famous Johann Christoph, next to Johann Sebastian the most famous of the family, whose name and standing must have been always an inspiration to the young genius.

One of the great organists of Germany was Reinken, a man of equal talents and conceit, who lived at Hamburg. Hamburg was not more than thirty miles from Lüneburg, and Sebastian's cousin, Johann Ernst, was pursuing his musical studies there. So the young musician used frequently to make excursions on foot to the capital to hear Reinken play, and visit his cousin. It is interesting to know also that Handel about this time came to Hamburg, where German opera was "flourishing greatly." The two did not meet.

Bach, later in life, was fond of telling with humorous embellishment, an anecdote of one of his trips to Hamburg. He was not more than half-way home: nearly all his money was spent; he sat down outside an inn where dinner was in preparation. The savory odors from the kitchen made him hungrier than ever, and he was pondering on his hard fate, when suddenly a window was thrown open, and two herrings' heads were flung at him. He picked them up, and found in each a Danish ducat. Some sympathizing stranger had evidently seen the wayfarer, and played upon him the generous trick. It enabled him to get a good dinner and proceed on his way rejoicing.

At St. Michael's School, Sebastian read the Odes of Horace, Vergil's Aeneid, Terence, Curtius, and Cicero. He also studied Greek, theology, logic, and arithmetic, and made himself ready for the course at the University, though his limited means prevented him from ever pursuing it.

His destiny was music; and long ere this he had

proved the bent of his genius by composing, even in his childhood, clavier fugues and chorale fugues, and later chorale variations.

The chorale, the sacred song of the people, was the form of church music most characteristic of Germany. Bach made this his foundation. With this he began; with this he ended his career.

Spitta says: "They are by a youth of sixteen or seventeen, and what natural beauty they display! What freedom! nay, mastery of the combination of parts! not a trace of the vacillating beginner feeling his way. He goes forward on his road with instinctive certainty; and though here and there a detail may displease us, the grand whole shows the born artist."

It is interesting to note that in spite of the rivalry between the two Lüneburg schools, the young Bach found his greatest inspiration toward composition in Georg Böhm, a pupil of Reinken, and the organist of St. John's Church — a man of truly original genius and a brilliant composer. Böhm allowed the lad to practise on his organ, which unfortunately was not a very satisfactory one. It was a strange fate, that the greatest of German organists throughout his life never had a really fine instrument at his service for any length of time. It shows that perseverance and genius will rise above all obstacles, and that souls in earnest need never be discouraged. While he was at this school he learned something about French instrumental music from occasionally hearing at Zell the prize band of Duke Georg Wilhelm.

He was now eighteen, and ready for the battle of life. He was summoned to Weimar to be "Hofmusicus," or court musician, to Johann Ernst, younger brother of the

reigning duke. Here he also played the violin in the ducal band, and, as Weimar was a musical centre, he probably fell in with many men who would give him encouragement and stimulus. His grandfather had once enjoyed an appointment at the same court.

Weimar not being far from Arnstadt, gave Sebastian the chance to visit "the old meeting-place of all his family." He there one day played the new organ in the new church; and the Consistory, who, since the death of Sebastian's uncle Heinrich eleven years before, had been and still were on the lookout for "an organist of equal merit and renown," instantly recognized that Sebastian was their man, and they invited him to take the place at a salary of almost seventy-five thalers — large for those days.

He was solemnly installed, with what Spitta calls a somewhat sweeping exhortation to "industry and fidelity to his calling," and all that "might become an honorable servant and organist before God, the worshipful authorities, and his superiors."

This was at first a very delightful position. His duties were light, requiring attendance only three times a week, perhaps six hours in all, so that he could devote much time to study, and he had a new and splendidly constructed organ. This organ was replaced a few years ago by a fine new one, as a memorial to Johann Sebastian.

He had also the tuition of a small school choir, and the leadership of a musical society which enabled him worthily to bring out his own compositions, and it is supposed that he played the violin in the band supported by Count Anton Günther.

While he was at Arnstadt his brother Johann Jakob returned from Poland to take leave of his family and

friends, having been invited by Charles XII. to enter the Swedish guard as oboe player. Sebastian wrote for him a piece of music for the clavier, in five short movements, representing the various moods and scenes connected with his brother's departure. The last movement makes clever use of the postilion's horn. This, one of the very few pieces of so-called program music which he ever wrote, is entitled, "Capriccio, on the absence of his dearly beloved brother."

He also wrote a fugal Capriccio for his oldest brother's birthday, perhaps with a design of showing him how much progress he had made since he left his roof, and showing that he had not treasured any resentment against his brother for trying to clip his wings.

The family affection which existed among the Bachs was always patriarchal and beautiful.

After spending two quiet, uneventful years at Arnstadt, Sebastian grew hungry for a change, most likely feeling himself "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the pretty little provincial town, where there were few who could sympathize with his artistic aspirations. He had saved up considerable from his salary; so he petitioned for a month's leave of absence, and shortly before Christmas started on his long walk of fifty leagues to Lübeck, where he wished to be present at the famous evening concerts at the Marien-Kirche, of which the Dane Dietrich Buxtehude was organist.

Here at Lübeck, Bach's path again almost crossed Handel's. Handel had been there two years before, during the summer, and had received a warm welcome from the town officials who made festivities in his honor. Bach came in a far more unostentatious manner; but it is believed that Buxtehude, in spite of his

seventy years, must have been greatly drawn to the young genius, who, in his turn, had much to learn from the brilliant Northern artist and composer.

Bach certainly found much to interest him in Lübeck, for he outstayed his allotted time by two whole months. There is good reason to believe that he might have remained permanently and succeeded Buxtehude if he had so wished. But the condition which attached to such a brilliant position, and the easy circumstances in which it would have placed him, was, marriage with the organist's eldest daughter, who was getting on into the sere and yellow leaf.

There were five other daughters, but the eldest was "reserved" for the situation; so Bach considered discretion the better part of valor, and took leave of his old friend.

He was scarcely at home again before he was cited before the Consistory to answer for his long absence, and also for his habit "of making sundry perplexing *variationes* in the chorales, and intermixing divers strange harmonies, so that thereby the congregation were confounded."

The document in which the quarrel between Bach and the Consistory is described is very quaint and amusing. The right was unquestionably on the side of the latter. Spitta, who is most judicial, says: "He forgot, in the ardor of youth, that, notwithstanding his extraordinary gifts, he must, after all, fulfil his duty." Spitta thinks that the Consistory, while they were justified in speaking with some harshness and severity, "showed themselves mild and patient beyond expectation."

He was given a week to explain his conduct, especially that relating to rehearsal with the scholars, which he had entirely given over. The week grew into eight

months, and in the following November Bach was again summoned before them to declare whether he felt no shame in receiving his salary when he failed to "make music" with the scholars.

They also remonstrated with him "on his having latterly allowed the *stranger maiden* to show herself and make music in the choir."

Bach's answer is lost, but from this time he was unhappy in Arnstadt, and tried to make a change. As to the "stranger maiden," whose presence in the choir seemed to violate the Scripture injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," there is little doubt that she was Bach's cousin Maria Barbara who was then visiting in Arnstadt, being then about twenty years old. Sebastian had, of course, made her acquaintance. He played the organ for her out of school hours. Then he fell in love with her, and she became his wife.

Meantime, the post of organist to the Church of St. Blasius, in "the free imperial city" of Mühlhausen, became vacant by the death of the gifted Johann Georg Ahle, poet-laureate to the Emperor Leopold, and Bach received the appointment at a salary of eighty-five gülden, together with a certain amount of corn, wood, and kindlings, and three pounds of fish a year. The parish also agreed to loan him a vehicle to transport his furniture. An item in the parish register of Dornheim, a village near by, contains the following interesting entry: —

"On October 17, 1707, the respectable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach, a bachelor, and organist to the Church of St. Blasius at Mühlhausen, the surviving lawful son of the late most respectable Herr Ambrosius Bach, the famous town organist and musician of Eisenach, was

married to the virtuous maiden Maria Barbara Bach, the youngest surviving unmarried daughter of the late very respectable and famous artist Herr Johann Michael Bach, organist at Gehren, here in our house of God, by the favor of our gracious ruler, after their banns had been read in Arnstadt."

Count Anton Günther gave his consent, and remitted the usual fees; moreover, an uncle had recently died, leaving Sebastian fifty gülden. He parted from Arnstadt with the cordial good wishes of the people.

Bach now entered upon great musical activity, having excellent material in the city and neighboring towns, which were particularly devoted to music. He soon found the organ needed repairs; and he presented to the council a scheme of restoration which included a chime of twenty-four small bells, acted upon by pedals, — his own invention. Much interest was manifested, and Bach was charged with the practical management of the undertaking, which was to cost two hundred and thirty thalers. But, after all, Bach was an "outsider," and the jealousy which is apt to be shown by narrow minds toward genius, caused his position to be anything but pleasant. The pastor of the church was a bigoted pietist; and before the organ was completed Bach gladly accepted a call to Weimar once more, "his Royal and Serene Highness of Saxe-Weimar having graciously offered him the *entrée* to his court, capelle, and chamber music."

"The High and very Noble, High and very Learned, High and Respected Gentlemen," as he calls his patrons of the council, gave him a testimonial; and we next find Sebastian attached to the court of that "religious churchman," Duke Wilhelm Ernst, a ruler fond of theol-

ogy (he preached a sermon at the age of eight), of early hours (his court retired at eight in winter and nine in summer), but at the same time well disposed to science and art. He had a fine library, a valuable collection of coins; and a "court comedian," and "sixteen well-trained musicians, in the habit of *heyducs*, at times delighted his ear." He was especially fond of church music.

Spitta, commenting on this fortunate position for Bach and his great aims, says: "The court of Weimar stands forth among those of the princes of that period, as Bach himself does among composers for the Church. They seem made for each other."

Bach spent nine happy years in Weimar, enjoying a comfortable salary, and friendship with many stimulating minds. Mizler says, "The benevolence of his gracious sovereign inspired him to attempt all that was possible in the art of handling the organ, and here it was that he composed most of his organ pieces." Among his friends was the town organist, Walther. Bach once boasted that he could play anything at sight. Walther determined to baffle him. He asked him to breakfast, and conveniently placed on the clavier a simple-looking piece of music prepared for the occasion. He then watched for developments. Bach, according to his habit, tried over the piece. It did not go. He tried it again and again. Then leaping to his feet, he shouted to his exultant friend in the next room, "No, one cannot play everything at sight; the thing is impossible."

All the more creditable to his perseverance and genius is this, from the fact that he never possessed an organ "worthy of such a master." It was said of him that "with his two feet he could perform on the pedals passages which would be enough to provoke many a skilled

clavier-player with five fingers." He was undoubtedly the greatest organ-player that ever lived.

One time, during one of his numerous excursions to various towns and courts, — either to try new organs or to conduct his choral works, — he played for the Crown Prince Friedrich of Cassel, who was so delighted by his execution of a pedal solo, that the Prince presented him on the spot with a ring set with precious stones. An early writer, describing how his feet flew over the pedal-board as though they had wings, exclaimed, "What would the Prince have given him if he had used his hands and his feet as well!"

It was said that always in testing new instruments, he would first draw out all the stops, and play with full organ, saying, he must first of all know whether it had good lungs. He was always severe but just; and when the technical examination was over, he used to amuse himself and delight those present by playing his best upon it; and, says Forkel, he always proved anew that that he was really "the prince of all players upon the harpsichord and organ."

In the late autumn of 1713 he was at Halle, where he played on the new organ, which had sixty-three stops. The post of organist was vacant, and Bach signified his willingness to accept it. Some hitch about the salary, however, occurred, and the elders of Halle meanly insinuated that he had opened negotiations in order to extort higher wages from the Duke of Weimar.

For a man of Bach's singleness of purpose, and considering that even then he enjoyed a higher salary than he expected to get from Halle, such a libel was exasperating enough, and he wrote a very dignified and manly letter repudiating it. The Duke, however, increased his

wages to two hundred and sixty-four gülden, and he took the additional place of concert-master in the orchestra.

In the autumn of 1717 Bach went to Dresden, which at that time was one of the most musical cities in the world. Here he met Jean Louis Marchand, organist to the King of France, and a famous clavier-player, fourteen years older than Bach. He had fallen into disfavor with Louis XIV., and, leaving all his pupils, had gone to Germany, where his playing was greatly admired. When Bach arrived, two parties arose, pitting the Frenchman against the German. Marchand was extremely conceited, and his offensive airs led the director of the Dresden orchestra to play a joke upon him. At one of the royal concerts Marchand was to play some variations on a French air. Bach also was invited, and he was rather maliciously brought forward next. After a brief prelude he took up the same theme that Marchand had used, and improvised twelve variations upon it with such skill that Marchand's really fine playing was quite eclipsed.

Bach then, at the desire of his friends, challenged Marchand to a musical competition. The challenge was accepted; but after the jury had been selected, and a great company were assembled in Count Flemming's *salon* eagerly waiting, word was brought that Marchand had disappeared from Dresden.

Bach played alone, and the news of the defeat of French music spread all over Germany. The King, who had given Marchand two medals, worth one hundred ducats, paid no attention to Bach's confessed victory. He was rewarded only by his increased fame.

Shortly after this, perhaps feeling affronted that he was passed over in favor of a less talented musician for

the post of kapellmeister at Weimar, Bach accepted a call as kapellmeister to Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. At Cöthen he received the salary of four hundred thalers a year, but he had no organ; and his happiness there must have consisted chiefly in his simple home life, in his great opportunities, on a small scale, for the practice and composition of instrumental music, and in the friendship of the Prince, a genuine music-lover, who had such a thorough appreciation of "the master," that he took him as a companion on his frequent journeys.

Bach also, every year, made various trips "into the outer world" to try new organs, of which he was such a consummate judge. On one occasion he went to Halle, hoping to meet Handel there; but Handel, either purposely or accidentally, had set out for England on the very day that Bach arrived. The two greatest organists that the world ever knew, though so exactly contemporaries, never met. It is probable that Handel did not care to meet his great rival. "Father" Bach, who had a far finer and loftier nature, was more generous in spirit, and utterly free from jealousy.

In May, 1720, Bach again went with Prince Leopold to Carlsbad. His return late in July was to a desolate home. His wife, the mother of his four living children, had died suddenly during his absence. Little is definitely known of her; but there is good reason to believe that she was not only a calm, kindly nature, but also sympathetic with all of her husband's aspirations.

A little more than a year later, however, following his own father's example, and the traditions of his family, he was again betrothed, and in December, 1721, married to Anna Magdalena, the youngest daughter of

Johann Caspar Wülken, court trumpeter in the ducal band at Weissenfels. She also was musical, and had a fine voice. Bach, a few years later, wrote to his friend Erdmann, in Russia, telling him how his children were one and all musicians born (*gebohrne musici*), and saying, "I can assure you that I can already form a concert *vocaliter* and *instrumentaliter* of my own family, particularly as my present wife sings a very neat treble, and my eldest daughter joins in bravely."

It was a lovely union. In the Royal Library at Berlin are two music-books kept by the husband and wife in common, and full of miscellaneous matter. The older of the two, "the little clavier book for Anna Magdalena *Bachin*," was begun almost immediately, and under the title stands in Bach's handwriting a quaint and curious semi-playful indication that it was the purpose of the contents to oppose the dry Calvinism and melancholy theology that prevailed in Cöthen. Among the pieces are some lovely songs, evidently meant for the young wife's voice. Most of them are religious; but one is entitled, "The Edifying Reflections of a Smoker," in which life is humorously compared to a clay pipe and its fire so quickly burnt out. Another is a charming bridal song written several years later.

Meantime, the organist of St. James's at Hamburg had died, and Bach about that time happened to go there in 1720 to play on the great organ at St. Katharine's, over which Reinken, now ninety-seven years old, still presided. Bach played for more than two hours to the delight of the distinguished audience. He improvised on one of Reinken's chorals; and, when he was through, the aged and somewhat conceited organist came to him and said, "I thought that this art was dead, but I see it still lives in you."

It was even then admitted that Bach had no equal in Germany. "Friends and foes alike," says Spitta, "here bowed to the irresistible force of an unheard-of power of execution, and could hardly comprehend how he could twist his fingers and his feet so wonderfully and so nimbly without hitting a single false note or displacing his body with violent swaying."

Before Bach's time performers did not use their thumbs or little fingers to any extent. Bach insisted upon the use of all the fingers, and this was an immense improvement; he is regarded as the father of modern pianoforte playing. Forkel says, "He played with so easy and small a motion of the fingers, that it was hardly perceptible. Only the first joints of his fingers were in motion; his hand retained, even in the most difficult passages, its rounded form; his fingers rose very little from the keys, hardly more than in a shake, and when one was employed the others remained still in their position. Still less did the other parts of his body share in his playing."

One would have thought that Bach would be immediately chosen as successor to the organist of St. James's, especially as he signified his willingness to accept it. There were seven candidates; but instead of taking the best or even the second best, the committee *sold* the place for four thousand marks to a man, as Mattheson said, "the son of a well-to-do artisan, who could prelude with thalers better than he could with his fingers." This roused much bitter feeling; and a popular preacher declared in his pulpit, that if one of the angels of Bethlehem who played divinely, desired to be organist to St. James's Church, if he had no money, he would have nothing to do but to fly away again."

Bach at first expected, as he himself said in a letter, to spend the last years of his life in Cöthen. But the "gracious Prince who both loves and understands music" married a Princess of Berenburg, and, as Bach said in the same letter: "As then it began to appear as though the said Prince's musical inclination was growing somewhat lukewarm, and at the same time the new Princess seemed to despise my art, it was the will of God that I should be called to be *Director Musices* here [at Leipzig], and cantor to the Thomas School."

Cantor was a less honorary position than kapellmeister, but the school at Leipzig was very ancient and honorable, and the position had been held by a long series of famous men; moreover, Bach kept up his ties with the Prince until the death of the latter in 1728.

After suitable changes had been made in the official residence in the left wing of the school building, Bach moved into it with his family, and there he lived the rest of his days.

In many respects his new position was very trying. He had to teach Latin to unruly boys, and the authorities to whom he was subjected were mean and narrow-minded, so that he was hampered and restricted in almost every way. Even after the first performance of his "Passion Music according to St. Matthew,"[1] — the most wonderful and awe-inspiring composition of its kind that was ever conceived and composed, unless that "according to St. John" be excepted, — the town council of

[1] Composed in 1729; first produced in St. Thomas's Church, Leipzig, Good Friday, April 15, 1729, the congregation joining in the choruses, notably the one known as "O Sacred Head all wounded," the air of which was a popular song by Johann Hassler. The work revised in 1740; revived by Mendelssohn March 12, 1829, in Berlin, and in St. Thomas's Church again Palm Sunday, 1841. First performance in America, May 8, 1874.

Leipzig would not grant the composer's reasonable request to choose nine musical scholars in preference to others among the candidates for the scholarships in the school.

And although, during the first seven years of his stay in Leipzig, "he had composed a series of cantatas which to any other musician would have represented the labors of a lifetime," — he wrote two hundred and sixty-six in all, — still the council took no heed of this glorious activity, but complained of him because he seemed to be neglecting his duties as Latin teacher and drill-master! The council called him to order, and, to bring him to terms, even deprived him of some of his just perquisites.

It was not strange that in a fit of depression, caused by discords in the school and opposition from without, he should write to his old friend Erdmann, who had become agent of the Emperor of Russia, at Dantzig, to get him, if possible, a position there. His letter is so interesting that we must quote the last half of it: —

"At first it did not altogether please me to become a cantor from having been a kapellmeister, and for this reason I deferred my decision for a quarter of a year; however, the position was described to me in such favorable terms that finally (and especially as my sons seemed inclined to study here) I ventured upon it in the Name of the Most High; I came to Leipzig, passed my examination, and then made the move. And here, by God's pleasure, I remain to this day.

"But now, since I find (i.) that this appointment is by no means so advantageous as it was described to me; (ii.) that many fees incidental to it are now stopped; (iii.) that the town is very dear to live in; (iv.) and that the authorities are very extraordinary, and little given to music, so that I live under almost constant vexation, jealousy, and persecution, I feel compelled to seek, with God's assistance, my fortune elsewhere. . . .

"My present position secures me about seven hundred thalers,

and when there are rather more deaths than usual the fees increase in proportion; but it is a healthy air, so it sometimes happens on the contrary — as in the past year — that I have lost above one hundred thalers of the usual funeral fees. . . .

"I must now make some small mention of my domestic circumstances."

And he goes on to tell about his seven children — all born musicians — and the oldest already in the university.

Nothing came of this request to Erdmann, and Bach undoubtedly found alleviating circumstances at Leipzig, where, in spite of the high cost of living, he managed to bring his finances into fairly good order, and to lay up a small sum of money.

Soon after this the affairs of the Thomas School, which had become badly disorganized, were greatly improved by the famous Gesner, the new rector, whose motto (worth remembering) was: "Always do something that is of some definite use, and which you can turn to account in your calling in life." Gesner and Bach became great friends. Long afterwards in a note to his edition of Marcus Fabius Quinctilian, where the Latin author, speaking of the capacity of a man to do several things at once, instances a lyre-player who can utter words and tones, play on the instrument, and beat time with his foot, he says: —

"All these, my Fabius, you would deem very trivial, could you but rise from the dead, and see Bach; . . . how he, with both hands, and using all his fingers, plays on a keyboard which seems to consist of many lyres in one, and may be called the instrument of instruments, of which the innumerable pipes are made to sound by means of bellows; and how he, going one way with his hands, and another way with the utmost celerity with his feet, elicits, by his unaided skill, many of the most varied passages, which, how-

ever, uniting produce, as it were, hosts of harmonious sounds; I say, could you only see him, how he achieves what any number of your lyre-players, and six hundred flute-players, could never achieve, not as one who may sing to the lyre, and so perform his part, but by presiding over thirty or forty performers all at once. . . . Great admirer as I am of antiquity in other respects, I yet deem this Bach of mine, and whoever there may chance to be that resembles him, to comprise in himself many Orpheuses and twenty Arions."

Through Gesner's conciliatory nature, Bach found himself in a far more comfortable position, and, being in command of the most famous musical society in town, he was able to produce his works worthily.

Most of them were religious in character, though a few were written for weddings or secular festivals. One is even a comic cantata on the abuse of coffee. *Papa Schlendrian* wants to cure his daughter *Lieschen* of her passion for the new luxury. He threatens her not to give her a husband, but she gets even with him by declaring that no lover need ever come to the house unless it shall be inserted in the marriage settlement that she may make coffee as she likes it.

The tickets for this cantata, supposed to have been performed in Frankfurt in 1739, were sold for thirty kreutzers.

Gesner's successor as Rector to the Thomas School was a young man named Ernesti, in many ways able and suitable for his position but lacking in tact and culture. Bach, who was old enough to be his father, was soon involved in a serious quarrel with him over certain interferences in the musical affairs of the school. Bach was hot-tempered and in the right, though he did not follow Ernesti's example and indulge in personal recrimination; but it was two years before the matter

was settled to his satisfaction; even then it resulted in a certain loss of prestige. Bach was the greatest man of his time, and yet he felt obliged humbly to petition August III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, for the appointment of court composer.

It was two years before it was granted, and then only after Bach, probably as an escape from the annoyances of his subordinate position, had petitioned a second time for it. The year before it was granted, Bach wrote a new cantata for every Sunday and holy day between Easter and Whitsuntide, except, perhaps, the first Sunday after Easter. For the "Ascension" he wrote two. Besides this, innumerable other compositions, vocal and instrumental, came from his busy pen. He was very popular among the university students, for whom he composed a long series of pieces, vocal and instrumental, often full of fun and satire. And yet he seemed to be perfectly free from any conceit concerning his genius. He even said: "I have to be diligent, and any one who is equally so will get on equally well!"

Such a man needed no royal or princely titles. And yet it is always vexatious to have the typical position of a prophet in one's own country, — to be overlooked and disregarded, often in favor of less able men, simply because one is unwilling to achieve present popularity by following ephemeral fashions.

Still, Bach was greatly admired in Leipzig, and no musician ever came there without visiting "the master." His son said: "My father's greatness in composition and in organ and clavier playing, which was quite remarkable, was too well known for any musician of importance to neglect the opportunity of making that

great man's acquaintance whenever it was in any way possible." He had a glorious succession of talented pupils, and on the whole his life was successful even in the worldly sense.

During all these years Bach, though he never went to Italy, travelled about more or less in Germany, hearing opera in Dresden, trying new organs in this place and that, visiting friends, and performing his duties as honorary kapellmeister to several courts.

His last great expedition was to Potsdam, where he was invited by the King, Frederick the Great, in whose service were his son, Emanuel Bach, and several of his pupils.

In May, 1747, he and his oldest son, Friedemann, reached the château. The King was just about to perform his usual flute solo, accompanied by his band, when, casting his eye on the list of strangers who had arrived in town, he suddenly turned to the musicians and said, in some excitement, "Gentlemen, old Bach has come!" He laid aside his flute, and instantly sent for the famous composer, not even allowing him time to put on his black court dress.

Bach apologized for appearing in his travelling costume, but the King bade him make no excuses, and then and there began a lively conversation. He made him play on the new Silbermann pianofortes, of which he was very proud, and summoning him to the château the next day he desired him to improvise a six-part fugue. When the King heard it, he exclaimed, "There is only one Bach, only one Bach!"

On Bach's visit to Berlin he inspected the great opera-house there, and it is said that without hearing a note of music in it, he was able to detect by a glance "every

thing advantageous or detrimental to musical effect in it." He also pointed out a wonderful whispering gallery in the hall which not even the architect had suspected.

The King gave Bach a theme for improvisation, and two months after his return to Leipzig the composer published his so-called "Musical Offering," in which he used the King's theme as the basis for a number of "thoroughly developed and artistic compositions," a work which Spitta calls the vestibule by which he entered into his greater work, "The Art of the Fugue."

This was dedicated to the King in a dignified, though somewhat conventional, preface. The work contained specimens of Bach's fondness for harmless jests. For instance, he wrote out the theme itself in notes of double length, and above it the words: "May the King's glory increase in proportion to that of the notes." And again in an ascending canon he wrote: "May the King's virtue rise and rise forever as do the notes of this canon."

Among Bach's pupils was Gerber, whose veneration for him was so great that for a year he could not make up his mind to ask for lessons. Another was the distinguished Johann Ludwig Krebs, the most talented of his pupils. Of him Bach used to say jokingly, "He is the one Crab (Krebs) in this Brook (Bach)." Still another was Johann Theophilus Goldberg, a *protégé* of Bach's patron, Baron von Kayserling. Bach wrote his Thirty Variations for him, and the baron was so delighted with the music that he sent the composer a snuff-box containing one hundred louis d'or.

Bach's pupils made a part of his family, and, doubtless, assisted in the concerts which he had in his music-room. He himself usually played the viola. He liked

BACH AT SANS SOUCI ACCOMPANYING FREDERICK THE GREAT'S FLUTE.
Painting by Adolph Menzel.

to accompany songs on the clavier. He enjoyed looking over new compositions, and sometimes would improvise a trio into a quartet. Chapter six of his will enumerates more than a dozen and a half of musical instruments, including a Stainer violin, lutes, claviers, spinets, violas, bass-viols, etc., which must have enabled him to furnish forth a very respectable orchestra.

His home life was delightful. His quick temper sometimes led him into controversies outside, but did not disturb the peaceful, artistic atmosphere of his dwelling. His chief amusement was writing and copying. He wrote a beautiful hand, almost like copper-plate. Spitta delightfully compares him with Luther: "At once a hero and a child, untamed and yet impressionable and tender."

One time the organist at St. Thomas's was playing at rehearsal and made some mistake. Bach snatched off his flowing wig, flung it at the culprit, and thundered out, "You would better have been a cobbler!"

Though he would sometimes turn a recalcitrant scholar out of the choir or dismiss him from supper-table, he was regarded with deep admiration and affection, especially by all his personal pupils.

We have spoken of his diligence and modesty: he detested flattery. Once when some one spoke with extravagant praise of his skill on the organ, he replied, —

"There is nothing very wonderful about it: you have only to touch the right key at the right time, and the instrument does the rest."

"You have five as good fingers on each hand as I have," he would say to his pupils when they complained of difficulties. Though so great himself, he was lenient

toward others. If away from home he always went to church and listened to the music. If the organist introduced a fugue, he would foretell what the treatment would be or ought to be, and if the performer worked it out as he sketched it, he used to nudge his son's elbow and be greatly delighted. He never spoke harshly of a fellow artist.

His greatness as an organist is shown by a mythical story afloat during his lifetime: that he would go into a church dressed as a poor village schoolmaster, and request the organist to let him play, and then improvise so wonderfully that the people would say, "That must be either Bach or the Devil!"

Bach's characteristics are easily read in his strong, marked face. The intellect in the noble, broad forehead, the arched eyebrow, the temper in the line between them; the humor, which was always rippling out, can be seen in the lines of the mouth and nose.

Only seven of Bach's compositions were printed during his lifetime. Even the so-called "Well-tempered Clavichord," which Schumann advised young students to make their daily bread, the work by which he is best known, waited for more than fifty years before it was published, though it was advertised for publication in London in 1799.

Bach's compositions include the two hundred and thirty cantatas now in existence, three (possibly five) sacred oratorios, seven complete masses, twenty-one Latin church services, four funeral cantatas, eighteen birthday cantatas, twenty-eight motets for double chorus, forty-eight preludes and fugues for the clavier, eighteen suites, — he brought the suite to the utmost perfection, — thirty-nine long works for organ, twenty-nine

shorter pieces, six trios with pedal obligato, fifteen two-part "inventions," fifteen three-part "symphonies," six 'cello sonatas, six violin sonatas, and numberless pieces called "*Partite diverse*," of which Forkel says, "Nothing can be more dignified, sublime, and devout than these preludes."

Such was the heritage which his industry and greatness left to posterity.

Schumann, after remarking that Beethoven had not to study all that Mozart did, or Mozart all that Händel did, or Händel all that Palestrina did, for the reason that each had absorbed so much of his predecessors, added, "Only from one might all find ever new creative power — from Johann Sebastian Bach!"

Those of Bach's children who lived enjoyed good education, and when they were ready to start for themselves, he helped them by his influence to obtain excellent positions. None of them was equal in talent to their father. McFarren says: "It would seem as if there had been the long rising of a meteor, which burst in the air and broke in single sparks, of which these sons are the coruscations."

Friedemann, who was his favorite son, was dissipated; he became obstinate, irascible, and morose. Emanuel was an imitator. Gottfried Heinrich, the eldest son of the second family, had genius that never developed; he was regarded as an imbecile. Bernard, who had the place of organist at Mühlhausen, began to study law, but died young. Johann Friedrich, "the Benjamin of the family," had precocious talents, and was early appointed Kammer-musicus to Count von Lippe. One of his daughters married his pupil, Altnikol, and their first child was named for his grandfather.

Bach was troubled during his later years by a weakness of the eyes, perhaps inherited, but doubtless increased by his use of them when a boy copying manuscripts by moonlight. In the winter of 1749–50 he allowed an operation to be performed by a famous English surgeon then in Leipzig. It failed, and Bach became totally blind, and the barbarous medical treatment connected with it ruined his health. On July 18, 1750, his eyesight suddenly returned; but a few hours later he was stricken with paralysis, and died in ten days, on July 28th, 1750.

Just before his death, he dictated an organ chorale which he had composed some time before on the words, —

"When we are in the direst need,"

but he now adapted the sentiment to another hymn, —

"Before thy throne herewith I come."

Johann Michael Schmidt, one of Bach's admirers, said afterwards: "All that the advocates of materialism could bring forward must collapse before this one example."

Bach was buried at St. John's. The whole school followed him to the grave. Bells were tolled, and the minister announced from the pulpit: —

"The very worthy and venerable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach . . . having fallen calmly and blessedly asleep in God, in St. Thomas's Churchyard, his body has this day, according to Christian usage, been consigned to the earth."

The Musical Union of Leipzig performed a mourning ode to his memory. But the town council of Leipzig

forever dishonored itself by allowing to be entered on its minutes the sarcastic remark: "The cantor at the Thomas-schule, or rather the kapelldirector, Bach, is dead," and the resolve, "The school needs a cantor and not a kapellmeister, though he must understand music too!" and that "Herr Bach had been a great musician, but not a schoolmaster!"

Bach's sons made their way into the world as best they could, and for "one generation more the name of Bach was a name of credit and glory in the world of German art."

It is certainly not to their credit that their mother and sisters were allowed to fall into poverty. Anna Magdalena died ten years later as "an alms woman." The youngest daughter, Regina Johanna, lived on in poverty and privation till at last, in the evening of life, a public subscription, to which Beethoven contributed, secured to her — the last of the family — some relief.

Poole says: "The last infamy of Leipzig was achieved when St. John's Churchyard, in which Bach had been laid to rest, was rooted up and made into a road. His bones were scattered, no man knew or cared where." "One evening," says Schumann, "I went to the Leipzig churchyard to find the grave of a great man. Many hours I searched around and about, — I found no J. S. Bach; . . . and when I asked the sexton about it, he shook his head over the man's obscurity and remarked 'there were many Bachs.'"

It was not until 1842 that he even had a statue, — he, the Milton of musicians! His grandson, William Bach, who had long resided in London and was sometimes called the London Bach, lived to be present, with his wife and two sons, at the dedication of the Leipzig

monument. He received a pension of three hundred thalers.

But the reaction, which came at last, has placed Bach forever at the head of all musicians and composers. It has been said that he anticipated every idea that has ever been born since his day. He is the inspiration of the pianist, the organist, and the composer.

GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL.

(1685-1759.)

IF human history be mapped out like an astronomical chart, we find that geniuses are generally grouped in constellations. There are widely separated periods when several stars of the first magnitude are shining all together. And now and again we come upon double stars.

Such were Bach and Händel.

Born within a month of each other, their courses were strangely parallel and at the same time strangely dissimilar.

The one was the outcome of a long line of musical ancestors, burning like a sun, the evolution of which can be traced back to the primitive nebula.

The other was the only representative of genius in his race; flaring like a splendid comet, come from no one knows where.

The one never moved from his orbit; the other found it only after an erratic course. The one was calm and serene, though bright and beautiful; the other was fierce and dramatic, full of passion and fire. The one was domestic, always German, though he belongs to the world; the other, sweeping through all lands, a cosmopolitan, became England's pride, and hence the world's. The one published during his lifetime many compositions; the other saw scarce anything of his in print.

Both were men of wit, men of more than usual education; both were consummate organists, unequalled players on the clavier, religious composers of the highest rank; both, like Milton, became blind. But great as Händel was, Bach must forever be known as THE ONE!

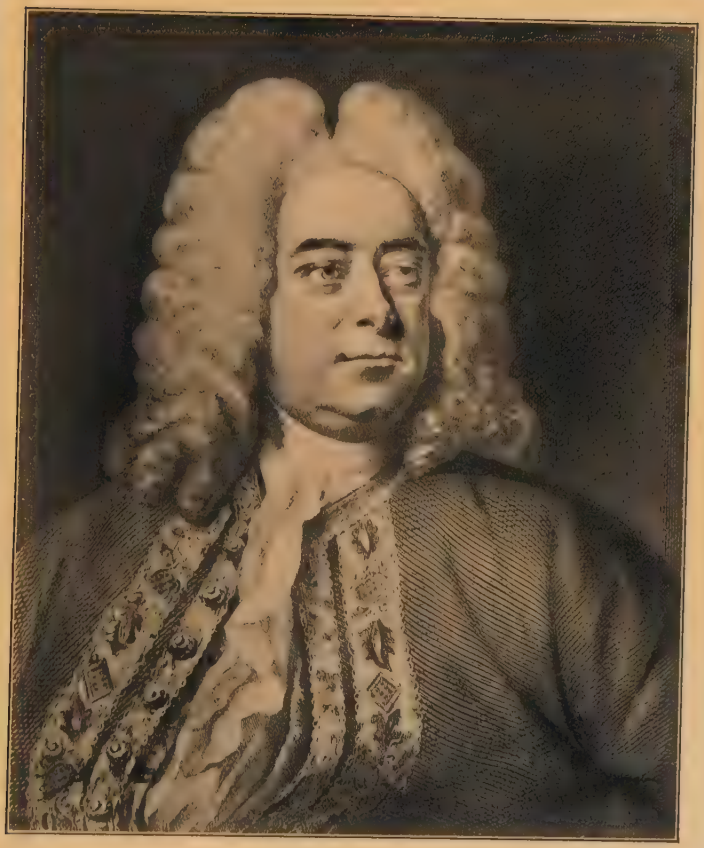
On Monday, the 23d of February, 1685, the house in that part of Halle on the Saale, known as "der Schlamm," or *the Mud*, where lived the worthy town surgeon Georg Händel, was gladdened by the birth of a man child, who, in accordance with the good old Lutheran custom, was the next day taken to the solemn Liebfrauenkirche, and baptized under the name of Georg Friedrich.

This child lived to confer its most perennial glory on its native place; and the house where it is supposed he was born, "Grosser Schlamm, N^ro^ 4," has been for years an object of pilgrimage.

His ancestry has but negative interest.

Early in the seventeenth century a master coppersmith — whose family name, Händel, or the Trader, enjoyed the privilege of being spelled in some fifteen different ways — settled in Halle, a town at that time made lively by the Court of one of the noblest of German princely families, and prosperous from its natural wealth of salt-springs.

Having secured the freedom of the town, the worthy Valentin, for so he was called, proceeded to establish his family. One of his five sons, the youngest, Georg, instead of following his father's trade, took a more ambitious course. At that day surgery and barbering were practised in common, as is mutely symbolized even now in the traditional barber's pole with its significant stripes.



HAENDEL.

After a painting by Hudson.

The youth became an apprentice to Christoph Öttinger, the town barber, and when the latter died, Georg took the business, and in due time the widow, also, though she was ten or twelve years his senior. Less than a decade later "Meister Görge," as he was respectfully called, was appointed town surgeon of Giebichenstein, a suburb of Halle. Later he became *Leib Chirurgus*, or surgeon in waiting, as well as privy chamberlain, to Prince Augustus of Saxony.

When Frau Anna, the mother of his six children, died at the age of seventy-two, the now well-to-do and dignified surgeon early in the following year married Dorothea Taust, the daughter of the pastor of Giebichenstein, whom he had known since she was a young girl.

This saintly and unselfish woman, whose virtues are eloquently set forth in a funeral oration, was the mother of the composer, and it was from her that he is supposed to have inherited certain of his greatest qualities, — his piety, his pure family affection, his diligence, earnestness, and modesty. Two daughters completed the second branch of the surgeon's family.

From his father, on the other hand, he inherited probably his physical characteristics, and also his zeal for improvement, and his indomitable will.

The child from his earliest infancy gave token of his musical nature. As he lay in his cradle, the deep tones of the big bell in the neighboring church must have thrilled him. When he was older he listened with delight to the stately chorals performed — as they are to the present day — by the town musicians each evening on the Liebfrauenkirche tower. The Christmas presents of musical toys, little trumpets, horns, flutes,

drums, jews'-harps, which fell to his lot, he organized, not into a pandemonium, as other children would have done, but into a sort of orchestra.

This passion at last attracted the old father's attention. He saw in it a menace to that mental attitude which his pet son, whom he designed for the noble profession of the law, should encourage. The little orchestra was forbidden; music was tabooed; houses where there was danger of music being heard were avoided. The old gentleman, of course, meant well; he loved his son, but he took a dangerous course. To repress such a genius is sometimes like weighting the safety-valve of an engine. An explosion may occur.

But such a genius must have its vent and seek its bent.

Some one, perhaps his mother's sister, Jungfer Anna, who was his godmother, took pity on him, procured for him a little clavichord, and smuggled it into the attic. Here upon this instrument, which was not much larger than a music-box, and the tone of which was so muffled that it would not disturb even the mice, much less his loud-snoring father far below, the little fellow got his first training in composition.

Self-taught! And yet what progress he made!

When he was seven or eight years old, his father had some business at the court of the Duke of Sächse-Weissenfels, where his grandson, Georg Christian Händel, served as *Kammerdiener* or valet. Naturally the young musician wanted to go too. But his father refused his permission. The wagon set forth. Little Händel waited awhile, then without informing any one, he started out to overtake it. His strong young legs were swifter than the solemn horses that dragged the doctor's heavy carriage.

THE YOUNG HAENDEL.
Painting by Margaret Dicksee.

When the first halting-place was reached, the boy suddenly appeared before his father. There was nothing to do but take him along, and as that end was attained he listened submissively to the lecture on the evils of disobedience with which the journey was further enlivened.

This journey, beginning with a long, hard run over a dusty road, with tears and supplications, was the turning point of Händel's fortunes.

The Duke was a great patron of music, and supported an excellent chapel; some of them made friends with the boy, and took him to their rehearsals. On Sunday, after the service, the organist lifted him upon the organ-bench and let him play. The Duke overheard him, and was surprised. He asked his valet who the organist was.

"It is the little Händel from Halle, my grandfather's youngest son."

He might have replied "my uncle," but the nephew was at least ten years the older, and felt ashamed to state the relationship in all its frank absurdity.

The Duke summoned the worthy Händel and his son into his presence, filled the boy's pockets with coins, and urged the surgeon to encourage such extraordinary genius.

Accordingly, on their return to Halle, Georg Friedrich was placed under the instruction of Zachau, the organist of the neighboring church. The talented Zachau was then only about thirty years old, and he proved to be an admirable teacher for the lad; under the sunshine of the friendship which soon sprung up between the two, fine progress was made. Singing, organ, clavier, oboë or hautboy, violin, and all the other instruments then used in orchestral playing were made

familiar to him. He was well grounded in counterpoint, and had to compose exercises every week.

Händel, many years later, was shown some three-part sonatas, for two oboës and bass, which he had written when he was about nine years old. He was greatly delighted to see them, and remarked laughingly, —

"I used to write like the *Teffel* in those days, but chiefly for the hautboy, which was my favorite instrument."

While he was making such astonishing advance in music, that in three years Zachau could teach him nothing more, he was also delighting his father by his zeal in Latin and other studies. The road leading to the law was not yet abandoned. The old father still cherished illusions about seeing his son a famous jurist. Still he was true to his promise to the Duke, and gave him every opportunity for the best training in music. He was one of the men who had no belief in half-measures.

Berlin at this time was a musical centre. The Elector Friedrich — afterwards King of Prussia — was a man of liberal views and a patron of talent. His wife, Sophia Charlotte, Princess of Hannover, later known as "the Philosophic Queen," was a pupil of Steffani, and regarded as the equal of many kapellmeisters. She herself sat at the clavier and directed concerts and operas in which princes and princesses took part; and such was the reputation this musical court obtained, that artists flocked there from all parts of Europe.

Hither Händel when eleven or twelve years old came, in charge of some family friend. He played before the Elector and his wife, who were amazed at his performances. He was introduced to the famous musicians who were sunning themselves in royal favor there, — two

especially, — both Italians. One was the Dominican monk, Father Ariosti, a distinguished master of the clavier, who took a genuine delight in the gifted boy, and, while listening to him by the hour, gave him many useful hints.

The other was the jealous G. B. Buononcini. This famous composer, who, a quarter of a century later, became Händel's rival in London, at first affected to scorn the wonderful lad who was rousing so much enthusiasm. Then he tried an experiment, thinking to show the folly of it. He composed a chromatic cantata with a thorough-bass figured for the clavier, and set Händel to accompany it at sight.

The difficulties with which it bristled were nothing to him. The expression, correctness, and beauty of his performance were beyond criticism. Henceforth Buononcini was polite, but he could not hide his jealousy. Such a victory over the most famous composer of the Court, and the continual praises of the Berlin musicians, might well have turned the boy's head. We have good reason to believe the contrary. His nature was too sound and healthy. He had the modesty of true genius.

The Elector was proud of his little vassal, and wrote Meister Görge offering to send him free of expense to Italy to continue his studies in what was then "the promised land," and assuring him an adequate position on his return. His father judged it best to refuse the flattering offer. The old surgeon could not spare his Benjamin; nor had he ever yet felt willing to see him renounce the glittering promise of the law. Händel — disappointed as he must have been — came to see the propriety of the refusal. Only a few years later, when Friedrich I. died, his parsimonious successor, "by a

stroke of the pen," scattered the "chapel;" the "adequate position" would have proved a delusion. It was, like all disappointments, a wholesome lesson, and, judging by his after career, Händel was strengthened by it in his love of independence.

The following year, Meister Görge died, at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him three children, twenty-eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. The printed funeral oration, and the inscription upon his tombstone in the "God's Acre" where he owned a lot, show the estimation in which he was held.

After this sad event, which Händel certainly felt keenly, — for family affection was one of the strongest elements of his nature, — he kept on with his studies; his friend Mattheson said, "He adds to his rare musical knowledge very many other polite *studia*." At seventeen he left the Latin school; in 1702, the name, "Georg Friedrich Händel, Halle, Magdeburg," was entered in the "Student-Book" of the newly founded and flourishing Friedrichs University, probably in the faculty of law — as *studiosus juris*. Thus he carried out his father's wishes, though his father had been dead five years lacking a day!

The same year Händel, though a Lutheran, was appointed organist, *ad interim*, to the Calvinistic Cathedral-Church in the Moritzburg, in place of J. C. Leporin, dismissed on account of gross neglect of duty and dissipation. The correspondence relating to the new appointment, written in quaint old-fashioned German, is still in existence. Händel, who is there referred to merely as "an Evangelical Lutheran subject," received the salary of fifty dollars a year and an official residence sub-let for sixteen more. This was a great increase over

the remuneration of some of the earlier incumbents; the rapid succession leading one biographer to surmise that at least one of them may have starved to death! The organ was fine.

After about a year of study at the university, and the composition of hundreds of cantatas for the cathedral, replacing the manuscript and scores lost through Leporin's carelessness, and teaching vocal and instrumental music to the students at the gymnasium, Händel at last determined to turn his back upon the law and follow the bent of his genius.

It took him first to Hamburg in the spring of his nineteenth year, with a slim purse, but abounding in hope.

It was an excellent move, for at that time the "free city of Hamburg" was in the heyday of its musical prosperity: singers and instrumentalists of all kinds swarmed there; the "great collegium musicum" was flourishing under the impetus given it years before by Bernhard, pupil of Heinrich, "father of German music;" and the opera theatre on the Gänsemarkt, or Goose-market, was enjoying "golden days," under the direction of Reinhard Keiser, the composer of one hundred and twenty operas.

One of Händel's first friends was Johann Mattheson, a native Hamburger, at that time principal tenor at the opera. He wrote a number of operas, and several works on music, as well as musical biographies. He says of Händel, —

"In 1703, in the summer, he came to Hamburg, rich in capacity and good-will. . . . Through me, he visited organs and choirs, operas and concerts, and especially a certain house where everybody was intensely devoted

to music. At first he played the second violin in the opera orchestra, and acted as though he could not count five, since he was by nature inclined to a certain dry jocularity." Dr. Burney long afterwards said of him: "He had always a dry way of making the gravest people laugh, without laughing himself."

The members of the orchestra must have been surprised to see this young fellow, who had been assigned the humblest place, when suddenly called upon — perhaps as a joke — to do the work of the absent clavier-player, "acquit himself like a man."

The same year Mattheson and Händel went by boat to Lübeck as possible successors to the worthy but aged Buxtehude with the dragon-daughter incumbrance. Händel was full of buoyant spirits. Mattheson describes the journey, and tells of the compliments, honors, and pleasant entertainments which they received in spite of their disinclination to commit matrimony. He says his friend "was strong on the organ; stronger than Kuhnau in fugue and counterpoint, especially *ex tempore;* but he knew very little about melody."

While the opera-house was closed during the spring and summer months of the following year, Mattheson was giving concerts in Holland. Händel, who, as Mattheson says, was at this time prone to "composing very long, long arias and almost interminable cantatas, lacking in dexterity and good taste," brought out in Holy Week a "Passion Oratorio." This work, which was long supposed to be lost, was discovered a few years ago, and published by the German Händel Society in 1860.

Mattheson returned to Hamburg for the winter, and produced his third opera "Cleopatra;" taking himself

the part of *Antonius*, the principal tenor, "with such naturalness that the spectators gave vent to a shout of delight," as he says, while Händel presided at the clavier. *Antonius* dies at an early stage of the opera, and Mattheson, who considered himself, as he says, Händel's superior at that instrument, and wanted to show off a little more, felt called upon to supplant the latter in the orchestra.

Händel twice gave in to him, but the third time refused to vacate his post. Mattheson was furious, and as they passed out of the theatre gave him a hard box on the ear. Swords were instantly drawn, and the spectators were given a taste of the tragedy of real life acted on the open Gänsemarkt. Händel was "tall, strong, broad-shouldered, and muscular," and Mattheson went home with a broken sword. He himself declares that Händel's life was probably saved by his sword breaking on a broad metal button on his opponent's coat!

There were probably other grounds for the quarrel, for Mattheson was at this time interfering with Händel's position in the music-loving family above mentioned. It was that of the English ambassador Wich, whose son Händel had been teaching, and whose secretary Mattheson became the following year, appropriating also Händel's position.

This quarrel was soon patched up. The combatants dined together on the 30th of December, and in the evening rehearsed Händel's first opera, "The Vicissitudes of Royalty, or Almira Queen of Castile," which was performed on the 8th of January, 1705, though several editions of the text-book were printed in the preceding months. The affair on the Goosemarket had won for Händel the sympathy and good-will of the people.

Though it had many crudities, and was a queer musical salad of German and Italian words, it proved an immediate success, and was given nineteen or twenty times until the 25th of February. Long afterwards Händel utilized some of the musical ideas for other works. The saraband in the third act became the famous aria *Lascia ch'io pianga* in "Rinaldo;" nearly half of the work was in the same way reconstructed.

"Almira" was succeeded by "Love obtained through Blood and Murder, or Nero." It contained seventy-five arias, this time all in German. Händel groaned over the text, saying, "How can a musician do anything beautiful, when he cannot have beautiful words?" It was performed only two or three times. Petty rivalries at the theatre began to make his position there disagreeable.

He wrote two more operas in Hamburg, and these together with his numerous scholars enabled him to repay whatever sums he had borrowed from his mother, and also to send her pleasant Christmas gifts. His was a generous spirit, and he loved to give. By the end of the second year following he had also laid up two hundred ducats. Thus he had earned sufficient money to take him to Italy.

How much better it was than to have accepted the patronizing favor of princes! Even now he might have gone free of cost. One of the Medici, the Prince of Tuscany, greatly impressed by "Almira" in 1705, offered to take him back to Florence with him. Händel courteously declined.

Rockstro says that Händel — probably in the summer (?) of 1706 — "bade farewell to his friends in Hamburg, and leaving behind him two large chests full of sonatas, cantatas, and other compositions both vocal and

instrumental, of which no trace can now be discovered, set off on his journey to the opposite side of the Alps."

He evidently did not consider Mattheson one of his friends, for he took no leave of him. He had good reason to dislike him. The story of the two chests full of compositions was most likely made up out of whole cloth. No such chests were ever known.

The next thirteen years of Händel's life were what the Germans call his wander-years. They were wonder-years too. He went to Florence, where the lyric drama, chance birth of futile endeavors to reproduce the perished theatre of the Greeks, had its natal home. Here he produced several cantatas, and re-wrote the overture to "Almira," perhaps for the Prince of Tuscany, who would have warmly welcomed him.

After a three or four months' visit to Rome, where he produced some church music on Latin versions of the Psalms, he returned to Florence, and there brought out his first Italian opera, "Rodrigo," which won for him popular applause, a hundred sequins and a silver service from the Duke, and the love of "the leading lady"! This singer is supposed to have been the famous Vittoria Tesi, though romantic stories have declared that she was the Grand Duchess Vittoria. Mainwaring says that Händel appeared to this more complacent Daphne as grand and majestic as Apollo.

She certainly followed the composer to Venice, and appeared in his second Italian opera, "Agrippina," which was the most successful of his works up to that time. "So excited were the audience," says Mainwaring, "that a stranger would have mistaken them for a company of madmen. At every little pause the theatre resounded with shouts of *Viva il caro Sassone* — Long live the dear Saxon!"

It had a run of twenty-seven nights without interruption, and held the boards for twenty years. The fact that many titled Englishmen were then in Venice prepared the way for Händel's cordial reception afterwards in London.

His mastery as a performer is said to have filled the Italians with wonder. They attributed his powers to magic; and the story is told, that the great composer Domenico Scarlatti heard Hendel (as he called himself in Italy) at a masquerade run his fingers over the keys of a clavier, and exclaimed, "That must be either the famous Saxon or the Devil."

Händel may have become engaged to La Tesi, but Coxe says, "He was too prudent to encourage an attachment which would have been the ruin of both." Händel was never married, and the romantic stories related of the singer are very likely apocryphal.

Händel visited Rome again, and was most cordially received by various members of the famous Roman academy known as *Arcadia*, which numbered among its fifteen hundred associates, popes, kings, cardinals, poets, musicians, artists, and men of genius from all over Europe. Händel was only twenty-three, — too young to be enrolled as a member.

A number of German princes had about this time united with the Roman communion. It was not strange that there should have been an attempt made to induce "the dear Saxon" to enter the mother Church. How he would have been welcomed, he who had set the seal of his genius on the beautiful words of the Roman ritual! But he replied that he should live and die in the communion in which he had been born; and his answer was so gracefully couched that no offence was given, but he

retained the respect and love of the prelates who had approached him, — notably Cardinal Pamfili, who in a poem called him the *Orpheus* of his day.

In Rome Händel wrote several oratorios: "*La Resurrezione,*" performed in Cardinal Ottoboni's [1] palace, the violins being led by the gentle Corelli. This was soon followed by "*Il Trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno,*"— The Triumph of Time and Disillusion. Corelli found the overture too difficult, and Händel substituted for it an Italian symphony. When on one occasion Händel snatched the violin from his hand to show with how much more life and spirit a certain phrase should be read, the Italian with gentle courtesy replied, "But, dear Saxon, this music is in the French style, which I do not understand."

In Rome Händel became intimate with Alessandro Scarlatti, the greatest Italian composer then living, and with his talented son Domenico. At Cardinal Ottoboni's request Händel entered into a friendly contest with the latter on the organ and clavier. Händel came out first best on the organ: as regarded the clavier, it was a drawn battle. There was no personal rivalry between them. Händel always spoke most eulogistically of Scarlatti; and Scarlatti, when praised for his organ-playing, would cross himself and say, —

"But you should hear Hendel!"

After a short visit in Naples, where he was again greatly honored, provided with a palazzo, and furnished "with table, couch, and all other accommodations," and produced his serenata (*Aci, Galitea e Polifemo*), he

[1] Dryden in the prolog to his "King Arthur" composed by Purcell said:

"Indeed it were a bargain worth our money
Could we insure another Ottobuoni."

returned to Rome, and on Christmas heard the Calabrian shepherds celebrating the birth of Christ after their immemorial usage. The music of these *pifferari*, or pipers, he afterwards introduced with wonderful effect into the pastoral symphony of the "Messiah."

On his way home, at Venice he met the Abbé Steffani, Kapellmeister at Hannover, and the musical Baron Kielmansegge, the intimate friend of the Elector George of Brunswick. He returned with them to Hannover, stopping on his way dutifully to visit his mother at Halle. His mother was sixty, and still at this time hale and hearty; his sister Johanna Christiana had died; the other, Dorothea Sophia, had married during his absence.

Händel made many promises while he was in Italy. Above all, he promised his numerous English friends to visit London. So having accepted the position of Kapellmeister at Hannover in place of his friend Steffani who had been appointed to some diplomatic mission, he demanded a year's leave of absence and started for England. On his way he visited Johann Wilhelm, Elector of the Pfalz, who was a great patron of music, and would gladly have retained him in his service. He, who had made the violinist Corelli a marquis, testified to his admiration of Händel by giving him a service of plate.

Händel's first labor in London when he arrived in the early winter of 1710 was the composition, in about a fortnight's time, of the opera "Rinaldo." The libretto was utterly inane, but Händel succeeded in wedding to it most charming music. Addison, in the *Spectator*, bitterly criticised these foreign tastes, and especially the device of letting living birds — they were unfortunately all sparrows — loose on the stage, exposed "to the danger of cremation among the footlights;" but in spite of such

puerilities the work was wonderfully successful. It was played night after night for weeks, and held the stage as late as 1731. Walsh published an incomplete edition of the songs in it, by which he made fifteen hundred pounds. Händel is said, perhaps on not sufficiently good authority, to have remarked that next time the music-seller should compose the opera, and he would publish it!

Reluctantly leaving his London friends and the weekly musicals in the rude stable salon of Thomas Britton, "the small-coal man," where brilliant weekly gatherings took place, Händel returned to his post in Hannover, and during the year that followed he composed a great quantity of Italian chamber-music, perhaps thirteen duets, a number of cantatas, and some German songs. He was also making famous progress in learning English. On the 23d of November of that year he stood as sponsor to his sister's baby daughter Frederike, who was always his favorite niece and became his residuary legatee.

But in spite of the excellent orchestra under his control, and his salary of twenty-five hundred thalers, his heart was in London; and there, after obtaining a second leave of absence, "on condition that he engaged to return within a reasonable time," he appeared again late in 1712; his new opera, "The Faithful Shepherd," being presented at the Queen's Theatre on the 26th of November. It was too hastily produced, the singers were not of the first ability, the stage decorations were tawdry and inadequate, the dresses were old; moreover, the subject was stupid: it was not very successful. After only six performances it was withdrawn. Händel made it over again more than twenty years later.

His next opera was "Theseus," which was more suc-

cessful. But McSwiney the impresario became bankrupt, and absconded. The singers, left unpaid, determined to carry on the opera for their own advantage. The last performance, on the 15th of May, was advertised as a benefit "for Mr. Hendel, with an entertainment on the harpsichord." Händel used frequently to delight London audiences with his masterly performances on this instrument, and if we had been among the select or elect of that day, we might on Thursday evenings have joined the Duchess of Queensbury and other notabilities in that strange concert-room of the famous "small-coal man,"[1] where Händel used to play so wonderfully on the harpsichord and the chamber-organ with its five stops.

Händel wrote many operas; except isolated songs taken from them, they are mostly forgotten. His glory as a composer rests upon his oratorios. It is strange how long it often takes for a man to get into the field where his abilities are best employed. Many men die without ever discovering what they are fit for. But Händel, or Hendel as he was still called, took a step in the right direction, when in 1713 he left the stage and composed his Serenata, or Ode for Queen Anne's birthday.

Nineteen years before, Henry Purcell had composed for the festival of Saint Cecilia the first English *Te Deum* with orchestral accompaniments. It was performed every year at St. Paul's Cathedral; and Händel must have heard it, recognized that it belonged to a school of its own, and studied it carefully. He had the

[1] Thomas Britton died in 1714, from fright caused by a practical joke played upon him by a ventriloquist. Though low-born, he was "one of nature's noblemen," and it was said that he never had an enemy, while his friends were numberless.

genius to see that it was national and that it offered boundless opportunities.

"The works which grace that school," says Rockstro, "are as purely English as the landscapes of Gainsborough, or the satires of Hogarth; the sweet verses of Gay, or the humble rhymes of Cowper. And the school is for all time."

The ode was performed probably at St. James's, before the Queen, on the 6th of February. In March, the Peace of Utrecht was signed, and Händel was called upon to furnish a *Te Deum* in commemoration of it. He had it all ready! The autograph score bears the inscription: "S D G. | G F H. Londres ce 14 de Janv. V. st. | 1712."

Thus it was finished even before the Birthday Ode. Of course 12 should read 13. The S. D. G. is the ascription to God, which he almost always piously added!

The Utrecht *Te Deum* with its splendid *Jubilate* was performed at St. Paul's on the 7th of July, before assembled Parliament, and made an immense impression. Queen Anne, who was ill at the time, afterwards heard it at the Chapel Royal, and rewarded the composer with a life pension of £200. She had already given the scurrilous Tom D'Urfey £50 for an impudent poem on the aged Electress Sophia of Hannover, beginning, "The crown is too weighty for shoulders of eighty!" During the next thirty years it was performed alternately with Purcell's *Te Deum* for the benefit of "the Sons of the Clergy," when both were superseded by Händel's greater work called the Dettingen *Te Deum*.

The composer may sometimes have thought of his duties as Kapellmeister at Hannover. It must have been brought forcibly to his mind, when the following

year, Queen Anne died, and the Elector of Hannover mounted the English throne as George I.

This "snuffy old drone of the German hive" had no sympathies with any English school of music, and thus it was that Händel's development in that line was seriously retarded. At first the King showed resentment against his renegade musician, not so much on account of his absence from Hannover as because he had celebrated the Peace of Utrecht, which had been extremely distasteful to him.

But Händel's friend, Baron Kielmansegge, was still in favor at court; and when on the evening of August 22, 1715, the royal family came down from Limehouse to Whitehall by water amid a general illumination, Händel, by the advice of the Baron and his friend Lord Burlington, followed the royal barge in a boat, in which an orchestra of strings with two solo violins, flute, piccolo, oboes, bassoon, horns and trumpet, under his direction played a series of movements — sarabands, gavottes, hornpipes, minuets, and other dances — composed for the purpose.

The King was delighted.

"Who is the composer?"

"Händel," replied the Baron, and seized the opportunity to plead his friend's cause. He was successful. A few days later Händel was at court, and the King gave him a second life pension of £200.

Still a third of the same amount came to him when he became musical instructor to the young princess, Queen Caroline's daughter. This triple pension of £600 he enjoyed as long as he lived. The famous Water Music was repeated a number of times; once, in July, 1717, by a band of fifty performers led by Händel with the

HAENDEL AND GEORGE I. ON THE THAMES.

Hamman.

violin. Meantime, he had been enjoying a true English hospitality. He lived a year with Mr. Andrews, a distinguished amateur, who had a house in London and a country house in Surrey. Then he spent three years at Burlington House, which Pope calls "Timon's Villa," in Piccadilly, as the guest of Richard, Earl of Burlington. Gay sings, —

> "Yet *Burlington's* fair palace yet remains;
> Beauty within, without proportion reigns;
> Beneath his eye declining art revives,
> The wall with animated pictures lives;
> There *Hendel* strikes the strings; the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein."

Piccadilly was within half a mile of St. James's, and yet King George asked the Earl why he built his house in the middle of the fields! Highwaymen made it unsafe to go there by night without a guard of link-boys and armed retainers. Here, "on the site now occupied by the Royal Academy of Painting," Händel found a happy home. He directed the music at the Earl's receptions, he played on the organ at St. Paul's, he met all the famous men of the day whom Burlington loved to gather around him.

But this life was perhaps too easy. His only composition of any account during this time was the opera entitled "*Amadigi*," which, in a manner characteristic of Händel, reproduced nearly all of a less important opera, "*Silla*," written, some think, in Rome; others think, in London. "The costumes, scenery, and furniture were superb. Much attention was attracted by a fountain of real water, and the machinery employed for the various changes was so complicated that the custom of permitting subscribers free access to the stage was

discontinued." This opera enjoyed great popularity, and was several times parodied.

In the following year Händel went back with the King for a visit to Hannover, and here he produced a second Passion Oratorio, not wholly in the German manner or like Bach. Curiously enough a portion of this work exists in Bach's handwriting. He had copied it. Several composers set the same poem to music, among them Mattheson, in 1718, who modestly relates that, though his was written last, it was the most successful.

In Halle, Händel found his mother still alive and well. His first music-teacher, Zachau, had died some time before, leaving his aged wife in needy circumstances. It is pleasant to relate that Händel now repaid his debt of gratitude and came generously to her assistance. More than once, says Mainwaring, he sent her money. Händel also visited his old friend, J. C. Schmidt, at Anspach, and so stirred him with musical inspiration and aspiration that he gave up his wool business, in which he had embarked his wife's money, and, leaving his wife and son, three years later followed Händel to England, where he served him like a faithful brother and a devoted servant. Coxe says, "He regulated the expenses of his public performances, and filled the office of treasurer with great exactness and fidelity."

In England, Händel's name became Handel, and Schmidt's, Smith. Smith's son, John Christopher, whom Händel loved devotedly and instructed in music, taking him from school when he was thirteen, became his amanuensis and confidential friend for many years.

"*Rinaldo*" was again brought out on the London stage early in January, 1717, and Händel is supposed to

have returned shortly before the new year. So completely did he divest himself of his German birthright that in his letters to his brother-in-law, with the exception of the last, referring to his mother's death, he wrote in French, signing himself curiously enough George *Frideric* Handel, a reformed method of spelling which his French biographer and the Boston Handel and Haydn Society have foolishly done their best to perpetuate.

One of the notabilities of Händel's day was James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, popularly known as the "Grand Duke" from the prodigality of his expenditures. He had built a palace at Cannons, about nine miles from London, at a cost of £230,000, and lived in regal state. He maintained a large choir for his private chapel, and a band of instrumentalists. The chapel is now the parish church of Whitchurch, Middlesex, and in the vault the effigy of the Duke between those of his first two wives is still preserved. His third wife was a poor servant girl married to a cruel groom. "Gracious Chandos," as Pope calls him, *bought* her, had her educated, and in due time made her his duchess. The romance of King Cophetua again!

The Duke's first chapelmaster was the pedantic Dr. Pepusch; but when opera came to a low ebb, and, indeed, the tide went out entirely for three years, Händel, in 1718, took his place and composed for the chapel the twelve famous Chandos anthems, which are really choral cantatas for band, choir, and soloists. Here he wrote, also, two *Te Deums* and his first oratorio, "Esther," the libretto of which is supposed by Chrysander, followed by Rockstro, to be the work of Pope, perhaps in collaboration with Arbuthnot, though others attribute it to

Racine, translated by Humphreys. Humphreys wrote additional verses for it in 1732. It was performed at Cannons on the 20th of August, 1720, and the Duke was so delighted that he presented the composer with £1,000, equal to $10,000 now. It is still frequently performed in England.

At Cannons, also, Händel brought out his beautiful pastoral "Acis and Galatea," the words mainly furnished by Gay, and published his "First Set of Lessons for the Harpsichord," "at the price of a guinea." The fifth lesson terminates with what Rockstro calls "the most famous composition for the clavecin ever written."

According to tradition, the composer once, while on his way to Cannons, was overtaken by a shower, and found refuge in a wayside smithy. The blacksmith was singing at his work, and beating time upon his anvil. He went home and wrote the variations upon the tune that he had heard. Such is the story of "The Harmonious Blacksmith." The traditional anvil, set upon a block of oak cut at Cannons, was sold by auction for fourteen pounds in June, 1879, after a checkered career of inheritance. The two notes given out by the anvil curiously coincide with the E and B natural of Händel's time; but there has been a good deal of doubt thrown upon the story, and various attempts have been made to trace the theme to a period antecedent to Händel. Rockstro believes in the authenticity of the legend in spite of "the destruction of the embroidery with which impolitic defenders have surrounded it."

The next twenty years of Händel's life were full of storm and stress. In February, 1719, *Applebee's Original Weekly Journal* contained the notice that "Mr. Handel, a famous Master of Musick, is gone beyond sea, by order

of His Majesty, to collect a company of the choicest singers in Europe for the Opera in the Hay-Market."

This journey was in the interest of the "Royal Academy of Music," which had just been founded with a capital of £50,000, under the protection of the King. Händel was chief manager, and associated with him as composers were his former rival, G. B. Buononcini, and another Italian.

He secured excellent singers; at Dresden, he played the clavier before Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and received one hundred ducats. It is generally supposed that he left Halle hurriedly, so as not to meet the great Bach, who went there to see him.

The first season at the "Royal Academy" was brilliantly successful. On some occasions, when boxes and pit were full, forty shillings, equal now to twenty dollars, were offered for tickets to the gallery. "Dresses were torn to shreds in the struggle for admission, and many ladies of rank were carried out of the crowd in a fainting condition." During the fourth season a new *prima donna*, Francesca Cuzzoni, made her first appearance, and though she was, says Horace Walpole, "short and squat, with a cross face, but fine complexion, not a good actress, dressed ill and silly and fantastical," she had an unprecedented success.

At the first rehearsal of "*Ottone*" she flatly refused to sing an aria written for her expressly by Händel. He said to her in French, "I know, madam, that you are a very devil, but I will have you know that I am Beelzebub, the chief of the devils." And he seized her and threatened to fling her out of the window. Cuzzoni is said to have received a salary of £2,000 a year.

In 1726, the year that Händel took the oath of alle-

giance and was naturalized, the directors of the Royal Academy engaged the famous Faustina, one of the greatest singers of the world, to sing with Cuzzoni. She was as beautiful as Cuzzoni was ugly. They appeared together in "*Alessandro*," which Händel wrote for them.

The rivalry which ensued between them was fomented by ladies and gentlemen of rank. Pamphlets and scurrilous poems were written and published about them. It was the event of the day. When the leaders of one party applauded, the others hissed. It is said that "the belligerents had recourse at last to blows." A rare pamphlet, published at sixpence, claims to give "a full and true account of a most horrid and bloody battle" between the two madams. During the performance of Buononcini's "*Astyanax*"— the last opera which he composed for the Royal Academy — the voices of the singers were drowned out by hisses and cat-calls, and even the presence of the Queen had no effect upon the disturbance raised by the "best society" of London.

In 1727, George I. died, and Händel wrote the splendid Coronation Anthem for his successor, who confirmed him in all his emoluments and honorary offices.

But troubles were at hand.

The disturbances at the King's Theatre drove away its patrons. "*The Beggars' Opera*," written by Gay and filled with songs adapted to popular English melodies, became a powerful counter attraction at the Little Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The Royal Academy's £50,000 had been entirely swallowed by the directors' suicidal policy. The crash came, and the company was dispersed.

Händel, with the enterprise and obstinacy characteristic of him, determined to carry on the struggle for himself. He entered into a three-years' contract with

the unscrupulous Heidegger, and went to Europe for new singers. He visited Germany and Italy, saw his old mother, who had been seized with paralysis and was now blind, again failed to meet J. S. Bach, and returned to London with all his arrangements made for the new season. He paid the popular tenor, Sinesino, the then large sum of fourteen hundred guineas. Sinesino was quarrelsome and untrustworthy. On him Händel might well have laid the blame for the terrible misfortunes that followed.

Before the storm came, however, "Esther" was revived with wonderful brilliancy. It was advertised that there would be no acting, but that the house would "be fitted up in a decent manner for the audience." The royal family were all present, and six performances had to be arranged to accommodate all who desired to hear it. The success of this stimulated unprincipled sharpers to bring out unauthorized versions of other works of Händel's. Händel in self-defence revived his English Pastoral with additions from his early Italian work, "*Aci, Galatea e Polifemo.*"

Meantime, Buononcini having ingratiated himself with many persons of distinction, among them the Duchess of Marlborough, came out into open warfare with Händel. The rivalry was taken up by opposite political parties. Buononcini produced a rival serenata, which gave occasion to the famous epigram by Dr. John Byrom: —

> "Some say compar'd to Bononcini
> That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
> Others aver that to him Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange all this difference should be
> Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!"

The history of the great operatic war between the two rival composers would have to introduce so many details of life and manners in those days, that it must here be reduced simply to its results.

Sinesino deserted Händel, taking with him all the best singers of his company except Signora Strada, who had a fine voice but was so uncomely as to gain for her the name of "the Pig." In 1734, about a year after Buononcini had been compelled to fly the kingdom for having palmed off as his own a madrigal by Lotti, the "Opera of the Nobility" succeeded in securing the King's Theatre for themselves. Händel had a losing hand, though he offered a splendid series of operas and secured good singers.

Händel's rivals failed in 1737 with a dead loss of £12,000. Händel's season continued a fortnight longer. He ended with a loss of all his life's savings, amounting to £10,000. For the remainder he gave notes which were ultimately paid to the last farthing. The South Sea Bubble and a hundred others had burst during the past ten years. Händel's was not less disastrous. Worse than all, his health broke down under the terrible strain. He had an attack of paralysis, accompanied by nervous prostration. He partially recovered at the sulphur baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, but it was some years before his health was wholly restored.

After the death of Queen Caroline in November, 1737, who had been Händel's warm friend, the theatre was closed for a time, but he once more took up the burden of the struggle. Signora Strada's husband threatening him with the debtor's prison, he humiliated himself to the extent of accepting a benefit. A concert was organized at the King's Theatre. When the curtain rose, the house was packed; "five hundred persons of rank and

fashion were discovered on the stage." The profits were large. A month later, a proof of the real estimation of the people was given in the success attending the inauguration of Roubiliac's life-like statue of him at Vauxhall Gardens.

In November, 1739, his music to Dryden's "Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day" and "Alexander's Feast" was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here also was first given his "delightful setting" of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, etc. In February, 1741, he took leave of the stage, having produced upwards of forty operas since 1705.

We now come to the most important period of Händel's career. Henceforth he devotes his splendid powers to the creation of those great oratorios which have given him deathless fame. Between July 23 and August 8, 1738, he wrote "Saul," which was given at the King's Theatre in the following January, Händel improvising his own organ accompaniments.

This was followed by "Israel in Egypt," which consists mainly of a series of gigantic double choruses. The first part was written in six days; the second part, composed first, in eleven days. He spent twelve days more in revising the whole; and it was first performed at the King's Theatre on April 4, 1739, "with several new concertos on the organ." It was not at first successful. Rockstro says: "It soared too far above the heads of the audience to make an immediate impression," and yet many regard it now "as the most sublime and masterly, if not the most generally attractive oratorio that ever was written." "Israel in Egypt" is unquestionably larger and broader in manner than anything else that Händel ever wrote; and thereby "hangs a tale."

It was Händel's custom freely to use materials from preceding works in the construction of his operas and oratorios. Thus "Israel in Egypt" is largely based upon a Latin *Magnificat*, some of the choruses being identical in the two. In 1857 the claim was made that this *Magnificat* was the work of an Italian composer named Erba. It has been common since then to say that Händel was a plagiarist, and to point out the source of his borrowed inspirations. Novello declares that Händel picked up a pebble and changed it to a diamond. One can only regret that he had not the candor to own from whom he borrowed the pebble. Sir Charles Smart thinks he had little or no "claim to original genius." The charge was not a new one. The organist, S. Wesley, said: "Händel came hither when there was a great dearth of good musick, and here he remained, establishing a reputation wholly constituted upon the spoils of the Continent."

The problem is puzzling, and perhaps will never be fully answered any more than the vexed question as to the authorship of Shakspere. It seems almost incredible that Händel could have "filched from all manner of authors," as Wesley said, without detection. His rival, Buononcini, felt certainly the weight of popular disapproval of "filching thoughts," though moral sentiment in many ways was not high at that day.

On the 12th of September, 1741, Händel completed the score of the "Messiah," which had occupied him the almost incredibly short time of fourteen days. He afterwards said to some one, speaking of composing the Hallelujah Chorus, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." His tears mingled with the ink as he penned the notes. Early in

November he passed through Chester on his way to Dublin, whither he was invited by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At Chester, wishing to try over a number of the hastily transcribed choruses, he collected some of the choirmen of the Cathedral to read them over. The rehearsal took place at the *Golden Falcon.* A printer named Janson, who had a fine bass voice, tried to read his part in the chorus, "*And with his stripes.*" He failed. "Händel," says Dr. Burney, who was present, a boy of eighteen, "let loose his great bear upon him, and, after swearing in four or five different languages, cried out in broken English: 'You schountrel, tit you not dell me dat you could sing at soite?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the unfortunate basso, "and so I can, but *not at first sight.*"

Dublin was at this time a very musical city, and Händel's visit there, charmingly described by Horatio Townsend, Esq., was simply a series of ovations. He spent months there, and gave a number of subscription concerts, the proceeds of which were very large and were in part contributed to certain charities in which Händel was interested. Händel's generosity to all kinds of charitable objects was one of the great features of his character, and would deserve a chapter in itself.

On the 27th of March, 1742, appeared the advertisement of "Mr. Händel's new grand oratorio called the Messiah," which was to be given "For Relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital in Stephen's Street, and of the Charitable Infirmary on the Inn's Quay." The oratorio was heard for the first time on Thursday (memorable day), April 8, 1742, before "a most Grand, Polite, and

Crowded Audience," as the newspaper expressed it. Ladies were requested to "come to the Public Performance without their Hoops, as it will greatly increase the Charity by making Room for more Company!"

Five days later the oratorio was given in the New Musick Hall. The paper said: "Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience." The three charities received the noble sum of £400.

After an absence of nine months Händel returned to London. It is said that the "Messiah" was not so immediately successful there. It was first sung at Covent Garden on March 23, 1743. It was given annually from 1750 to 1758 for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital; it was performed about a week before Händel's death under his direction. It was a feature at the Händel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, with an orchestra of 249 musicians and 275 voices. It was given annually on Christmas Eve from 1791 to 1861. It was performed on the centenary of his death at the Crystal Palace, with an orchestra of 460 and a choir of 2,700 voices. It has been performed in Boston by the Händel and Haydn Society alone upwards of eighty times since 1818. The traditional custom of the audience standing reverently during the Hallelujah Chorus, was initiated by King George II.

"Samson" was the next composition in what he calls "the oratorio way." This was a success from the first. Horace Walpole wrote, six days after its production: "Händel has set up an oratorio against the opera, and succeeds." Next came the Dettingen *Te Deum*, written in virtue of his position as "Composer of Musick to the Chapel Royal." This work, considered by some "one of the very greatest of Händel's later master-

pieces," it is claimed by Dr. Crotch and other authorities, was largely taken from a *Te Deum* by an Italian named Urio. In this case, as in that of the "Israel in Egypt," it is only fair to say that the plagiarism has not been *proved*. It depends upon the authenticity of the original sources.

The success of these sacred performances, and the profits of Händel's Dublin visit, were swallowed up during the winter of the next year by an unfortunate venture at the King's Theatre. Händel's enemies conspired to put him down. They gave card parties and routs on his oratorio nights, even during Lent, and his theatre was almost empty. For the second time he became bankrupt. Still he did not give up, and after the Lenten season of 1747 his prospects grew brighter and brighter.

In 1746 Händel wrote "Judas Maccabæus," which appealed very strongly to the Jews; "Alexander Balus" (little known); and "Joshua" (in which occurred the famous air, "See the conquering hero comes," afterwards transferred to "Judas Maccabæus"); then "Solomon," then "Susanna."

The composition of sacred oratorios was interrupted in 1749 by the so-called "Firework Musick," written in commemoration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was largely composed for wind instruments, and was performed by 100 musicians before an audience of 12,000 people. The original score contained a part for the serpent. It is said that when Händel first heard this difficult instrument, he asked, —

"What the devil be that?"

"It is a new instrument called the serpent."

"Oh, the serpent," he replied, "ay! but it not be the serpent what seduced Eve!"

Händel's next oratorio was "Theodora," but it fell flat. The King was almost the only regular attendant, as is proved by the anecdote of Horace Walpole meeting Lord Chesterfield leaving the theatre early.

"What, my lord, are you dismissed? Is there no oratorio this evening?"

"Yes," said Lord Chesterfield, "they are still performing, but I thought best to retire lest I should disturb the King *in his privacy.*"

Händel declared that the Jews would not come to it because it was a Christian story, and the ladies would not come because it was a virtuous one.

The last of his oratorios was "Jephtha," finished on August 30, 1751, after various interruptions, and first performed in the following February.

Händel, who had visited Germany the year before, was overturned and met with a serious accident. His health had been precarious since his first stroke of paralysis. His eyes began to fail him. In May, 1752, he was couched for *gutta serena*, but the operation failed, and he became totally blind. How strangely like Bach and Milton!

During the first year of his blindness, "Samson" was performed. The blind composer sat by the organ which was played by his friend Smith. When Beard sang the beautiful air to Milton's words:

> "Total eclipse — no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon," —

it is said the audience were so affected that many were moved to tears.

He did not allow his infirmities to weigh him down. Till the very end of his life he continued to direct the

performances of his works, to play his organ concertos, and to fulfil all his duties. Each year he directed the "Messiah" for the benefit of the Foundling Asylum. This work alone, first and last, during his lifetime gave the institution, in which he was so much interested, upwards of £10,000. On Thursday, April 6, 1759, after his tenth performance of this splendid oratorio, he was seized with a deadly faintness. On being taken home he never left his bed again, but died, according to all probability (for accounts are conflicting) on the morning of Saturday, April 14. He was conscious to the last. His friend, Mr. James Smyth, perfumer, who was among the last to see him, says: "He died as he lived, a good Christian, with a true sense of his duty to God and man, and in perfect charity to all the world."

He was buried at Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, before "a vast concourse of persons of all ranks, not fewer than three thousand in number."

During the last years of his life Händel had laid up some £20,000. He left his score of the "Messiah" to the Foundling Hospital, £600 to erect a monument to himself, various legacies to friends and servants, and the residue of his estate to his relatives in Germany. His house in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, where he had lived since 1725, and which was singularly bare and unfurnished, was sold for forty-eight pounds. He left his MSS. to his young pupil and *protégé* Smith, who in turn left them to George III.

Händel was one of the marked men of his day. Few ever received higher praise or were more exposed to the bitter arrows of eighteenth-century wit. Pope commemorated him in the "Dunciad:"

> "Strong in new arms, lo! giant Händel stands
> Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands."

All the diaries and letters and histories of that day are full of him. He is described as "a tall portly man with finely-marked features and a placid countenance." Dr. Burney says his countenance "was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius. His general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was his sire the sun bursting out of a black cloud. . . . He wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it nice observers were certain that he was out of humor."

He had an exceedingly cholerie temper. He could not endure to hear instruments tuned. Dr. Busby tells how on one occasion some foolish person untuned all the violins. The discord was horrible. Händel started up, overturned a double-bass, seized a kettledrum, and flung it at the leader of the band so violently that his wig fell off. "Without waiting to replace it he advanced bareheaded, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping, for some moments, amidst a general convulsion of laughter." The Prince of Wales, who was present, finally after much difficulty appeased him.

On another occasion something went wrong with a duet in "Judas Maccabæus" at a rehearsal. Händel grew violent, but when he was shown that the fault lay in the manuscript, he instantly quieted down, saying, —

"I beg your pardon. I am a very odd dog. Master Schmidt is to blame."

When offered by Oxford the degree of Doctor of Music, for which the fee of £100 was required, he became furious.

"What the Teffel I trow my money for that the blockhead wish? I no wish."

Like most of the gentlemen of that time, Händel was exceedingly prone to profanity; but nevertheless he was deeply religious. At the Paris church he was often seen "on his knees," says Hawkins, "expressing by his looks and gesticulations, the utmost fervor of devotion." He had a droll mixture of four languages; his English was always most amusingly varied by his foreign accent. He was famous for his wit, and was a capital story-teller, always "throwing persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes." He was a "blunt and peremptory disciplinarian," but always diverting. One time Gordon, an English singer, found fault with his mode of accompanying. High words ensued, and Gordon threatened to jump upon the harpsichord and smash it in pieces.

"Oh," replied Händel, "let me know when you will do that, and I will advertise it, for I am sure more people will come to see you jump, than to hear you sing."

Händel is undoubtedly the most popular of composers. Was he the greatest? Rockstro, who is quite carried away by his enthusiasm, thinks that he was, — "gifted by the most extraordinary talent for music that was ever implanted by Nature in a mind capable of cultivating it." Yet in a cooler moment he acknowledges that only Palestrina was his equal in "the rare power of using art as a means for the concealment of art."

Great as Händel was as a composer, as a performer on instruments, dramatic as his genius undoubtedly was, still, in the province of pure music, he must stand forever below Bach. His career was exceptionally fortunate, his character exceptionally interesting.

CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK.

(1714-1787.)

HÄNDEL, born in Germany, became an Englishman by adoption.

Gluck, born in Germany, gave the best fruits of his genius to the country that would gladly have adopted him, — France.

Händel, trained in Italy, found his rival at London in the Italian Buononcini.

Gluck, trained in Italy, found his rival at Paris in the Italian Piccinni.

Both, though of comparatively humble origin, were men of the world, accustomed to the society of princes; both were childless, both ardent Christians, both died at a good old age, leaving comfortable estates. They resembled each other in physical build, in quickness of temper, in general good-humor, in readiness of wit, in strictness of discipline.

Their lives had also great contrasts. Gluck, at least in his early career, had little knowledge of counterpoint, so that Händel, who prided himself upon that, contemptuously said of him, "He knows no more of contrapunto as mein cook, Walz."

Händel was no reformer. Only in "Israel in Egypt" did he reach great heights of originality, and it is still

GLUCK.

Painting by J. S. Duplessis. Imperial Gallery, Vienna.

a moot point whether he is to be credited even with the originality of that colossal work.

Gluck, on the other hand, perhaps from his very lack of knowledge of counterpoint, allowed his genius wider scope, and his greatness is based on his career as a reformer.

In this respect he is the prototype of the great Wagner.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Melchior Gluck, a musketeer in a Bavarian regiment, married and established a family in the old town of Neustadt. His second son, Johann Adam, became court huntsman to the Prince of Sagan, married twice, and begot nine children. The sons that reached maturity became also foresters and huntsmen in Hungary and Bohemia. The one daughter that lived married a huntsman.

The second son by the first marriage, Alexander, was in turn rifleman or chasseur to Prince Eugene of Savoy, forester at Weidenwang in the Upper Palatinate, forest-ranger to the Count of Kaunitz in Northern Bohemia, ranger (forest-master) to Count von Kinsky, then to the Prince of Lobkowitz, and finally to the Grand Duke of Toscana. He married Anna Walburga, and the oldest of their seven children was the composer, Christoph Willibald, who was born at Weidenwang, a few miles from Neustadt, on the 2d of July, 1714.

The boy received his education in Bohemia, where there were excellent schools. Bohemia has been called the fatherland of German music; it has been the home of distinguished musicians and composers, and its princes, perhaps partly owing to the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, have for generations maintained splendid private chapels and been the generous patrons

of the art. Nearly all the cities had good orchestras and "literary brotherhoods" founded with the purpose of stimulating devotion and Christian love especially by means of poetry and song.

It is supposed that the young Gluck got his education at the Roman Catholic school at Böhmisch-Kamnitz and Eisenburg, receiving especial care as being the son of an official. At home he was treated with no tender kindness, but rather as befitted the son of a rugged forester. He used in later life to tell his friends how he and his brother Anton often accompanied their father barefooted through the forest in the midst of winter, and weighed down with hunting implements. Such training either kills or toughens.

Between 1726 and 1732 the boy studied at the Jesuit Seminary of Kommotau, where he sang in the choir of St. Ignatius's Church and was taught the clavier and organ. He had already shown aptitude for the violin and 'cello.

After his school days were over he went to Prague. His father had little money to spare, and he was thrown on his own resources; he even endured the pinch of hardship and poverty. He gave singing and 'cello lessons, and got a small monthly stipend by singing and playing in various churches.

In his vacations he wandered about from village to village, entertaining the inhabitants with his music, and often getting nothing more than an egg, which he would exchange elsewhere for bread. Later he gave 'cello concerts in the larger towns. The hardening process through which his father put him stood him in good stead during these days of adventure and deprivation. But he was bound to be heard, bound to make his way.

Obstacles in the way of genius generally serve to make all the more triumphant its final success, just as a dam adds to the force of the river, though it blocks its course.

In 1736 he reached Vienna, the capital of Austria, where he was welcomed by the princely house of Lobkowitz, in whose service three generations of his family had ranged the forests.

At the Lobkowitz palace Gluck had the good fortune to exhibit his art before the Lombard Prince Melzi, who liked him, made him his Kammermusicus, and took him to Milan, where he put him under the instruction of the famous Sammartini.

At the end of four years' study, being then twenty-seven, "the age of audacity," he received a commission to compose an opera for the Court Theatre at Milan. He chose Metastasio's "Artaxerxes" (*Artaserse*). It is said that at the first rehearsal there was much laughter and merriment at the expense of the German composer. But Gluck knew how to secure his revenge. He had purposely left out one aria, which he composed in the favorite Italian style, a mere superficial melody, meant to tickle the ear, without any reference to the rest of the work. At the final rehearsal this new piece was heard for the first time and made a great sensation. The whisper went round that Sammartini himself must have written it.

But Gluck had taken no one into his confidence, not even Sammartini!

At all events, it made the opera, and thus made Gluck's fame secure. During the next five years he wrote seven more operas for Milan and Cremona, Venice and Turin. Nothing is known of their musical value. With the

exception of six arias from "*Artamene*," and two from "*Porro*," they have totally perished; but they were successful in their day, and the name of the *giovine Tedesco* — "the young Teuton" — became known even in London.

Hither he was invited in 1745 by Lord Middlesex, director of the opera, and hither he came in the company of his former patron, Ferdinand Philip, Prince Lobkowitz. Dr. Burney says it was an unfortunate time. Händel was at the height of his popularity; there was a great popular prejudice against foreign, and especially Roman Catholic, singers; and the act of the Lord Chamberlain in opening the opera, at Lord Middlesex's urgent request, simply for the production of Gluck's "Fall of the Giants" (*La Caduta de' Giganti*) roused indignation. The new work was performed on Jan. 7, 1746, in the presence of the Duke of Cumberland, to whom it was dedicated. For various reasons it lived through only five representations. His next venture, "*Artamene*," already performed in Cremona, had ten representations, and one aria was especially successful.

Gluck's stay in London was brief, but not without result. He had made the acquaintance of Händel and of the famous Dr. Arne, the author of *Rule Britannia*, just as in Paris on his way he had made friends with the eminent Rameau, the greatest representative of the French music of his day; and his eyes had perhaps been opened to the limitations of the school in which he had been brought up. Instinct had taught him, even in his first opera, to adapt his music to the words of the text, so far as he could do so without offending the vitiated taste of the Italians. It is believed that the seeds of the ideas which years afterwards bore fruit in his

masterpieces, were first planted in London. He there learned that simplicity and beauty often went together, as in the exquisite English ballads. London was the turning point of his career. This was the way of it.

Gluck was invited to bring out a "pasticcio," that is, a sort of medley, in which the most popular airs of various works are adapted to a new libretto. The libretto was entitled "*Piramo e Tisbe.*" Gluck was amazed that several of his best arias, which had met with great applause, fell flat when taken from their appropriate places.

This set him to thinking.

Thus almost by accident often is genius set upon the right track, — toward the True.

Toward the end of 1746 Gluck was back in Germany again; the Electoral Prince of Saxony gave him a position in the royal chapel of Dresden, which perhaps did not require residence, or very likely he soon resigned it, for this year his father died and left him a small inheritance consisting of a tavern in a Bohemian village. After he had converted this into ready money, he came to Vienna; and we find him in May, 1748, producing at the new theatre a three-act Italian opera entitled "*La Semiramide Riconnosciuta,*" in honor of the Empress Maria Teresa's birthday, a work which had the most brilliant success and made the young man the fashion in Vienna. He was handsome, light-hearted, vivacious, witty, and excelled, not only as a composer and conductor, but also as performer on the violin and 'cello.

No wonder he was everywhere a welcome guest. He found a special attraction at the house of the wealthy merchant, Joseph Pergin, who had two daughters, both devoted to music.

The next year was the happiest, and at the same time the unhappiest, of his life.

He fell in love with the elder daughter, Marianna, who in turn loved him. The mother was in favor of their union. But when he went to the stern father and asked for her hand, the purse-proud merchant refused, on the ground that he was a mere musician; and, indeed, the old man perhaps had some reason on his side, for it is only within a few years that musicians, even the greatest, were generally regarded as little better than actors, and treated often more ignominiously than servants.

The young pair, however, swore undying constancy and waited. Gluck left Vienna for a time. First he went to Copenhagen, where he was lodged at the palace, and had great success in a number of concerts, at one of which, his "benefit," he advertised that he would play upon a "new and unheard-of instrument." This was the Verillon, or musical glasses, which perhaps he had learned of the famous Irishman, Puckeridge, in London. From Denmark Gluck went straight to Rome, where he was invited to produce an opera entitled "*Telemacco*" (Telemachus); and it is related that in order to rid himself of the tedious delay in getting a passport, he put on a monk's dress and performed the journey unmolested.

Early in 1750 the recalcitrant father Pergin died, and Gluck hastened back to Vienna, — "on the wings of love," says Schmid, — and was united to his faithful Marianna on the 15th of September, 1750. Henceforth, for thirty-seven years, she was his constant companion in all his fortunes.

She went with him to Naples early the next year. Here he brought out his opera "*La Clemenza di Tito*" on a

libretto which Mozart employed almost half a century later.

Gaetano Majorano, known all over Europe as Cafarelli, "the father of song," the greatest soprano singer of the century, was at that time almost dictator at Naples. He would sing in Gluck's opera. Yet Gluck refused to call upon him first, according to established etiquette. Such independence was unheard of. Cafarelli yielded, and the threatened storm resolved itself into most peaceful and friendly relations. Gluck's originality in causing the instrumental accompaniment to continue while Cafarelli, in the famous aria, *Le mai senti*, had a long hold, raised another storm of a different sort. It was considered contrary to the canons of art, and all the Neapolitan musicians protested against it. Durante, founder of the music school at Naples, was called upon as umpire. The oracle, after deliberation, replied that he could not decide whether it was according to rule, but felt certain that any one among them, even he himself, might be proud to have imagined and written such a phrase!

The opera had immense success; and when Gluck returned to Vienna, he found that the fame of it had preceded him. It brought about his speedy introduction to the Prince of Sachsen-Hildburghausen, a passionate lover of music, who had what were called Akademies at his palace, where the most distinguished musicians of the day were proud to perform. Gluck took charge of these concerts, wrote many compositions for them, and became a great favorite with this powerful prince, who was greatly respected and admired by the empress.

In the spring of 1754, Maria Teresa and some of her immediate family promised the Prince an autumn visit

at his pleasure palace, Schlosshoff, near the Hungarian frontier. The Prince made great preparations for their reception, and arranged for a series of musical entertainments. His choir of singers and orchestra were increased, and various composers were called upon for original works. Gluck composed the music for a dramatic poem by the court poet, Metastasio. He himself went to Schlosshoff in May and took an active part in the arrangements.

One might fill pages with description of the royal reception which the Prince gave his guests, — the hunting-parties, the festas on land and lake, the concerts, the balls, the ballets, the fireworks. Nothing more magnificent was ever devised. On the second day, Gluck's music to "*Le Cinesi*" was performed, the stage gayly decorated in Chinese fashion. The Emperor was delighted and was conducted behind the scenes. The singers were rewarded with munificent gifts. Gluck received a gold snuff-box filled with one hundred ducats.

The same year, probably as a direct outcome of the part Gluck had taken in the Schlosshoff festivities, he was appointed Kapellmeister of the Court Opera with a salary of two thousand florins. In this position he served ten years, producing an immense number of works for the stage, as well as for the royal music-room.

The same year, also, he was summoned again to Rome, where he produced two operas with great success, and was made by the Pope a Chevalier of the Golden Spur. His triumph was all the more complete because envious rivals tried to raise a cabal against him; and though he was offered aid by Cardinal Alexander Albani, Imperial Minister at the Papal Court, and famed through Europe

for his knowledge and taste, Gluck refused, preferring to let his genius fight its own way. He was justified.

During these years he was frequently on the route back and forth between Italy and Vienna. The violinist, Karl von Dittersdorff, in his autobiography, gives a lively account of a journey which he and Gluck, in company with a charming and vivacious young singer, Signora Chiara-Marini, and her mother, took to Venice. Gluck was summoned to produce an opera for the opening of the splendid new theatre at Bologna. They took their time and spent several days at Venice, where, though it was Holy Week, and the theatres were closed, they heard the famous orchestra of women, saw the illumination of the Plaza in front of San Marco, on Good Friday, and the pompous funeral of the Doge.

At Bologna, Gluck was warmly welcomed. He had plenty of time. At the end of ten days he gave the first act of his opera to the copyist. He worked mornings and evenings. Afternoons he devoted to society, making calls, or chatting at some coffee-house. One of his first visits was to the famous tenor, Marinelli, who shortly before had been driven out of Spain in disgrace, and who was building near Bologna a magnificent palace. His hospitality was princely. Gluck also paid his respects to the Franciscan Martini, called "the father of all the maestri."

Von Dittersdorff gives a most characteristic description of the manners and customs of Bologna at this time. The people were so crazy over music, that when he played for the first time, during the intervals of the grand mass at the Church of San Paolo, the whole audience, clergy and all, broke out into rapturous applause; and when Gluck overheard a critic expressing

wonder that a "German tortoise" could reach such perfection, and "play like an angel," he could not refrain from saying with pardonable pride, "I also am a German tortoise, but, nevertheless, I have the honor of writing the new opera for the opening of the newly constructed theatre."

Gluck was not so well pleased with the Bologna musicians. Not even seventeen rehearsals sufficed to bring the orchestra to the precision which he demanded. Nevertheless, the opera, "*Il Trionfo di Clelia*," was a great success.

This Italian visit, which the two friends had promised to make much longer, was cut short by a summons back to Vienna, owing to the expected coronation of Joseph II. at Frankfort. Their disappointment was all the greater when they learned too late that it was postponed.

The seven years that followed have been called the classic period of Gluck's art. Hitherto Gluck's librettos had been mostly written by the Abbé Metastasio. He was a lyric rather than a dramatic poet. In 1762 Gluck, wishing for a different scope, secured a libretto from Metastasio's friend, Raniero di Calzabigi of Livorno.

The first product of this collaboration was "*Orfeo ed Euridice*," which was produced with the utmost care on the 5th of October, in presence of the Imperial Court. It was an immense innovation, and caused surprise and wonder. Yet its simple beauties could not fail to appeal to all lovers of music. After the fifth representation no doubt was left as to its success. Even Gluck's enemies found such arias as *Che faró senz' Euridice* heavenly, and could only express their envy in doubts

whether he wrote them. It became an epoch-making work. Count Durazzo sent to Favart in Paris a score of the "*Orfeo,*" which was engraved and published with a magnificent frontispiece. Partly owing to the correction of a multitude of errors — for Gluck was "naturally indolent and very indifferent to his own works," a most careless writer — the cost amounted to 2,000 livres. It was not finished till toward the end of 1764, and only a few copies were ever printed. Favart invited Gluck to visit him; the composer, after many postponements of the journey, was unquestionably in Paris in March, just before the coronation of "the King of the Romans," which took place on the 3d of April. The appearance of this edition did not prevent the bouffe composer, Philidor, from almost bodily appropriating one of the loveliest arias of "*Orfeo*" for his comic opera "*Le Sorcier.*"

Gluck received 300 ducats for his special services at the coronation. For the marriage festivities of the young King with the Princess Maria Josepha of Bavaria, which took place in the following January, Gluck composed the music for a dramatic poem by Metastasio entitled, "*Il Parnasso Confuso,*" which was sung at Schönbrunn before an august audience, by four Austrian archduchesses, while the Archduke Joseph played the piano accompaniment.

The same imperial singers had studied the *rôles* for still another dramatic work, "*La Corona,*" which was to be given on the Emperor's birthday; but Franz's sudden death put an end to such festivities.

These trivialities — for in reality they were such — kept Gluck four years from bringing forth his second classic masterpiece, the "*Alceste,*" written in collaboration with Calzabigi.

Sonnenfels, who was present at its first representation, December 16, 1766, declared that he was in the land of marvels. "A serious work without men-sopranos, music without solfeggios, or as I might rather say, without squawking (*Gurgelei*), an Italian poem without turgidity and nonsense."

Händel also had written an opera on the same theme (*Admetus*). But Berlioz says that his compared to Gluck's was like one of those grotesque figures cut out of *marron d'Inde* (horse chestnut) to amuse children, compared to a head of Phidias. Berlioz was always an admirer of Gluck, declaring, his "exceptional qualities will perhaps never again be found combined in the same musician."

The power of truth, joined with pathos and inspiration, made itself felt in this masterpiece. The overture was compared to a lava stream carrying everything before it.

When the work was engraved in 1769, Gluck dedicated it to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the last of the house of Hapsburg to be of any material assistance in the development of music. He, or possibly the Abbate Coltellini for him, wrote a long letter in which were expressed his ideas and theories, his principles: —

"I proposed," he says, "scrupulously to avoid all the abuses introduced by the injudicious vanity of singers, and the excessive complaisance of composers; abuses which have degraded one of the most beautiful and magnificent of all spectacles to be the most wearisome and ridiculous."

His purpose was to bring music down to its true office, that of ministering to the expression of the poetry. His method and principles, as Nohl well says,

were "based on the true essence of art, and can never lose their value or their truth."

Though Gluck was the first to carry out these principles, and therefore deserves the title of "the great reformer," it must not be supposed that he was the first to find fault with the old style of opera. A half-century before he published his "*Alceste*," a witty Italian, Benedetto Marcello, in a savage attack on the fashionable opera of his day, sarcastically describes what musical composers ought not to know, — among other things, "they ought not to know anything about poetry, or be able to distinguish the sense of their discourse."

Indeed, it was a wonder that people of taste so long put up with the archaic form of the opera where the story was told in a dry recitative accompanied only by a tinkling harpsichord with strings only to accompany the bass notes, and the arias were so loaded down with embellishments that all purity of melody was lost. The reform had to come. Gluck did not appear as the apostle of it till he was past middle life, and had written more than twenty operas in the old style.

Gluck's third classic opera, "*Paride ed Elena*," was not so successful as the two others. This was dedicated to the Duke of Braganza, not merely as a patron but a critic. Gluck was again, like Wagner, fortunate in the patronage of enlightened and wealthy connoisseurs.

He was now wealthy and honored. His house was the meeting place of all who were famous in art and music. Distinguished strangers from all over Europe came to pay him their homage. We have fortunately a picture of the great composer in his home. The English historian of music, Dr. Charles Burney, visited Vienna in 1772, and was presented to Gluck by the

Countess of Thun, — who had previously asked permission, for Gluck could, when he pleased, be very gruff, — "a perfect dragon." Lord Stormonth, the English ambassador, sent his carriage; and the doctor and the countess were driven out to the composer's home, which was on the Rennweg in a pleasant suburb. Dr. Burney says:

"He is very well housed there; has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat and elegantly furnished rooms. Madame Gluck and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with the smallpox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour; and he talked, sang, and played, Madame Thun observed, more than ever she knew him at any one time."

He had a very bad harpsichord, and, like Händel, a very poor voice.

A day or two later, Dr. Burney again met Gluck and his family at a musicale at Lord Stormonth's. It was a distinguished company, — Prince Poniátowsky, brother to the King of Poland, the Duke of Braganza, and many other famous connoisseurs.

We now come to the most exciting and interesting period of Gluck's life; he was to transfer the field of his activity to France. Great as his reputation was, there were occult influences working against him in Paris. The old French musical drama, which was rather a ballet than opera, was strongly intrenched behind the bulwark of conservatism, and it was evident that if Gluck once had a hearing it was all over with the old. But Gluck was bent on conquering this

new field, and, as usual, he showed his genius by shaping means to ends. He played several winning cards, but his master stroke was an appeal to Marie Antoinette, who had been his former pupil.

Gluck appeared in Paris in the autumn of 1773. The great war was about to begin.

Gluck had on his side the Queen and her satellites. He succeeded in winning the adhesion of the formidable misanthropic Rousseau, whose word was law.

He had against him the powerful partisans of the old order of things, and, worse than all, "the heavy and complicated machinery of the *Opéra*, where disorder, abuses, caprice, routine, and inertia were despotically enthroned." Actors did not act, singers could not sing, musicians could scarcely be said to play, the chorus stood like blocks of wood. A more hopeless state of things could not be imagined. The mere statement of the state of the musical drama at Paris at Gluck's arrival reads like a satirical exaggeration.

He had to begin at the very beginning. He met with rebellion in the singers, in the orchestra. But his will was indomitable, his temper tremendous, his power unyielding. Prometheus swung his torch, says Schmid, the statues were filled with life.

But the reform was at the cost of endless rehearsals. "Mademoiselle!" cried the angry composer, "I am here to bring out the *"Iphigénie"*; if you will sing, well and good; if you will not, as you please. I will go to the Queen, and I will say, 'It is impossible to produce my opera.' Then I will get into my carriage and go back to Vienna."

When at last all was ready, and the opera was announced, the leading singer was taken sick. It was a

part of the cabal to ruin the composer. Gluck tried to get it postponed. Impossible. Gluck declared he would sooner burn the opera. And his righteous persistency was rewarded. The Court upheld him.

In one respect he was obliged to yield to prejudice. The French cannot conceive of an opera without a ballet. They were used to it from the very beginning, when, in a lyrical drama by Strozzi, produced by Cardinal Mazarin, there was introduced a dance of bears and monkeys, and other animals. The Italian Vestris, ballet-master, called the god of the dance, went to Gluck and insisted that he must have a *chaconne* in the opera.

Gluck declared that Agamemnon never danced such a thing; that it was contrary to the Greek customs which he prided himself on truthfully picturing.

Vestris replied: "So much the worse for Agamemnon!"

On the stated day, Monday, April 19, the ticket offices were besieged by an eager throng. Nothing else had been talked about for a fortnight. Party feeling had waxed fierce. Passions were excited. Owing to the possibility of some violent demonstration against the new music, the Dauphin had caused the lieutenant of police to take extra precautions.

As early as half-past five the Dauphin and his wife, and other members of the high nobility, took their places. All the Court was there except the King and Madame du Barri.

The performance was extraordinary, but the style of music was so novel that it would probably have fallen flat had not Marie Antoinette acted as leader of the *clacqueurs*. She kept clapping her hands, and courtesy

GLUCK AT TRIANON BEFORE MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Hamman.

compelled the rest of the audience to follow her example. Du Roullet, who had fashioned Racine's tragedy into the libretto, was not less active in organizing his friends and partisans. After the first night there could be no doubt of the success of the new opera. Marie Antoinette wrote her sister: —

"At last, my dear Christine, a great triumph. On the 19th, we had the first performance of Gluck's '*Iphigénie.*' I was carried away by it. We can find nothing else to talk about. You can scarcely imagine what excitement reigns in all minds in regard to this event; it is incredible. People take sides and quarrel as though some religious question were at stake."

The death of Louis XV. put an end to the representation of "*Iphigénie*"; but it raised Gluck's most powerful protector to the throne. Had it not been for her really gallant efforts in his behalf, "our good Gluck," as she called him, would have never won in the great battle against what Saint Amand calls "the eternal coalition of ignorance and routine." She gave him a pension of 6,000 livres, and a bounty of the same amount for each new opera. Not to be outdone, the Empress Maria Theresa appointed him her court composer, with an annual salary of 2,000 florins, and the privilege of visiting Paris every year.

Gluck rewarded Marie Antoinette by a graceful act of homage. When "*Iphigénie*" was revived in January, 1775, before a crowded audience, in the second act Gluck changed a few lines to be sung by the chorus, beginning, —

Chantons, célébrons notre reine.

The enthusiasm aroused by this compliment interrupted the performance for quarter of an hour. The

Queen was touched to tears, and when she saluted the audience, the cries of joy were redoubled. Fickle Paris then adored her German queen!

The German Orpheus, as Gluck was called, had reached the summit of his popularity. "The greatest seigneurs of the court, dukes, marquises, princes, pressed around him, eager to offer him, at the close of the performance, the one his overcoat, the other his wig."

"*Orphée*," which had been translated from the Italian text, was given in Paris for the first time on the 2d of August, 1775, with great success. Rousseau, who was present, forgot his pessimism, and said: "Since one can have such keen pleasure for two hours, I imagine life may be good for something."

Less than a year later "*Alceste*" was performed for the first time before the Parisians, with less success. Marie Antoinette this time failed to impress her own enthusiasm upon the audience. Moreover, Gluck had sacrificed the generous and gifted Mlle. Sophie Arnould, who had done so magnificently in the other operas, in favor of Mlle. Levasseur, the favorite of the Comte Merci-Argenteau, whose position as Austrian ambassador and confidential agent to Maria Theresa made his influence to be valued.

"'*Alceste*' has fallen!" cried Gluck, throwing himself into the Abbé Arnaud's arms.

"Fallen from heaven," replied the enthusiast.

Gluck's depression did not last. He predicted that the work would live because it was founded upon nature. And he was right. It was not long before the French found it preferable to the ballets and other frivolous amusements which had hitherto been their passion. A subscription, to which many famous men contributed,

was raised for a marble bust by Houdon, to be placed in the foyer of the Opéra.

On the last day of the same year, to Paris came Niccolo Piccinni, a little, thin, pale, weary-looking, but exquisitely polite Neapolitan, who for fifteen years had reigned supreme in the musical world of Rome. Coming from sunny Italy, he saw in the leaden skies of that remarkably rigorous winter a portent of desolation. "But, my dear sir," he asked after a two-weeks down-pour of rain, "do you never see the sun in this country?"

He found powerful protectors ready to pit his genius against Gluck's. Madame du Barri was glad of any excuse to pique the Queen.

Gluck had received an order to compose an opera on the subject of *Roland*. After he had gotten it almost composed, he learned that the directors of the Opéra had intrusted the same subject to Piccinni. In his anger he burned his manuscript, and wrote to du Roullett a letter breathing fire and fury.

Meantime a still more bitter blow had fallen upon him. His favorite niece, his "little nightingale," Marianne, who according to all accounts was a most remarkable girl, with an unequalled talent for singing, died of the smallpox. Gluck was inconsolable.

By the time he returned to Paris the musical war was all ready to break out in all its madness. It was started by an epigram by the Abbé Arnaud, who printed in the *Journal de Paris* that Gluck was preparing an Orlando, and Piccinni an Orlandino. The sting in thus using the diminutive was all the bitterer from the fact that it was the title of a cheap macaronic or burlesque poem which had enjoyed some celebrity, while the "Orlando" was the work of the great poet Ariosto.

"Women and men alike entered into the fray," says the Baroness Oberkirch. "Then were such passions and furies roused, that people had to be separated; many friends and even lovers quarrelled on account of this." Pamphlets and newspaper articles indulging in savage personalities, poems and epigrams, puns and squibs, circulated. The Abbé Arnaud wrote that his rival Marmontel, chief of the Piccinnists, judged painting like a blind man, and music like a deaf man. Marmontel retaliated, calling Gluck "*le jongleur de Bohême*" — a Bohemian juggler.

Madame Riccoboni wrote to Garrick, saying, —

"They are tearing each other's eyes out here, for or against Gluck. . . . Relations, friends, dispute and squabble on the subject of music. . . . America is no longer thought of; melody, harmony, that is the subject of all writings."

Curiously enough, almost all the literary men of the time espoused the side of Piccinni, who did not know a word of French. Marie Antoinette, though so fond of Gluck, kept aloof from the quarrel. She even had Piccinni come to Versailles twice a week; and it is interesting to note that while the battle between the partisans took almost the ominous import of a political storm, and was unquestionably a sign of the times, Gluck and Piccinni remained the best of friends, often dining together.

Benjamin Franklin was in Paris at this time, and in a characteristically witty letter that he wrote in French to Madame Brillon, he refers to the animated battle of the musicians, comparing the French to insects whose language he understood, though, owing to their vivacity, and their habit of talking three or four at once, he could not get much sense from the dispute, except that they

were discussing the merits of two foreign musicians, one a gnat (*cousin*), the other a drone (*bourdon*).

On Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1777, Gluck's "*Armide*" was given for the first time in Paris. Like the others it was at first coldly received, but persistency brought its usual reward. In spite of cliques and enemies, of charges of plagiarism, and savage criticisms, it was played twenty-seven times, and brought in 106,000 livres. The receipts at the eighth performance were almost 6,000 livres. Gluck's letter to Madame de Frise, gives most interesting details of the crowds that packed the theatre, and the desperate *battaglié* (*sic*) that arose concerning the merits of the opera. Gluck wielded a trenchant pen. His letters abound in keen witticisms. He congratulates the eloquent Piccinnist, M. la Harpe, on his criticisms on "*Armide*," saying, —

"You have learned more of my art in a few hours of reflection, than I have done after having exercised it for forty years." He lamented that men, simply because they happened to enjoy the privilege of possessing eyes and ears, felt themselves authorized to decide on the fine arts.

Gluck was exceedingly canny. If some of the other famous composers had possessed equal skill in flattery and management, or even more worldly wisdom, they would have been more favored by fortune. How Gluck, whose operas had been sung by archduchesses, behaved in the presence of royalty, is illustrated by a story told by the Princess de Lamballe. On one occasion after the rehearsal of "*Armide*," which Gluck had given for Marie Antoinette's approval, she followed him and congratulated him.

"Ah, my dear Princess!" cried he, "all I want now,

to be raised to the seventh heaven, is two such beautiful heads as Her Majesty's and yours."

"If that is all you want, we can be painted for you, Herr Gluck."

"No, no; you do not understand me. I mean living heads. My actresses are very ugly, and *Armide* as well as her confidante ought to be very lovely."

Gluck in composing the "Armida" found an easy occasion to make a flattering allusion to the Queen's beauty.

Piccinni's "*Roland*" was at last ready for the stage. The poor man, who had found Paris the paradise of ladies, but the Inferno of musicians, had met with every obstacle; he went to the theatre as though to execution, leaving his weeping family with the comforting words:

"We are not among barbarians; we are among the politest and gentlest people in Europe."

The opera, which the Gluckists declared was nothing but a pretty concert, was a great success. The first twelve performances brought in 61,920 livres 15 sous; just 86 livres 10 sous more than the first twelve performances of "*Iphigénie.*" Piccinni's fortune seemed made. The Emperor Joseph II., who was visiting his sister, took a great fancy to him. He was appointed singing-teacher to the Queen; a carriage was put at his service, and if he had been a good manager he would have left a handsome fortune. He was too prodigal, and died in poverty.

Gluck was back in Vienna preparing for the struggle of the following winter. He wrote his friend the Abbé Arnaud: "Gather your troops, cajole our allies, especially Madame de Vaisnes. . . . Has she still preserved her lovely Circassian head? I often bring her before my imagination, when in writing I do not feel suffi-

ciently warmed to my work. She ought to contribute much to the success of my operas."

Toward the end of November he returned to Paris with his "*Iphigénie en Tauride.*" But the directors of the Opéra had given the same subject to Piccinni, who was assured that his would be performed first. Judge of his dismay when he learned that Gluck's was already under rehearsal, while only two acts of his own were written. Yet it was not till May 18, that the new opera was presented. The Queen and all Gluck's partisans were enchanted. But the injustice to Piccinni roused his friends to do their utmost. They fell back to their favorite charge of plagiarism. Proofs were brought. Gluck was urged to reply. He remained obstinately, strangely silent.

Still it was successful, and when Gluck was asked for another opera, he demanded ten or fourteen thousand livres; but "*Écho et Narcisse*" proved to be a complete failure. The third performance brought in only 1,500 livres. This failure was celebrated by the Piccinnists with all sorts of puns. It was parodied, but the parody was not played.

Gluck was angry enough, and threatened to leave France forever. The Queen in order to console him appointed him music-master to her children, a position which required his residence in Paris. Shortly after, owing to these excitements, he was taken violently ill, but recovered.

In January, 1781, Piccinni's "*Iphigénie en Aulide*" was given with fair success; but at the third performance the prima donna came upon the stage in such a state of intoxication that she could scarcely sing, giving rise to the *bon-mot*, "That is not Iphigénie in Aulis, it is Iphi-

génie in Champagne." The actress was punished; but being pardoned through the intervention of the composer, she "sang like an angel," two evenings later, and the opera was performed in alternation with Gluck's until the opera-house was burned in June, 1781. Gluck's was considered to be rather more successful than Piccinni's.

Gluck promised to be in Paris in October, with the manuscript of a new opera. He demanded twenty thousand livres for it. A later letter announced that he had written only a portion of it, and after some negotiation it was agreed to give him twelve thousand. The new opera, "*Les Danaïdes*," was even more successful than was anticipated. But three weeks later, a letter from Gluck declared that he had not written any of the opera; that it was entirely the work of his pupil Salieri. Friendship and zeal were at the bottom of this double-dealing, which was unworthy of both composers. Nothing could justify it. He was nearing the end of his days, and his health was feeble.

He never went to Paris again after the failure of his "*Écho et Narcisse*." He lived the last three years of his life in a suburb of Vienna, worshipped and flattered, and somewhat spoiled by his success. He dressed magnificently in a gray suit embroidered with silver, and carrying a heavy gold-headed cane. His impatience and quickness of temper grew worse as he grew older. When he was angry his dark gray eyes flashed fire. He was boastful and self-assured, but when speaking about his beloved art, was most interesting in conversation. Strangely enough he seemed to have forgotten his triumphs in Paris, seemed not to realize that the revolution he had brought about was so complete that even his rival Piccinni was obliged

to follow his mode of composition, and when he spoke of the French it was with sarcasm and irony, claiming that he had made use of the ignorance and arrogance of the Parisians to impose upon them his great style. He should have remembered that after all it was to Calzabigi that the revolution was in great measure due.

Gluck's last work was "*Le Jugement Dernier*," for the Apollon Society, written with Salieri. When certain questions as to the treatment of such an august subject came up, Gluck said: "Well, in a few days I shall go and find out for myself."

Gluck's religious music was limited in amount. He wrote a *Stabat Mater*, a *De Profundis*, and a setting of the eighth Psalm, and set some of Klopstock's poems to music.

When Salieri went to Paris in the spring of 1786, Gluck bade him good-by in a queer conglomerate of French, German, and Italian.

On Nov. 15, 1787, Gluck, who had already had three shocks of paralysis, playfully drank a glass of wine which had been forbidden him; while out driving he received still another shock. It was the last. He never recovered consciousness. His tombstone at the cemetery of Matzleinsdorf was discovered in 1844. On the red marble was engraved in quaint naïve German this simple inscription:

Here rests an upright German man. A zealous
Christian. A faithful spouse.

CHRISTOPH RITTER GLUCK.

OF THE NOBLE ART
OF MUSIC A GREAT MASTER.

He died on Nov. 15, 1787.

Gluck left his widow an income of thirty thousand florins, besides several houses, and many costly jewels. He left twenty-five florins for masses to be said for his soul; and four florins for charity!

The news of his death caused great sorrow throughout Europe. The gentle Piccinni wrote a long letter to the *Journal de Paris*, eulogizing the "great man," and proposing to institute an annual concert in his honor.

In 1846 a requiem was performed in Paris in memorial of Gluck. Five hundred musicians took part. His statue was erected by Ludwig of Bavaria, in October, 1848.

His body was reinterred on the last day of September, 1890, in the avenue of celebrities in the Central Cemetery, near Beethoven and Schubert; members of the Vienna Opera sang choruses from "*Orphée*" over the grave, and a handsome monument was shortly afterwards erected.

Gluck had powerful enemies, but among his admirers were counted some of the greatest musicians of the world. He may not have been what Burney called him, "the Michael Angelo of music," but he left his mark on his art, and though he has of late years been comparatively forgotten, yet he left much that the world will never allow to die. "Gluck," says Riehl, "can lament in his adagios, not indeed like a soft-hearted Christian of the eighteenth century, but like Niobe the statue. There is no such thing as a crescendo in his operas, he knows only forte and piano; strong and weak, light and dark; there is no twilight in his music."

"Gluck," said Liszt, "lent dramatic music strength, majesty, and weight of dramatic style."

Ambros, who couples Goethe the poet, Winckelmann the historian of art, and Gluck the musician, as repre-

sentatives of the true renascence, declares that if the Greeks had had a musician, they would have had a Gluck. "In the simple beauty of his orchestration," he remarks, "there is something marble-like."

It is interesting to note that even at this writing, an interesting revival of Gluck's music has been made with great success in England.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

(1732-1809.)

TO the thoughtful mind it is always a cause of wonder that the accident of birth should make genius the slave of title or wealth. It is comforting, though, that time should bring revenges.

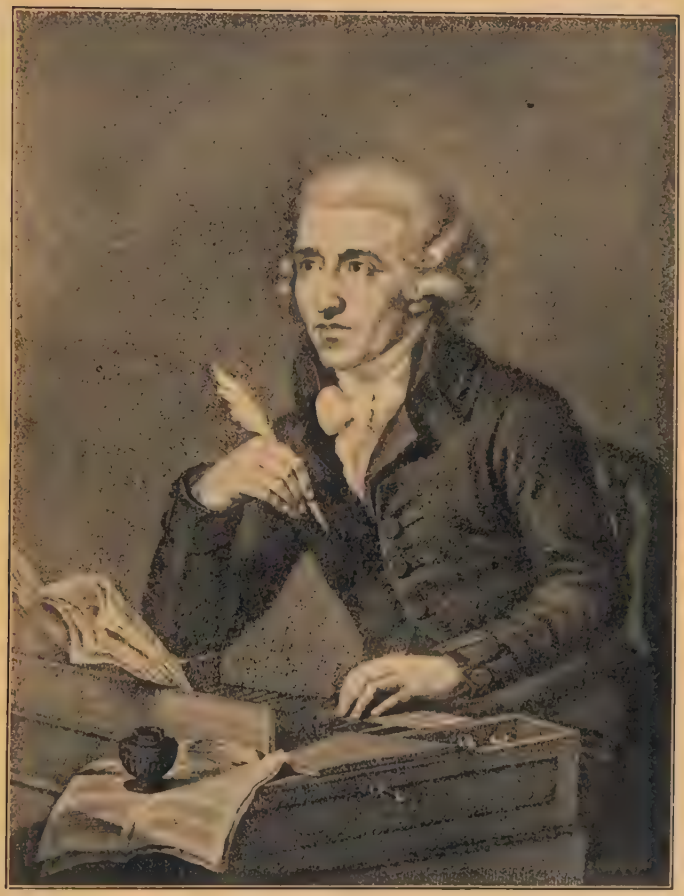
A hundred years ago there lived a Hungarian grandee whose wealth was fabulous, whose expenditures were enormous, and whose rank put him on an equality with kings and emperors.

To-day he is remembered only for his traditional diamond-embroidered coat, and for the fact that out of his princely revenues he gave a careless pittance to a man who, even during his thirty years' service, was recognized as the most original genius of his day.

Franz Joseph Haydn, like Gluck, was an Austrian born on the Hungarian frontier. Gluck's kith and kin were foresters; Haydn's were cartwrights, — felicitous, suggestive trade, for in German the title is *Wagner*, as we shall see.

"I was born," says Haydn, "on the last day of March, 1732, in the market-town of Rohrau, near Prugg, on the river Leitha in Lower Austria."

The single-storied cottage where his life began was swept away by a flood in 1813. It was rebuilt in its



FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.

After the painting by Guttenbrum. Engraved by L. Schiavonetti.

original form, and again, twenty years later, the Leitha overflowed its low banks and destroyed it. Humble home! "A wretched peasant cottage for such a great man to be born in!" murmured the dying Beethoven, as he showed the composer Hummel a lithographed print of it by Diabelli.

Still it was the abode of harmony. The father, Matthias Haydn, though unable to read or write, was a man of strict probity, "an honest, God-fearing, hard-working man," with a spark of genius slumbering in his soul.

During his youth he had picked up the art of playing on the harp by ear. "He was by nature a great lover of music, while I, as a boy of five," said Haydn in a biographical sketch, "sang all his short, simple songs very fairly."

He remembered them when he was an old man, and he liked to tell how his father played them over on his harp on Sunday afternoons, while he himself would sit by his side scraping away with a piece of wood on his left shoulder, pretending it was a violin, such as he had seen the village schoolmaster use!

Matthias was in the service of Count Harrach, the lord of that village; and he married Maria Koller, Count Harrach's cook, who brought him a dower of one hundred and twenty florins. Haydn worshipped the memory of his mother. To his dying day he never forgot the lessons of order, regularity, and industry, to which, as he says, he was accustomed from his tenderest years.

"Neatness and order became second nature to me," he remarked to a visitor who expressed surprise to find him fully dressed and with freshly powdered wig early in the morning, when his age might have rendered him exempt from such scrupulousness.

Haydn's grandmother's second husband's daughter, Julie, was the wife of Johann Matthias Frankh, the schoolmaster and chor-regent at the not distant market-town of Hainburg. On the strength of this rather hazy connection, "Cousin Frankh" used sometimes to visit the Haydns. His opinion as an expert was asked concerning the boy who seemed to show such aptitude for music. He offered to take entire charge of little "Sepperl" (as they called him) and train him to music. The parents, who were ambitious for their sons, and were, at the same time, burdened with a rapidly growing family, gladly consented.

Thus before he was six, began Haydn's struggle with the world.

And was it not remarkable and even beautiful that though he never again lived under the humble thatched roof, he always loved it, was never ashamed of it, even when courted by the great, was rather proud that he could point young people to his own career as "an example that after all something can be made out of nothing;" and when on his return from his second visit to London, and his mother had been in her grave more than forty years, Haydn, being invited by Count Harrach to inspect the monument erected by him to the honor of his former vassal in the grounds of Castle Rohrau, stopped at the entrance of his birthplace, knelt down, and reverently kissed the threshold?

At Hainburg Haydn lived in the Hauptschule, a three-story building on the Ungar Strasse. The place had a fine view of the lofty Hennenburg and the picturesque castle at the foot of the mountain.

It was not a pleasant home to which he was taken, but he always made the best of everything, and years

afterwards he recorded his gratitude to Almighty God because music came so easy to him that even in his sixth year he could sing in the choir as well as play the violin and piano.

Frau Frankh neglected him; with a touch of humor he afterwards complained how, in spite of all his efforts, traces of untidiness would now and then appear on his person. "It was dreadfully mortifying; I was a little hedgehog!" he says.

Even then he wore a wig "for the sake of neatness"! "Papa Haydn without a wig were not to be imagined," says Nohl.

Gratitude was one of Haydn's most beautiful traits. He was always recognizant of his "first music teacher;" "I thank that man even in his grave," he would say, "though I got more thrashings than food;" and, when he died, he proved his sincerity by leaving one hundred florins to his daughter, whose husband had succeeded "Cousin Frankh" as rector of the school.

Only one incident of the boy's life at that epoch has come down to us, and that one has a comic flavor in keeping with Haydn's general character.

On St. Florian's Day, June 4, 1740, there was to be a great church festival, the pageant to include a procession with music. The drummer was taken ill and died, and "Cousin Frankh," remembering how accurately Haydn always beat time, thought he had found a substitute. He called Sepperl, showed him how to hold the drumsticks, and left him alone to practise. The boy stretched a cloth tightly over a meal-basket, set it on a stuffed chair, and began to drum so vigorously that the meal flew out all over everything, and almost ruined the chair. His skill was so great that his delighted

teacher forgot to scold him for once. Sepperl was of short stature, and a hunchback was provided to carry the drum, behind which marched gravely the boy, unmindful of the laughter excited by the odd spectacle. The instrument thus used is still preserved in Hainburg.

Haydn was ever after partial to the drum, and gave it an honorable work to do in his famous symphonies, especially in the one written in London, called "The Surprise."

When Haydn was between seven and eight, it chanced one day that Georg Reutter, Court-chapel master, and director of music at St. Stephen's in Vienna, came to Hainburg to visit his friend, Anton Johann Plumb, the city preacher. The object of his journey was to get choir-boys for the cathedral; Haydn was spoken of and sent for. The odd-looking little urchin in his bob wig and miserable dress came with "Cousin Frankh." Reutter placed a piece of music before him, and listened with pleasure to his "weak but pleasing voice." He asked him, —

"*Büberl*" (almost like our "bub"), "canst thou trill?"

"No," replied Sepperl, "nor can the schoolmaster either."

"See here, then, I will show you how to trill; give good heed how I do it."

The apt pupil after only two attempts mastered it, and Reutter was so delighted that he cried "bravo," and gave him a little coin. There happened to be some cherries on a table, and Reutter noticed that hungry eyes were cast upon them. He took up a handful, and threw them into the boy's cap. Haydn after that never saw cherries without remembering his introduction to Kapellmeister Reutter.

The result of the interview was that Haydn became, on the completion of his eighth year, one of the *Cantorei* or choir school of St. Stephen's. This school dated back at least three hundred years. There were but six scholars who lived and ate together with the cantor, subcantor, and two ushers, their board and clothing being paid for by a meagre allowance from the city. The boys studied theology, Latin, and other subjects of common education, and besides received instruction in music. Haydn says that he had instruction in singing and on the clavier and violin from very good masters.

He was never renowned as a performer upon any instrument, but says he, "I learned the function and use of all; I was not a bad clavier player and singer, and I could perform a concerto on the violin."

Reutter himself seems to have taken little pains to help him along, though he was pleased with his progress and told Haydn's father that if he had a dozen sons he would be glad to have them all. In fact, Sepperl's brother Michael, afterwards chapelmaster at Saltzburg, and still another brother, came into the same foundation, and Joseph had the "inestimable pleasure" of teaching them.

Reutter gave Haydn only two lessons in composition, but he made the most of those, and as he had constant practice in reading all sorts of church music, he set to work with more vigor than wisdom to compose, laboriously drawing the five lines on any chance scrap of paper, and filling them full of notes.

Reutter found him once at thirteen composing a *twelve-part Salve Regina* on a sheet of paper more than a yard long!

"*Hé!* what art thou up to, *Büberl?*" he asked, and

could not help laughing at the generosity with which the boy had filled the paper with *Salves*. Then he asked him if two parts would not suffice. Haydn took the hint, and also was wise enough to accept Reutter's advice to try variations on the pieces performed in the cathedral.

"The talent was indeed in me," said Haydn afterwards, "and by means of it and much diligence I made progress. When my comrades were playing, I used to take my little clavier (*clavierl*) under my arm, and go out where I should be undisturbed so as to practise by myself."

It was a laborious life for the choir-boys. There were two full choral services daily in the cathedral, besides innumerable extra services in the way of *Te Deums* and processions.

Unfortunately the boys were kept on short commons. Haydn's friend the painter Dies says, "Joseph's stomach was accustomed to a perpetual fast." In order to still its cravings he took part in as many musical entertainments as possible, so that the crumbs from rich men's tables might fall to his share.

He was a lively, happy boy. A story of one of his capers has come down to us. One Whitsuntide he was sent with the other choir-boys to sing at Schönbrunn where the court was residing. The boys found the scaffolding around the new palace a great temptation. They mounted as high as they could and made a terrible clatter on the boards. Suddenly they saw a lady talking with Reutter.

It was the Empress Maria Theresa herself! She ordered the noisy boys to be brought down, and threatened with a sound flogging if they went there again.

Haydn was the only one of the boys who ran the risk. He was caught and cudgelled. Years afterwards, when he was famous, he took occasion to thank the Empress for this "first proof of her favor," and gave a lively account of the affair, "which caused much laughter."

"I sang soprano both at St. Stephen's and at Court with great applause till my sixteenth year, when I finally lost my voice," says Haydn. The Empress at last remarked jestingly to Reutter that Joseph did not sing any more, but crowed. Accordingly, for the festivities of Leopold's Day, Michael Haydn, who had a better voice, was chosen to take his brother's place, and sang a *Salve Regina* so beautifully that the Empress gave him twenty-four ducats.

Reutter (who it is said kept half of Michael's ducats), finding that Joseph's voice was of no more use to him, was on the lookout for a pretext to get rid of him. One soon came.

Haydn, in fun, snipped off a comrade's pigtail with a pair of scissors. Reutter condemned him to be ferruled for it. Haydn with spirit declared he would leave the Chapel-house rather than submit to it.

"No use!" cried Reutter, "thou shalt be caned first, and then be off."

Thus Haydn was cast out after ten years' faithful service: "helpless, penniless, with three wretched shirts and a worn-out coat, into the great world which he knew so little."

It was an evening in late November, 1749, when Haydn was turned adrift. Hungry and weary he wandered all night through the streets of Vienna. In the morning he was found almost exhausted, by an acquaintance named Spangler, also musical and poor, who took

him to his garret and gave him lodgings through the winter. Haydn earned a pittance by fiddling at balls, by arranging instrumental compositions, and otherwise. "For eight long years," he says, "I was forced to knock about wretchedly, giving lessons to the young. Many a genius is ruined by this miserable livelihood, for it leaves no time for study." And he adds that he should never have done anything, had his zeal for composition driven him to work at night.

Haydn's mother begged him, with tears in her eyes, to fulfil the desire of her heart and take orders in the Church; but his mind was set upon music, and no trials, sufferings, privations, or obstacles could discourage him. Even when cold and hungry his jovial temperament made him see the bright side of things.

When spring came round he joined a party of pilgrims to the shrine of the Virgin at Mariazell in Steiermark, and immediately on his arrival presented himself before Florian Wrastil the choir-master, as a former pupil at St. Stephen's, showed some of his compositions, and asked to be employed.

The choir-master, who had doubtless been imposed upon by strolling adventurers, placed no faith in him, and when Haydn was more persistent, roughly dismissed him, saying, "So many lazy rascals come here from Vienna, and try to pass themselves off as choir-boys, and when tried can't sing a note."

The next day Haydn went unbeknown into the choir, scraped acquaintance with one of the singers, and asked the loan of his note-book. The young man excused himself. But Haydn is said to have bribed him — which, from his poverty, sounds apocryphal — and when the service began snatched the music out of his hand

and sang the solo so beautifully that every one was amazed, and the choir-master apologized for his rudeness.

Haydn tarried there a week, and, as he said, filled his belly for some time to come. When he left his new friends, they presented him with a little sum of money — sixteen gulden — raised by contribution.

Soon after his return to Vienna a benevolent merchant named Buchholtz loaned him one hundred and fifty florins without interest. Haydn faithfully repaid it, but half a century afterwards, in token of his gratitude, his will made Buchholtz's granddaughter, Jungfrau Anna, the recipient of a hundred florins.

He took lodgings in the top story of the old Michaeler-Haus on the Kohlmarkt, then a respectable part of the city. His chamber had scarcely room enough to turn around in. It had no window and no stove. The rain and snow made their way through the dilapidated roof. In winter his breath congealed on his coverlet, and the water turned to ice in his jug.

His immediate neighbors were not congenial spirits, — a journeyman printer, a stove-tender, a footman, and a cook, — but he was happy. He said to his friend Griesinger, "When I sat down at my old worm-eaten clavier, I envied no king his good fortune."

By the aid of this clavier — for Haydn, unlike Beethoven, required an instrument to compose by — he wrote a short four-part mass, which, by a curious accident, came into his hands fifty-two years later. It was his first "great work," and the old man was delighted with its melodiousness and youthful fire.

In the same house lodged the Princess Maria Octavia Esterhazy, mother of Prince Paul Anton whom we shall

soon meet; and the Italian poet Metastasio, who wrote so many librettos for Gluck.

Metastasio soon made Haydn's acquaintance, and confided to him the musical instruction of his favorite pupil, Marianna Martines, who, thirty years later, used to play piano duos with Mozart. For her Haydn wrote many little compositions, and thereto he was greatly assisted by Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and a technical work by Handel's friend Mattheson, which had been his constant study for several years. He was now fortunate enough to come across a volume of clavier sonatas by the talented Philip E. Bach. Haydn related how he could not leave his instrument until he had played them through, and ever after when he was at all depressed he would have recourse to those beautiful compositions, and always "get up cheered and enlivened."

This discovery led to a beautiful friendship between Haydn and the composer, though it is believed that they never met face to face. The son of the great Bach declared that Haydn was the only one who had wholly understood him.

Haydn's youthful spirits did not forsake him. He indulged in all sorts of amusing and not commendable pranks; once he surreptitiously fastened a chestnut-roaster's cart to the wheel of a hackney coach, and made off just in time to escape summary vengeance from the aggrieved parties. Another time he had a number of musicians come, each unbeknown to the other, to Tiefengraben, where Beethoven afterwards resided, and bade them at a certain signal play each a different piece. Such a cacophony awoke the neighborhood; windows were thrown up; execrations filled the air; finally the

police appeared on the scene, and there was a scramble for hasty escape on the part of the serenaders. The drummer, who had been stationed on the Hohenbrücke (where later Mozart lived), and one of the fiddlers, were apprehended for having taken part in what Dies calls "this cursed hell-music!"

Of course Haydn escaped. Ringleaders almost always go exempt.

Haydn did not neglect his violin. He was fortunate enough to fall in with the "celebrated virtuoso," Dittersdorf, who will be remembered as having accompanied Gluck to Italy in 1762. The two became good friends, and enjoyed merry times together. Dies relates an amusing anecdote of their pranks. Haydn's music was beginning to be somewhat known, and one evening as he and Dittersdorf were going along the street they stopped in front of a beer-cellar where the sleepy and half-drunk musicians were murdering a minuet.

"Let us go in," said Haydn.

They entered the saloon. Haydn approached the first violinist and asked, —

"Whose is that minuet?"

"Haydn's."

Haydn assumed a scornful air, and said, —

"Well, it is a perfect —— of a minuet."

"What's that? what's that?" screamed the fiddler, nettled by the opprobrious epithet.

He sprang up and all the other musicians with him, threatening to break their instruments on Haydn's head. But Dittersdorf, who was tall and big, stretched out his arm and got him out of the door in safety.

In 1751 Haydn conducted another serenata, which had more fortunate consequences than the one above de-

scribed. He performed a quintet of his own composition under the windows of the gold and pearl embroiderer Anton Dirkes. In the same house lodged the popular comedian and manager named Kurz, who had a beautiful wife. Kurz was delighted. He rushed out. Carpani reports the dialogue.

"Whose music is this?"

"Mine," replied Haydn.

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine."

"So young."

"One must some time begin."

"Bravo! will you write an opera for me?"

"Certainly. . . . But I never wrote one."

"I will teach you."

"Very good."

"Come up-stairs."

There Kurz made Haydn sit down at the clavier and accompany with an improvisation the pantomime which he enacted: namely, that *Bernadon* (the clown) had fallen into the stormy sea, and was trying to swim ashore. Kurz stretched himself out on a chair, and floundered about imitating the motions of a swimmer, while a servant dragged him about the room.

Haydn had never seen the sea, and at first did not succeed in meeting the views of Kurz, who explained how hills rose up and valleys sank, and the waves roared.

At last Haydn in despair let his hands fall with a crash on the keys, and accidentally struck into a six-eight measure. Kurz leaped up, crying "*Bravissimo!*" almost suffocated him with his embrace, and declared that Haydn should compose the music to his new opera, "The Crooked Devil."

Haydn received twenty-five ducats; the opera was played twice with considerable success, but as it was supposed to satirize Affligio, the director of amusements at Vienna, it was prematurely withdrawn. Long years afterward, when Haydn crossed the British Channel, he warded off sea-sickness by laughing at the recollection of his attempt to represent a storm at sea on a tinkling clavier.

Haydn's pupil, Marianna, was taking singing-lessons of the famous Italian teacher, Niccolò Porpora, called "the Patriarch of Melody." Haydn accompanied the little girl, to play her accompaniments. Porpora was also teaching the beautiful Wilhelmine, mistress of the Venetian ambassador Correr, and Haydn became so useful, that when Correr with his whole household went to the baths of Mannersdorf, he was one of the train. He made himself almost the valet of the rough old maestro, blacked his boots, brushed his clothes, and put up with hard blows and harder words, for the sake of the instruction that he got in Italian, in singing, and in the art of composition.

It is said that at Mannersdorf he made the acquaintance of Gluck, who vainly urged him to go to Italy with him. Haydn never went to Italy.

When he returned to Vienna he worked harder than ever, devoting from sixteen to eighteen hours a day to his art, though two-thirds of this time procured him merely the necessities of existence. He earned sixty gulden a year by conducting the music for "the Brothers of Mercy," at the suburban church in Leopoldstadt, which required him to be on hand at eight o'clock in the morning. He was organist at the Haugwitz chapel, and sang at St. Stephen's for seventeen kreutzer a service. After

he found himself able to rent better quarters, he was robbed of all he had saved. His father came to Vienna to see him, and gave him a little money and the good advice to fear God and love his neighbor. He followed it implicitly, and loved his neighbor — especially, it has been said, if she was a pretty woman. He was always very gallant. He now felt justified in raising his price for teaching from two to five gulden a month!

He always made friends. Councillor von Fürnberg, a great lover of music, took a fancy to him, and invited him to superintend the music at his country seat, Weinzierl. For this nobleman — "from whom I enjoyed special favor," says Haydn, — he composed several string trios, six scherzandi for wind instruments, and eighteen quartets. Carpani says he was only about twenty when he wrote his first quartet. He wrote seventy-seven in all.

Their frankness, homeliness, originality, quaintness, childlike cheerfulness, often reaching jollity, quickly made them popular, and brought the composer to the notice of the same Countess von Thun who introduced Dr. Burney to Gluck.

There is a story to the effect that he came to her house, a shabbily-dressed and uncouth young man, to tune her clavier, and after the work was accomplished, forgetting himself, he sat and improvised till he was surprised by the countess. She was delighted, and asked him if he could play from notes, and showed him one of his own sonatas. He claimed it. To test him she made him play it from memory, and he, in his inspiration, added a host of turns and trills and other of those rococo decorations which the taste of that age demanded.

There was something about him particularly winning, and the countess became his friend. Her influence, joined to that of Von Fürnberg (in the winter of 1759), procured Haydn the appointment of kapellmeister to Franz von Morzin, a wealthy Bohemian who had a band of sixteen or eighteen performers at his country-house near Pilsen. For him Haydn wrote his first symphony, a work which, though "small and light," contained that germ of unity and clearness which made it the worthy precursor not only of his own classic compositions for grand orchestra, but also of those by Mozart and Beethoven and many more.

"Haydn," says his friend Carpani, "like Columbus, opened the way to a new world."

He was "the father of the symphony."

The condition attaching to Count Morzin's service was celibacy! But Haydn, always susceptible, had lost his heart to one of his pupils, the younger daughter of a hair-dresser named Keller. She seemed not to return his affection, but determined to go into a convent. So the father proposed that he should marry his eldest daughter, Maria Anna Aloysia Apollonia. There may have been some motive of gratitude, — for it is said the Kellers had sheltered Haydn in his poverty, — or it may have been inexperience of the world, that led him to accept the offer.

He married Maria Anna on November 26, 1760. Carpani says: "The lady's caprices changed the bond to chains, the pleasure to torment, and the affair went so ill that after suffering many years, this modern Sokrates finally separated from his Xantippe."

She was older than himself, ugly, bigoted, and extravagant. The complaints of narrow means that fill

Haydn's letters were due to her lavishness. She was jealous, shrewish, and uncultivated. Haydn declared that "it was all the same to her whether he was an artist or a cobbler."

She used her husband's compositions with equal indifference as gifts to her cronies the priests, on whom she lavished much money for masses, or as material for curl-papers!

Good-natured and lovable as he was, her temper was too much for him. Just before he formally separated from her in 1792, after thirty-two years of a fruitless, unhappy union, he wrote a letter in Italian calling her a *bestia infernale;* and in 1805, five years after she had died at Baden, Haydn showed her picture to the violinist Baillot, saying, "That is my wife, who has often brought me into a rage."

Dies relates that Count Morzin did not find out about his kapellmeister's marriage for six months, but another circumstance lost him his position. The count felt obliged to curtail his expenses; his great establishment was reduced; his musicians were discharged.

Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy, while on a visit to Count Morzin, had heard some of Haydn's compositions and was struck by them. He asked the count to let him have Haydn. Nevertheless, several months passed, and no orders came. Haydn, by the advice of his friend Friedburg, wrote a new symphony, which he managed to have performed on the Prince's birthday.

Haydn was present. The Prince had him summoned. Carpani tells the anecdote delightfully. The Prince, seeing the little dark man, called him a Moor, and asked him his name. "Joseph Haydn." — "Why, you are already in my service; why have I not seen you before?"

Haydn murmured some excuse, and the Prince immediately ordered him to be dressed in uniform, or rather livery of light blue and silver, knee-breeches, white stockings, lace ruffles, and white stock. Of course he wore the famous wig with side curls and pigtail. As he was "below medium height, and his legs were too short for his body," the Prince wished his height to correspond to his intellect, and, so the story goes, bade him increase it by wearing shoes with higher heels.

Haydn's appointment as vice-kapellmeister was confirmed on May 1, 1761. The form of agreement called upon the incumbent to be temperate, mild and lenient, frank and calm, and behave as should become an honorable official of a princely house; abstaining from undue familiarity, from vulgarity in eating, drinking, and conversation. He should appear each day before his master for instructions; he should compose "such music as his Serene Highness should command;" take charge of music and musical instruments, instruct singers, and practise on the various instruments that he understood. He received the salary of four hundred florins, and boarded at the officers', that is, the servants' table.

It speaks well for Haydn's temper, that he lived peaceably with his nominal superior, the superannuated Werner, who had been kapellmeister for a third of a century. Indeed, he felt such esteem for him, that after his death he published six of his fugues arranged as string quartets.

Prince Paul Anton was about fifty years of age; and after a brilliant career, during which he had been raised to the dignity of Field Marshal, he retired to the magnificent palace begun by his father at Eisenstadt, in Hungary, where he intended to spend the rest of his days. He

lived only a year after Haydn's appointment, and was succeeded by his brother Nicolaus, known as "the Magnificent."

He had fabulous wealth; his personal attractions and popularity would have made him an idol in the society of the capital; yet the Prince preferred the country. He occupied himself in building a new Versailles at Esterhaz, on the southern shore of the vast salt Neu-Siedler See. On this unhealthy site, not drained till fifteen years later, arose the new palace, containing 162 rooms, white marble reception hall, splendid library, theatre, and opera-house, all royally decorated and furnished. It was finished in 1766, the year that Werner died.

Haydn was immediately appointed kapellmeister; his salary was raised to 600 florins (about $500); he had a suite of three rooms, and abundant time for his favorite occupations, — composing, hunting, and fishing. It is said that more than once game that he shot found its way to the table of the Empress.

He had enough to do, and the immensely long list of his compositions proved that he could never have been idle. He was obliged to provide for two operatic performances, and one or two concerts each week; when distinguished visitors came — and more than once archdukes, foreign princes, and even the Empress, visited Esterhaz — he had to furnish extra entertainments.

The Prince himself played on the baryton, a six or seven stringed instrument, something like a 'cello, or viol da gamba, and now obsolete. Haydn wrote not less than 163 baryton compositions, of which 125 were trios. The Prince was rather jealous of his own proficiency, and Haydn's efforts to learn the instrument were not

favored. In one trio, Haydn introduced a solo for second baryton. The Prince tried it over, but came to a passage which was too difficult for him. He exclaimed angrily: "For the future, write solos only for my part. It is no credit to you to play better than I do; it is your duty."

No wonder Haydn exclaimed in later life: "I have associated with emperors and queens, and many great gentlemen, and have had many flattering remarks from them; but I do not care to live on a confidential footing with such people, and prefer folk of my own walk in life."

Haydn's letters give us little glimpses of his life at Eisenstadt and Esterhaz. Now he sprains his ankle, now he is suffering severely from polypus in the nose, now he wants to mortgage a future composition for a few ducats. He mourns over the loneliness and isolation of his life, and yearns for more sympathetic companionship than he can have in the country.

He found consolation for his wife's incompatibility in Luigia Polzelli, or as Carpani calls her, Boselli, on whom he lavished money and affection, until at last he discovered that she was a heartless coquette. A happier and more worthy friendship bound him to Madame von Genzinger, at whose house, during his too short and infrequent visits to Vienna, he enjoyed much, and with whom he kept up a genuine correspondence.

Once Haydn's old father came to visit him at Eisenstadt. He procured his younger brother a place in his choir; and in 1801, the three brothers Joseph, Francis, and Johann, dined together, and listened to a serenade performed in their honor.

This busy but monotonous life in Prince Esterhazy's

service lasted till September, 1790. During this period he produced sixty-three symphonies, forty quartets, twenty-eight sonatas, seventeen trios.

"Haydn," says Nohl, "was the first to assume absolute control in that realm of love which finds expression through the use of instruments alone, and who knew how to give life and individuality to each component part of the orchestra."

His quartets have been compared to the conversations of four amiable and intellectual persons: the first violin, a middle-aged man of wit, and good humor, a good talker, taking rather more than his share of the conversation; the second violin, a friend of the first, rarely occupied with himself, intent on repeating and seconding the ideas broached by the first; the bass, learned and sententious, with laconic but set opinions, sometimes prophetic, like one versed in affairs; while the viola is a bright-tempered matron, not apt to indulge in very deep or important remarks, but adding a touch of grace to the whole.

This idea did not originate with Haydn, but is to be traced back to Ph. E. Bach, who in his trio for strings imagined a conversation between a melancholy man and a sanguine man, resulting in the former attaining the spirits of the latter.

Cheerfulness, naturalness, spontaneity, were the characteristics of Haydn's work. The adjective *heidnisch* in German means heathenish: in English, Haydnish stands for every thing in music that is particularly melodious and jolly, simple and unaffected and bright. Goethe said of Haydn: "He may be superseded, he can never be surpassed." It has been well said: "Like Montaigne, he conceals nothing from you; he shows you his homely

nature; he chats with you, he jokes with you; and never does he wish to appear better than he is. He is free from morbidness; he accepts nature and life and death with the laughing confidence of a child, and does not pother his head about them."

He often indulged in genuine fun expressed in his music. Examples of such are found in his divertimento "Echo," for four violins and 'cello, in his famous "Farewell Symphony," where at certain passages the performers two by two put out their candles and left the room, till all but Haydn himself were gone, thereby hinting to the Prince that the musicians, who had been kept unusually long at Esterhaz, were anxious to go home; and again in his "Surprise Symphony" at London, in which he woke up the sleeping nobility by an unusually loud alarum on the drum. And every one knows the amusement that has been caused by Haydn's so-called Toy or Kinder Symfonie, suggested by the medley of noises heard at a village fair.

As years went by, Haydn grew more than ever restive at the "dreary solitude" of his Hungarian exile. He had received many invitations to go to foreign lands. The King of Naples invited him to Italy. He was urged to visit Paris, where his "*Stabat Mater*" had been performed with great applause. Cramer wrote him from London begging him to come at any price; and Salomon, director of the Academy of Ancient Music, sent Bland as special messenger under the pretext of purchasing some new compositions, but in reality to tempt him to London. Bland overheard Haydn, as he was torturing himself shaving, exclaim, "I would give my best quartet for a good razor," and immediately offered him an English razor, for which he received his latest composition, hence called the "Razor Quartet"!

But he could not move Haydn from his oft-repeated vow "to live and die" with his prince.

When Prince Nicolaus died in 1790, he left Haydn a pension of a thousand florins, to which his successor Prince Anton added four hundred, but without requiring his presence. Shortly after, a gentleman suddenly appeared in his lodging.

"I am Salomon from London," said he abruptly, "and I have come to fetch you; to-morrow we will come to terms." The terms footed up to over twelve hundred pounds sterling, and Haydn determined to accept. His friends tried to dissuade him. Mozart especially begged him to give it up, urging his age, his ignorance of the world, and his unfamiliarity with English.

Haydn replied that he was well and strong, and that his language was understood by all the world. The two friends, bound all the closer by Haydn's recent entry into the order of Masonry, parted with the presentiment that they should never meet again. But it was not Haydn who was the first to go "into the silent land." Haydn landed in England on the first day of the new year, after an eventful journey. At Munich he met the famous Cannabich, who had done so much for raising orchestral music in Germany. At Bonn he heard one of his own masses sung, and was cordially received by the Elector Maximilian, who introduced him to his chapel, and invited him to dinner. Beethoven was then twenty years old and living in Bonn. He probably played before him.

Above all, he enjoyed his first sight of the sea, which he called "a monstrous beast," but in his letter he acknowledged that "he was a little frightened and a bit uncomfortable"!

HAYDN ON THE NORTH SEA

Hamman.

We might fill pages with the details of his London visit, — the dinners, the receptions, the concerts; his quaint and amusing comments on a life so strange.

It must not be supposed that London, which had more than once let Händel fail, did not put difficulties in the way of the new lion who had been saluted with such effusion.

> "Welcome, great master, to our favor'd isle,
> Already partial to thy name and style."

Thus sang the poet, but rivalry was ready to injure him. Faction ran high, and those who affected to sneer at the great composer did their best to prevent the opening of Gallini's new theatre. Indeed, the contest threatened to grow political: the King supporting one party, and the Prince of Wales the other.

In spite of all these feuds, however, Haydn's London visit was a great success. He was grievously disappointed that the Lord Chamberlain refused to license the theatre so that his opera could not be performed, for he had a mistaken idea as to the value of his dramatic works; but his instrumental works roused the greatest enthusiasm.

While he was in London he made the acquaintance of a well-preserved widow of sixty, Madame Schröter, a sentimental dame who had begun life with a clandestine marriage with her music-teacher. She fell desperately in love with Haydn, who remarked, "Had I been free, I should certainly have married her." He returned to Germany laden with honors, — Oxford had created him Doctor of Music, — *fêted* and "weary of many labors," and richer than he had ever dreamed. Above all, he enjoyed the consciousness of his freedom.

He had even dared to neglect his prince's summons back to Esterhaz, and his only reprimand was, "Haydn, you might have saved me forty thousand thalers!" Haydn's motto was, "Free must the soul and spirit be."

On his way back he met at Bonn the young Beethoven, who showed him the manuscript of a cantata. Haydn urged him to come to Vienna, and he would give him lessons. These lessons, which continued over a year, were paid for at the rate of about twenty cents an hour, and, as we shall see, proved to be very unsatisfactory.

In 1794 Haydn, accompanied by his life-long friend Joseph Elssler, grandfather of the famous dancer, was back in London again, more popular than ever. It was at the rehearsal of one of his new symphonies that he gave (Sir) George Smart a lesson in the proper mode of handling drumsticks. He had not forgotten the use of his first instrument!

Especially during his visit to Bath with Dr. Burney was he lionized. During the winter concert season he was frequently invited to Buckingham Palace, and he directed the private concert in which the Prince and Princess of Wales took part. It was only after many months that he ventured to send in his bill for a hundred guineas for twenty-six attendances at Carlton House!

When he returned to Vienna, more famous than ever, and with a substantial bank account besides hosts of gifts — including a parrot which was afterwards sold for fourteen hundred florins — he settled down at his suburban villa at Gumpendorf in January, 1797; the same month that he composed the Emperor's Hymn, "*Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser*," — the Austrian national air.

Haydn's friend Salomon proposed that he should compose an oratorio. He, who had heard so much of

Händel's music in London, and had declared fervently, "He is the master of us all," was moved to make the attempt. Hence resulted that masterpiece, the "Creation." It took him eighteen months. "Never," says he, "was I so pious (*fromm*) as during the time that I was working on the 'Creation.' Daily I fell on my knees, and begged God to vouchsafe me strength for the fortunate outcome of this work."

The first performance of the "Creation" with German words took place at Prince Schwarzenburg's palace. Haydn said, "One moment I was cold as ice; the next I seemed to be on fire. I thought I should have a fit." It was first publicly performed in Vienna, on March 19, 1799. It has always been popular, though the best critics have found just fault with the imitative or program music which occasionally detracts from its dignity. Beethoven made sport of his musical beasts and birds. It was first given in London, on March 2, 1800; and portions of it were sung at the first concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, September 16, 1815. It is interesting to remember that Napoleon was on his way to hear the first performance of the "Creation" in Paris, on December 24, 1800, when he so nearly perished by the famous infernal machine.

Haydn's next choral work was the "Seasons," adapted to words taken from Thomson's poem. It is said the Emperor Franz once asked Haydn which of the two oratorios he preferred.

"The 'Creation.'"

"Why?"

"Because in the 'Creation' angels speak, and their talk is of God. In the 'Seasons' no one higher speaks than Farmer Simon."

Haydn's religion was always cheerful. When he was an old man he said, "When I think of my God, my heart dances within me for joy, and then my music has to dance too!"

Haydn always ranked his "Seven Words of Christ," written for the cathedral at Cadiz in 1785, and afterwards enlarged to a cantata, as one of his best works.

After Haydn's second return from London he was appointed assessor senior for life by the Society of Musicians of Vienna, which had once treated him with "incredible meanness." Haydn showed his generosity by presenting it with the scores of the "Creation" and the "Seasons." Medals struck in his honor and poems celebrating his fame gave the old man great gratification.

His work on the "Seasons" brought on an attack of illness. A report of his death was circulated in Paris, and a mass was sung there in his honor. Haydn was amused, and said: "I am much obliged to those gentlemen, and if they had informed me, I would have come myself to applaud the mass."

So long as he was able, he followed the daily routine which had so long made his life regular and serene; rose early, breakfasted at eight, and spent the rest of the day in solitude or with friends, occasionally improvising at the clavier or trying to get inspiration for composition. His friend Carpani visited him a year before he died, and found him occupied solely with the thought of his fading life. For a moment, his face grew animated, a light and a tear came into his eyes, a sweet smile irradiated his lips, his voice took new tone, but soon fell back into his habitual torpor.

Carpani was present when the Society of Amateurs in Vienna gave the "Creation," and Haydn for the first

time for some years, and for the last time, appeared in public. It was the 27th of March, 1808. "Surrounded by the great and by his friends, by poets and the fair sex," naïvely says Carpani, "hearing the praises of God imagined by himself, and his own praises commingling with those of the divinity, the good old man must have believed himself in heaven."

Salieri conducted. At the sound of the introduction to the words "And there was light," the audience burst into loud applause. Haydn pointed up, exclaiming: "It came from above." As he left the hall, his friends, among them Beethoven, gathered around to bid him farewell. At the door he stopped his bearers, turned around, and, lifting his arms, seemed to give his benediction to the musicians. "Never," said Carpani, "was such a pathetic spectacle."

In 1809 Vienna was bombarded by the French, and a cannon-ball fell near his dwelling. Haydn tried to cheer his servants, but the excitement was too much for him. The last visit he received was from an Italian officer, named Clement Sulemi, who sang his aria, "In Native Worth," to him, greatly moving the old master. Four days before he died he was carried to his clavier, and solemnly played the Emperor's Hymn three times: his farewell to music.

On the thirty-first of May, 1809, he was no more. "I believe I have done my duty, and have helped the world by my labors: let others do the same," he once remarked.

Haydn was buried at Eisenstadt, on Prince Esterhazy's estate. His skull, however, is said to be among the treasures of the Vienna Anatomical Institute.

Haydn was a wonderful illustration of native genius

finding recognition without seeking it. Fame came to him. He thought his life in the country was wasted. All the time, almost without his knowing it, the world was apotheosizing him: even in his lifetime the enthusiastic Italians called him "the God of instrumental music," and compared his "sacred and splendid name" to "the Sun in the Temple of Harmony." The French Encyclopédie declared that all composers of instrumental music "yield to the inexhaustible Haydn in invention and originality."

Surely such a life ought to be a stimulus to any one, however poor and humble.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

(1756-1791.)

IN the beautiful old town of Salzburg, at the foot of the Mönchberg, was born on the twenty-seventh of January, 1756, a boy, who received the name or names of Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Sigismundus; this portentous array melted down for common use into Wolfgang Amade or Wolfgang Gottlieb, according as the Greek name expressing the Love of God was put into Latin or German.

The boy's father was Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, who, instead of following the example of other members of his family and becoming a book-binder, broke away from the ancestral trade and devoted his life to music. He was an excellent organist, having been trained by the Benedictine monks of Augsburg. He drifted to Salzburg, where he acquired renown as a violinist, and was made court musician and afterwards court composer and conductor of orchestra to the archbishop, who kept up princely state.

Leopold Mozart was a voluminous composer, but his works display more knowledge than inspiration: symphonies, serenades, concertos for all sorts of instruments, oratorios, masses, and secular and religious pieces attest his industry.

The very year that his son was born, he published at Augsburg, at his own cost, a practical treatise on the violin, which went through several editions, was translated into different languages, and was a standard instruction book for many years. Otto Jahn declares that it is written in "a clear and trenchant style," with a strong tendency to sarcasm. Judging from the quotations that he gives, it contains many wise and profound observations on the art of music. Hard work was recommended as a necessary adjunct even for genius. Leopold Mozart applied this principle to the education of his children.

He was a man admirable in every way. A strong Roman Catholic, but free from bigotry and scarcely tinctured with superstition; firm and strict, but not stern; learned but not a pedant; shrewd but not mean; wise and lovable.

Amid a society notorious for its low pleasures, its taste for buffoonery, and its utter lack of sympathy for aught that was high and sober, Leopold Mozart preserved a serene cheerfulness, a noble dignity, and a fine seriousness.

Cruel fate that should have made such a man the menial and almost the slave of a pompous, selfish, and worldly churchman!

Leopold Mozart at the age of twenty-eight married Anna Maria Pertlin, a foster-child of the Convent of Saint Gilgen. Their engagement had been of long standing; but "good things require time," said Leopold Mozart, writing on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. The two were regarded as the handsomest couple in Salzburg. Frau Mozart was good-natured and affectionate, but not a strong character. It is probable

MOZART.
Painting from life by Jean Guerrin.

that Wolfgang inherited his genius from his father, and the easy-going disposition and fondness for gayety from his mother, who was a true Salzburger.

Seven children were born to the Mozarts, but of these only two survived, — Maria Anna, familiarly called Nannerl, and Wolfgang.

Nannerl early displayed a talent for music, and it was while their father was giving her instruction on the clavier, that, as it were by accident, Wolfgang's wonderful precocity was discovered. At three years of age he liked to amuse himself by picking out simple chords on the instrument.

When he was four, his father began to give him systematic instruction: he would learn minuets and other pieces in half an hour. In his fifth year he began to compose little pieces, which his father wrote down: the two earliest are dated May 11 and July 16, 1762.

One day when he was between four and five, his father and Herr Schachtner, the court trumpeter, found the little fellow daubing notes on a sheet of paper. As he dipped his pen each time to the very bottom of the inkhorn, many blots fell, but he was not discouraged; he wiped them off with the palm of his hand, and went on.

At first the men thought it was all "*galimathias*," — nonsense, — but after examining the work, Leopold Mozart said with tears in his eyes, —

"Look, Herr Schachtner! how correct and according to rule it is set; only it could be of no use, for it is so extraordinarily difficult that no one would be able to play it."

Wolfgang spoke up in its defence: —

"That is why it is a *concert*. You must practise (*exercieren*) it until you can make it go. See, this is the

way it must be played," and the little marvel went to the clavier and tried to show them what he meant.

Never was mortal more exquisitely endowed. The stories told of his innate musical equipment and his prodigies of genius would be almost incredible, did they not rest on the best authority, and had we not seen within the last few years several wonder-children, whose exploits recall the marvels of Mozart. Indeed, some persons, inclining to a belief in re-incarnation, felt that perhaps the spirit of Mozart had come back into the frame of that mysterious prodigy Josió Hofmann, who, besides his genius for reproducing the works of the greatest masters and for improvisation, has a serene and beautiful talent for composition.

Rubinstein has remarked that wonder-children generally fail to justify the hopes of their precocity. Certainly this is not true of musical prodigies: we know that most of the great composers very early displayed their genius. It is too soon to predict what Josió Hofmann, Otto Hegner, and Mauricio Dengremont, all of whom the writer has had the pleasure of knowing personally, will do in their maturity; and a premature death, alas! cut short the promising career of the young Hungarian, Charles Filtsch, who at thirteen played better than Chopin, and of whom Liszt said, "When this little fellow travels, I shall shut up shop!" Hummel and Cesarius Scheidel were also famous wonder-children.

But the Mozart children were the first to be brought before the public; and it was not strange that at first people were sceptical of his age and of his powers, or that in some places it was accredited to witchcraft!

Early in 1762 Leopold Mozart first arranged to take his children on a three weeks' concert tour to Munich.

It was so successful that later in the same year he decided to go to Vienna. At Passau the bishop detained them five days, and munificently rewarded the boy with one ducat!

They went down the Danube in a boat, and making a stop at the monastery of Ybbs, or Ips, where some of the ecclesiastical passengers performed mass, the boy made his way to the organ and played so that the Franciscan fathers, who were at dinner, stopped their repast and listened to him.

On their arrival at Vienna, Wolfgang struck up an acquaintance with the customs officer, and played him a minuet on his violin. This minuet saved the Mozarts their custom fees!

Leopold Mozart was soon "commanded" to bring his children to the Imperial palace of Schönbrunn. There before the Court and nobility, who were great lovers of music, the children played for three hours. Maria Theresa was then thirty-four, and had already made her famous jest that she believed herself to be the first of living vocalists. Her husband, Franz Stephan, took great delight in the "little magician." He told him sportively that it was no great art to play with all one's fingers; to play with one finger was the true way! The boy entered into the spirit of the thing, and did as he was bade. He then, at the Emperor's suggestion, played on a clavier, the keys of which were covered with a cloth. In this test he made no mistake, and it afterwards became a regular feature of the entertainment.

The boy was not in the least spoiled by all the attention and flattery of the great. He preserved his natural childlike ways, and would spring into the Empress's lap, throw his arms around her neck, and kiss her, and

play with the young princesses as though they were his equals. Marie Antoinette was his favorite, and once when he slipped and fell on the polished parquetry floor, she helped him to his feet.

"You are nice (*brav*): I will marry you," he exclaimed.

The Empress asked him why.

"Out of gratitude; she was kind to me, while her sisters stood by and did nothing."

Marianne was presented with a white silk court gown. Wolfgang received a lilac-colored suit trimmed with broad double border of gold braid, that had been made for the Archduke Maximilian Franz. The portraits of the two children in these gorgeous clothes still exist, and have been often engraved.

The aristocracy of Vienna vied with the Imperial family in lavishing attentions on the Mozarts. All the ladies fell in love with the charming boy. The Emperor presented Leopold Mozart with a hundred ducats, and fortune seemed to smile upon his enterprise. It was interrupted by a severe attack of scarlet fever which kept Wolfgang in bed for several weeks; and when he came out again, the great people who would have liked him to adorn their entertainments were afraid of infection.

During his visit at Vienna he was presented with a violin, and shortly after his return home he amazed his father and Herr Schachtner by playing at sight the second violin part of a series of six trios, saying, "There is no need of having learnt first to play second violin!"

It is a temptation to linger over Mozart's bright and happy childhood, when, under the wise and loving guidance of his father, we see him diligently perfecting him-

self in the solid foundations of his art, even while he was travelling about from city to city and from court to court, everywhere kindling the deepest wonder and interest.

Leopold Mozart was made vice-kapellmeister by Archbishop Sigismund in 1763, and shortly after left Salzburg for an extended tour. Details of their triumphs are abundant, for Leopold Mozart was a voluminous letter-writer, and he noted down all the incidents that occurred. Additional data are quaintly preserved in the diary that Nannerl, who was five years older than her brother, was in the habit of keeping.

After leisurely visiting various residences, and playing before kings, princes, and dukes, and other titled people, — "We hold intercourse with none but persons of nobility and distinction," complacently writes Leopold, — sometimes rejoicing over munificent gifts, and sometimes mourning that the children received more kisses than louis-d'or, they reached Paris in November.

Here the children repeated the triumphs of Vienna. They were received by the royal family; day after day, says a contemporary account, "These children have had the honor of playing before the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and Mesdames de France, as well as before a great many people of distinction at court and in the city. The young Mozart has also had the honor of playing the organ in the king's chapel at Versailles for an hour and a half in presence of this august assembly."

The majestic and haughty Madame de Pompadour stood the boy on a table, but drew back when he wanted to kiss her.

"Who is this that will not kiss me? Why, the Empress kissed me!" he exclaimed indignantly.

The King's daughters were very friendly, and let etiquette go to the winds in their intercourse with the children.

Leopold Mozart wrote out a long list of the distinguished people who had been civil to them. He also thought the time had come to bring the boy out as a composer. He published four sonatas for violin and clavier: two dedicated to "*Madame Victoire de France. Par J. G. Wolfgang Mozart de Saltzbourg, agé de 7 ans; œuvre premier,*" and two dedicated to the Countess of Tessé.

Leopold was so afraid that people might think the boy had not really composed them, that he was not sorry for the error of three consecutive fifths that had crept in uncorrected; but Wolfgang's performances on clavier, organ, and violin, and his skill as an accompanist, which were put to the severest test, made it impossible that there was any deceit. The sonatas were ingenious, and, as the father said, displayed "remarkable taste."

In April, 1764, the Mozarts left Paris, and proceeded to England by a private vessel. In a fortnight's time they were in London, where they had even greater success than in Vienna or Paris. Leopold Mozart wrote to his friend Hagenauer enthusiastically about the friendly reception accorded them by the King and Queen. At the second performance at Buckingham House, for which the family received twenty-four guineas, Mozart played at sight pieces by the best-known authors. Leopold Mozart wrote that his son's performance on the King's organ surpassed his clavier playing. He accompanied the Queen in an aria which she sang, played a solo on the flute, and finally improvised "a most beautiful melody" to the bass of a piece by Händel, "so that all

were lost in the deepest amazement." His father adds to his account that his progress since he had left home "goes beyond imagination."

It is interesting to note that Johann Christian, son of the great Sebastian Bach, who lived in London, took a great fancy to Wolfgang. With the little fellow sitting on his knee, the two would play a sonata, each taking alternate bars with such precision that no one would have suspected two performers.

The announcement of Wolfgang's first public appearance promised "concerts on the harpsichord by Master Mozart, who is a real prodigy of nature. He is but seven years of age, plays anything at first sight, and composes amazingly well."

The event was postponed several times, but when it finally took place the receipts ran up to one hundred guineas in three hours.

Leopold Mozart was suddenly taken ill, and for almost two months was unable to reap the golden harvest which was ready at hand. Wolfgang meantime applied himself to composition, and did not touch his instrument, "out of consideration to his father." He composed three symphonies and other works, so that when Wolfgang's next concert came off, all the instrumental pieces were his own. Six sonatas for piano and violin or flute, "very humbly dedicated" to Queen Charlotte "by her Majesty's very humble and very obedient little servant," brought him an honorarium of fifty guineas.

The dedication, written in French, is quite dramatic in tone, and represents a dialogue between the composer and the genius of music. It contained the celebrated prophecy that he should become "immortal as Händel and Hasse, and his name be as famous as that of Bach."

In the autumn of 1764, Wolfgang for the first time heard notable singers in Italian opera. He took singing lessons of the famous soprano, Manzuoli, and quickly and easily mastered the technics of the art, which "to most men are the result of years of pains-taking study."

It was during this visit to London that Daines Barrington, a Fellow of the Royal Society, put the "wonder of nature," as he was called, to the severest tests of playing at sight and improvisation. Barrington in his published account compared Mozart's skill to that of a child of eight who should read "with all the pathetic energy of a Garrick" a capital speech of Shakespeare never by him seen before, and at the same time three different comments tending to its illustration,—in Greek, in Hebrew, and in Etruscan characters, all the time signifying "which comment is most material upon every word!"

Of his execution upon the harpsichord he declared it was "amazing, considering that his little fingers could scarcely reach a fifth" on the keys.

Barrington was so impressed by these feats of genius, and by "the masterly manner" in which he modulated and improvised, that although the boy acted like a boy, now jumping up to play with a cat, and now playing horse around the room with a stick between his legs, it was only after he had procured a copy of Wolfgang's baptismal register that he convinced himself and his friends that there was no imposition.

Leopold Mozart had long exceeded his leave of absence, and after fifteen months' stay in England he left Calais in August, 1765. On their way to the Hague, whither they had been invited by the Princess Caroline of Nassau-Weilburg, they were delayed for a month at

Lille, on account of Wolfgang being again attacked by a dangerous illness. They had hardly reached the Hague when Marianne in her turn was taken sick; she was delirious for a week, and as Leopold wrote, "She received not only the Holy Communion, but also the holy sacrament of Final Unction."

He gives a touching picture of the father and mother trying to persuade the daughter of the vanity of the world, and the blessedness of death for children, "while Wolfgang in another room occupied himself with his music."

Marianne fully recovered. Her talent for music, great as it was, for she was regarded as one of the cleverest pianists in Europe, paled before her brother's. The friendship between the two was very warm, though it was expressed on Wolfgang's part often in rude and even rather gross jests and pranks, due to the Salzburger love for buffoonery. A Salzburg paper declared that it was ravishing to hear the twelve-year-old sister play the most difficult sonatas on the clavier, while the brother accompanied her impromptu on another.

Marianne became a handsome woman; in 1784 she married Baron von Berchthold, a widower with several children; and survived her husband twenty-eight years, dying in October, 1829, after enjoying not only a competency but great popularity in her native place. She was all her life devoted to music; she even composed a few pieces, and was an excellent teacher as well as performer.

To return: Wolfgang fell ill of a violent fever at the Hague, and was reduced to great weakness; but he insisted on having a board laid across his bed, and on this he wrote, among other things, a soprano aria containing "curious turns of harmony."

At Amsterdam, where they spent a month, Wolfgang gave two concerts, consisting entirely of his own compositions. It was Lent, and all public amusements were forbidden; yet the Calvinistic authorities made an exception in favor of the little Mozarts, "because the propagation of the wonder gifts of these children redounds to the praise of God."

Their stay in Holland abounded in honors. The Prince of Orange came of age. Leopold Mozart's Violin School was brought out in Dutch translation, and dedicated to him. Wolfgang was commissioned to write six sonatas for the Princess. He also played on the famous Haarlem organ.

Before returning home they went back by a roundabout way to Paris, where, during the early summer, they had good success, but not equal to that of their first appearance. The Princess of Orleans presented Wolfgang with a rondo for clavecin and violin, of her own composition. The "Brunswick Achilles," Prince Karl Wilhelm, the hero of the Seven Years' War, who played the violin so well that "he might have made his fortune by it," declared that many a kapellmeister had lived and died without having learned as much as this nine-year-old boy knew. In July they were at Dijon at the invitation of the Duke de Condé. Later they travelled through Switzerland, everywhere receiving great attention. It is probable that Voltaire was ill when they reached Lausanne, for Dr. Gehring quotes a letter from the famous philosopher speaking of a young clavecin player whom he had not been able to hear. Wolfgang, on his part, as being a strong Catholic, regarded Voltaire as a monster of unbelief.

At Donaueschingen, the Prince von Fürstenburg

entertained them for twelve days; every evening there were musical performances from five o'clock till nine. On their departure the Prince wept; he gave them twenty-four louis d'or, and each of the children a diamond ring.

At Biberach, Wolfgang and a lad two years his senior named Sixtus Bachmann had a competition on the organ, in which each tried "to dispute the other's superiority, and both came out with honor."

In November, 1766, they were in Munich, where the Elector was greatly pleased by Wolfgang composing, during dinner-time, a little piece, the motive of which he had caught from the Prince's lips.

By the end of that month the Mozarts were at home in Salzburg once more, after an absence of three years and a half. They brought considerable money and enough jewellery and other gifts "to open a shop." Leopold felt that it was high time for the boy to subject himself to the quiet routine and discipline of home. He was above all afraid that his children might contract idle habits. It was certainly remarkable, that in spite of the public life and the flattery to which they had been exposed, these wonderful children came back unspoiled, full of spirits and fun.

But they had not met the great of the earth without learning something. The archbishop or some other dignitary at Salzburg, not knowing exactly how to address the boy, whether familiarly or deferentially, remarked one day, "Well, *we* have been in France and England, *we* have been presented at Court, *we* have gained honor." Mozart interrupted him, saying, —

"But I don't remember, sir, to have seen you anywhere but here in Salzburg."

The archbishop was somewhat incredulous of Wolfgang's powers, and shut him up alone for a week with orders to compose an oratorio on a given text. The oratorio was printed, and performed several times. The score, which fills 208 pages, is now in the Royal Library at Windsor. Great originality was hardly to be expected, but the work is regarded as fully equal to similar compositions of the time. The same year he composed a musical prologue entitled "*Apollo et Hyacinthus*" on a Latin text, for a school festival at Salzburg. It was modelled on the conventional form of Italian opera.

In the summer of 1767 the Mozarts again went to Vienna so as to be present at the marriage of the Archduchess Maria Josepha with King Ferdinand of Naples. But an epidemic of small-pox broke up all their plans. The bride died, and both of the Mozart children, who had been taken to Olmütz, were very ill. Wolfgang lay blind for nine days. They were kindly cared for by the dean of Olmütz, who happened to be also a canon of Salzburg. Leopold Mozart remarks in one of his letters with what rare kindness and hospitality they were treated by Count Podstatsky "under the impulse of pure humanity."

Both Gluck and Haydn also showed strong marks of the ravages of that dreadful disease.

On full recovery they returned to Vienna, but only to find themselves cruelly deceived in their hopes. The new Emperor Francis Joseph was penurious; his mother, Maria Theresa, received them kindly, but gave them no substantial favor. The nobility seemed no longer to care for music. All the clavier players and composers of the city, seeing a dangerous rival in the boy, ranged themselves in opposition; by intrigues,

THE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD MOZART DIRECTING THE SALZBURG ORCHESTRA.
Painting by Hillemacher.

cabals, and calumnies, they tried to put him down. Leopold Mozart writes bitterly enough of their experiences.

Finally Wolfgang was commanded to write an opera at the price of a hundred guineas. Here seemed the opportunity to show his enemies of what stuff he was made. But even the Emperor's influence failed to conquer the opposing powers. The opera was written, but malign influences caused it to be postponed again and again during nine months, till at last Mozart withdrew it in disgust, and preferred a charge against Affligio — the same Affligio who balked Haydn's first opera. Owing to certain pecuniary complications chaining the Emperor, the case never came to trial. Jahn says that Wolfgang's opera was far superior to the majority of the comic operas of the time.

Meantime little money was coming in; Leopold's small salary as vice-kapellmeister was withheld on the ground of his continued absence, and as Italy seemed to offer prospects of recouping themselves, Leopold determined to take his son there.

Before they left Vienna, Wolfgang for the first time wielded the conductor's bâton in public. It was at the performance of his first mass composed for the consecration of a chapel at an orphan asylum. He was then twelve years old. The imperial family were present, and a contemporary paper says that the work was "received with universal applause and admiration."

The account of Mozart's Italian tour reads like a dream or a fairy tale. They did not start till about a year after their disappointing experiences in Vienna. Mozart's opera had been performed with success at Salzburg, and he had studied diligently under his

father's wise and strict direction, and the archbishop had appointed the boy concertmeister.

At Innsbruck, Verona, Milan, Parma, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, he gave concerts in public and in private, and amazed every one by his mastery of all phases of his art. He made many acquaintances with the notabilities of the time: Piccinni, Gluck's brilliant rival; Field Marshal Pallavicini; Padre Martini, "the first musical authority of the day," who set his seal of infallibility on the boy; the retired singer Farinelli; Thomas Linley, a young English violinist of the same age and great ability, whose career was interrupted by untimely death; Cardinal Pallavicini, Sir William Hamilton, and scores of others, who had more or less influence upon his development.

He was commissioned to write an opera for the Milan theatre. At Rome, where they arrived in Holy Week amid a thunder-storm, — "received like great men with the firing of heavy guns" (so he wrote home), he performed his immortal but greatly exaggerated feat of transcribing from memory, after hearing it twice, the jealously guarded *Miserere* by Allegri, which was forbidden to be taken home or copied by the chapel musicians under pain of excommunication. In Mozart's case his action was regarded as too wonderful to be condemned. Leopold wrote to his good Catholic friends at Salzburg, to calm their anxieties, saying that even the Pope was aware of it, and that it had brought him honor.

When Mozart played at the Conservatorio della Pietá, at Naples, his skill with his left hand so amazed the audience that they ascribed it to the witchcraft of a diamond ring that he wore. He took off the ring, and

played more brilliantly than ever. This incident has given rise to a German poem.

He was invited to write an opera for San Carlo. They witnessed an eruption of Vesuvius, travelled by post to Rome in twenty-seven hours, were upset in the last stage, and reached the Holy City so weary that Wolfgang was put to bed with his clothes on, not knowing, when he woke, where he was. His letters home are full of all sorts of quaint conceits, and are written in a burlesque mixture of Italian, French, German, and the rough dialect of Salzburg. He was always an affectionate boy, and he generally remembered to inquire after "Miss Dog" and "Herr Canary."

The Pope created him a Cavalier of the Golden Spur, just fifteen years after Gluck had received the same order. Leopold wrote home: "He is obliged to wear a pretty gold cross, and you may imagine how I laugh when I hear him called *Signor Cavaliere*."

Unlike Gluck, he cared nothing for these petty distinctions of rank. He put no *von* before his name, and though he used the cross a few times, and even put his title on a few early compositions, he seemed to treat it more as a joke than a serious matter, and ultimately forgot all about it.

A greater distinction was given to him at Bologna, where he was enrolled as a member of the *Academia Filarmonica*, after passing most triumphantly and in an incredibly short time the severe test imposed.

The usual cabal against a new composer was begun at Milan, whither they returned in October, 1770, but it was effectually silenced. The opera "*Mitridate*" was performed toward the last of December. Mozart himself conducted. The whole audience shouted with delight.

The little "*cavaliere filarmonico*," as he was called, won the most extraordinary success. It was given twenty times before crowded houses.

In the spring of the following year, Wolfgang was in Germany once more. His voice was changed; he had grown almost to man's stature (he was always slight in build); he was one of the acknowledged "great" composers of his day; he had commissions to write other operas and works for his Italian patrons.

In August of this same year they returned to Italy. In spite of the tumult caused by various violinists, singing-masters, and oboë players in the house where Wolfgang resided at Milan, he finished in about twelve days a dramatic serenata for the wedding of the Archduke Ferdinand. No wonder he complained that his fingers were sore. The distinguished Hasse, who heard it performed, prophesied: "This youth will outshine us all." The Empress presented Wolfgang with a gold watch set with diamonds and ornamented with her portrait.

So far Wolfgang's life had been mainly sunshine. The rest of his career was overshadowed by clouds growing ever sadder and more dense till the end.

Sigismund, Archbishop of Salzburg, died in December, 1771, about the time that Mozart again reached home, and his successor, Hieronymus, "an arrogant, conceited priest," was elected in the following March. The grief and despair of the people at the choice of a man whom they had good reason to fear, proved to be justified, at least so far as the Mozarts were concerned. Wolfgang was commissioned to compose an opera for the installation; but he probably felt little interest in it. Jahn inclines to think that the comparative barrenness of

work (both in quality and quantity) during this year, was due to his intense desire to get out of the uncongenial atmosphere of Salzburg. It is curious to know that the Englishman, Dr. Burney, who was there during that summer, judged that Mozart had reached his prime. Premature fruits, he declares, are more rare than excellent. How mistaken he was!

Five years passed away without any very important change in the circumstances of the Mozart family; a third journey to Milan, where Wolfgang produced a new opera that was repeated twenty times; negotiations that failed to procure him a place at the Florentine Court; a long visit at Vienna, where they were warmly received, but here again found no hope of a permanent position; a trip to Munich, where Wolfgang brought out a comic opera, that is even now regarded as the best of its day, and where he composed the "*Misericordias*," "one of the noblest pieces of church music ever written," and played in rivalry with Herr Hauptmann von Bulke, "the Hercules of the pianoforte;" and long, weary months of disappointed hopes, and galling sense of dependence at Salzburg, occupied these years.

The Salzburg society of that day was thus characterized by a traveller: "The men hunt and go to church; the nobility go to church and hunt; the burghers eat, drink, and pray; the rest of the population pray, drink, and eat."

The new archbishop had filled up his chapel with Italians, whom the Mozarts had good reason to dislike. One was appointed kapellmeister instead of Leopold Mozart, who ought by good rights to have been promoted to this office. His son, whom all Italy honored, received a salary of only twelve and a half gulden, or a little more

than five dollars, a month, and was constantly called upon for new compositions for which he received no extra pay.

In March, 1777, Leopold prayed for an increase of salary. His request was received in silence. Then he asked for leave of absence. The archbishop refused, giving as his reason that he would not have his subjects "going on begging expeditions." He remarked, however, that Wolfgang, who was only half in his service, could go by himself. He had already sneeringly advised the academician of Bologna and Verona, to go and study at the Naples Conservatory that he might learn something!

Wolfgang, unable to persuade his father to resign his position, which, though it gave him only twenty gulden a month, was a certainty, and go on a grand concert tour, determined to leave. He wrote a dignified letter asking to be dismissed, and thanking the archbishop "for all great favors received."

The resignation was ungraciously accepted, and when Count Firmian courageously mourned their loss, and praised Wolfgang to the archbishop, his Grace had nothing to say.

In September, Wolfgang set forth to make his fortune — to enter into his unhappy struggle with a world that did not appreciate him, and with which he was unfitted to cope. His father, who had been his guardian angel hitherto, who had, perhaps, not sufficiently let him develop self-reliance, was able now only to guide him through the uncertain and unsatisfactory medium of letters. His mother went with him on the tour from which so much was expected.

First Munich. But there was nothing for him except flattery, and frequent opportunities to appear as a performer on the violin and piano. A plan that "ten good

friends" should guarantee him a salary of six hundred gulden, fell through, nor did anything come of his proposal to furnish four operas a year for half that sum.

At Augsburg, Leopold's birthplace, Wolfgang and his mother made quite a stay, and the young composer struck up a warm friendship with his cousin Anna, who was as fond of fun and jokes as he was. He gave a concert at which his concerto for three pianos was first performed, but their profits were only seventy-four gulden.

At Mannheim, "the paradise of musicians," where there was the best orchestra in Europe, Cannabich took him to a rehearsal of Vogel's "*Magnificat.*" Some of the musicians stared at him rudely. He wrote to his father: "They think that because I am small and young, there can be nothing great and old in me; but they will soon see."

Evidently he was learning to cultivate what a recent French writer calls his "prodigious vanity!"

Nearly all the musicians of Mannheim vied with each other in their glorification of Mozart. One of the two exceptions was the Abbé Vogler, Weber's teacher, whom Robert Browning makes the subject of one of his poems.

A rich Dutchman, named Déchamp, agreed to give Mozart two hundred gulden for a few short compositions. Chances for teaching and learning something seemed to open in Mannheim. But owing to his easy-going disposition, he failed to complete the pieces for "the nabob," as he was called, and Leopold Mozart had to borrow money to help them on their way. A trip to the residence of the Princess of Orange, brought him the munificent reward of seven louis-d'or for playing twelve times, and the dedication of four symphonies! He was accompanied by the copyist of the Mannheim theatre, Fridolin

von Weber, and his beautiful daughter Aloysia, then only fifteen, but a fine singer.

Mozart was in love with her!

Leopold's quick perceptions soon saw how matters lay. In a series of kind but terribly earnest letters he tries to shake his son from the dangerous sleep which was overcoming him on that enchanted ground. "Off with you to Paris! and that soon," he writes, and advises him to make up to the great: "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil!*"

Mozart took his father's advice, tore himself away from his friends, and toward the end of March reached Paris, where he put up with a room so small that he could not even get a piano into it.

The Duke de Guines commissioned him to write a concerto for flute and harp (two instruments he detested) and to teach his charming daughter musical composition. The splendid reward for these services was three louis-d'or, which he returned.

On the other hand, when Legros, director of the so-called "*Concert Spirituel*," bought and paid for a symphony and two overtures, Mozart, who was certainly lacking in ordinary honesty, wrote: "He believes himself to be the sole possessor of them, but he is mistaken: I have them still in my head, and I shall write them out from memory so soon as I get home."

He was offered the appointment of organist at Versailles, with a salary of two thousand louis. But the salary was small, and at Versailles he would be, as it were, buried. He refused it. No commission came, as he hoped, for writing an opera for the Royal Academy of Music. The great war between Gluck and Piccinni occupied all minds. He wrote two symphonies, however, which brought him honor.

MOZART AT THE ORGAN.
Painting by K. Herpfer.

In May, Mozart's mother fell ill, and after a long illness and a long agony she died in July. Wolfgang's letter to his father, communicating the sad news, well deserves to be read, for it would seem to show real genuineness and greatness in the young man's nature.

Yet a fortnight later he penned his famous attack on the virtue of French society: he was indeed of a most buoyant and volatile disposition.

There was nothing for him more in Paris; his time had not been exactly lost, for his study of French models and the French brilliancy of orchestration made itself tell in his later work. He left there the last of September, but did not reach Strasburg till the middle of October. Here he gave three concerts, but they brought him only seven louis-d'or. The Webers had moved to Munich: their pecuniary circumstances had improved slightly, though they were still pinched. Mozart joined them there on Christmas. Aloysia von Weber, who had become a famous singer, no longer cared for Wolfgang; she even pretended not to know him in his gay Parisian clothes. He wrote her a farewell aria, which is interesting as showing the girl's capacity as a vocalist, and Mozart's improvement after study of Gluck and Grétry as models. It showed also that he could vastly excel Gluck in his own field.

There was nothing for him to do, however, but accede to the Archbishop of Salzburg's offer to him, to enter his service again in a position which gave him a fixed salary, and chance of occasional travel.

During 1779 and half of 1780 he was at home engaged in "quiet, steady work." That year he received a commission to write an opera for the Munich Carnival of 1781. The archbishop might have been proud of the

honor done Salzburg; the libretto was by his court chaplain, the German translation by Herr Schachtner, the music by Wolfgang. In November the latter went to Munich on a six-weeks leave of absence.

After much wearisome work in rehearsal, "*Idomeneo*" was performed on the 29th of January, with great success. All the Mozart family were present.

Having exceeded his leave of absence, he received a summons to Vienna, where the archbishop was staying. The archbishop gave him a room in the house where he lodged, but obliged him to take his meals with the servants. The unworthy prelate refused him permission to give a public concert, but made him play at various private houses for a mere pittance. Mozart was righteously indignant. At last he had an audience with Hieronymus, who insulted him and showed him the door. Mozart, against his father's advice, formally demanded dismissal; Count Arco, his Grace's chamberlain, *kicked* him out of the ante-chamber!

He took refuge with the Webers, but his life with them was made miserable owing to the scandal over his innocent relations with their younger daughter Constance. The girl's guardian — her father having died — obliged him to sign a document, binding himself to marry her within three years. Constance tore up the paper, exclaiming, "Dear Mozart, I believe your word."

All sorts of intrigues kept Wolfgang out of his proper place. The Vienna musicians looked upon him as a dangerous rival, and as they had the Emperor's ear, he was helpless. He was commissioned to write a comic opera, and the "*Entführung aus dem Serail*," or "Abduction from the Seraglio," was the result. It was performed in July, 1782, with immense success; but the

Emperor said, "Too fine for our ears, and vastly too many notes!"

This work is regarded as the foundation of German opera.

In spite of Leopold Mozart's strenuous opposition, Wolfgang married Constance Weber on the fourth of August, this same year. Frau Weber had already proved a most unendurable termagant, and treated her daughter so harshly, that the Baroness Waldstättin took the girl into her house, and arranged all the formalities. Though most unpractical, and perhaps unfortunate for Mozart's career, it was a beautiful alliance, marked by the most unselfish love. He always addresses his letters to her with a string of affectionate adjectives and diminutives, and in one he sends her 1,095,060,437,082 kisses! If the wolf, poverty, could have been banished from their home, the world would not have been obliged to mourn Mozart's untimely death. Constance Mozart was not practical or intellectual or deeply inspiring; but she was sympathetic and loving. Her health unfortunately became delicate. Six months after their marriage, they were in the deepest straits of need, from which friends relieved them.

The unhappy discord between Mozart and his father was at last resolved. The old man came to visit Wolfgang in Vienna in February, 1785, and was present at a concert at which the receipts were five hundred and fifty-nine florins. He was delighted because the Emperor, hat in hand, cried "Bravo, Mozart!" and still more, because Haydn said to him, "I solemnly assure you before God and as an honest man, that I consider your son the greatest composer whom I ever heard."

Mozart applied to be admitted as a member of the

Society of Musicians, the same that treated Haydn so shabbily. His request was not even answered, although he had composed a cantata for them, and frequently taken part in their concerts. Such treatment caused him to cling all the closer to the Masonic order, to which he was always warmly attached.

In 1785 Mozart, whose very existence had apparently been forgotten by the Emperor, composed in six weeks time the score to "The Marriage of Figaro." Da Ponte, the librettist, took it to the Emperor, who, after some hesitation, accepted it. In spite of the usual cabals it was produced, and with triumphant success. An eye-witness, speaking of the enthusiasm of the performers at the rehearsal, said, —

"And Mozart? I shall never forget his little countenance when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams."

In spite of its enormous success, intrigues succeeded in soon shelving it, and Mozart's circumstances were little if any improved.

In 1787 Mozart, who had been prevented by what seems like heartlessness on the part of his father, from going to England, received an invitation to Prague. Here he met with a genuine ovation. His concerts were crowded, he took a thousand florins, his "*Figaro*" was performed before enraptured audiences, and he was commissioned to write an opera for a hundred ducats. It was this year that he wrote in English in the album of an "English Freemason" this sentiment: "Patience and tranquility of mind contribute more to cure our distempers as the whole art of medicine."

The following May, Leopold Mozart died. What a

tender feeling Mozart had for him, is shown by his reproachful but sympathetic letter to his sister, now married to Baron Berchtold. In his boyhood it had been, "After God comes papa!" Never lived man with warmer heart than Wolfgang Mozart.

"*Don Giovanni*," — "that incomparable and immortal masterpiece," as Gounod calls it, — which Mozart composed for Prague, was first performed on October 29, 1787.

Mozart needed no extraneous aids to composition: neither piano nor notebook. He carried his harmonies distinct in his head; they occurred to him amid the gayest scenes; and so it is not so wonderful that the overture was written the night before; the copyist received the music with the ink still wet. The orchestra played it at sight, but Mozart said it "prospered well, though many notes fell under the desk."

The subject of "*Don Giovanni*" was popular with librettists and composers, in the eighteenth century. Gluck, among others, composed a ballet on the subject in 1761.

On Mozart's return to Vienna, after his ovation at Prague, the Emperor appointed him his chamber musician in place of Gluck. Gluck had received two thousand florins; Mozart's honorarium was only eight hundred. Afterwards he wrote over against the receipt for his salary: "Too much for what I do, too little for what I might do."

Haydn had already written these memorable words concerning Mozart's "inimitable music:" "it enrages me to think that the unparalleled Mozart is not yet engaged by some imperial or royal court."

"*Don Giovanni*" was not performed in Vienna until May, 1788. It is said that the score was returned to

the composer for the correction of harmonic mistakes. No wonder that musicians who found his immortal quartets too difficult could not appreciate his divine licenses in art! The Emperor was away, and did not return from the Turkish war till the opera had proven a glittering success.

Still his circumstances did not improve; he tried in vain to procure a few pupils, and his Masonic brethren had to come to his aid. Yet he was not extravagant, he was simply improvident, and the reports of his indebtedness were greatly exaggerated, and during that wretched summer he yet had the inspiration to write three symphonies. An example of his careless open-handedness is shown in his lending a stranger a hundred florins during a tour which he took in 1789, to Berlin and Leipzig, and which was more successful in honor than in money. He wrote his wife that she should rejoice more over his return than over the money he brought. It was during this tour that he stopped in Leipzig and played for an hour on the organ at St. Thomas's Church. The cantor Doles declared that it seemed to him his old teacher, J. S. Bach, had risen from the dead. Yet Frederick Wilhelm, King of Prussia, offered him the position of kapellmeister at Berlin, with a salary of three thousand thalers; and he refused it, saying, "Shall I forsake my good Emperor?"

He told the Emperor of this offer on his return, but Joseph did not take the hint to increase his stipend. When Leopold II. mounted the throne, Mozart, whose financial position was more critical than ever, owing to his wife's renewed illness, applied for the position of vice-kapellmeister with Salieri, — the Salieri who after his death cried, "Well for us that he is dead, for had he lived longer no one would have given us a crust of bread

for our compositions!" It was refused. His pupils grew less numerous; in May, 1790, he had only two. In order to reach Frankfurt for the coronation of the Emperor, he was obliged to pawn his plate. He there gave a concert, but with little success. At Munich he played before the Elector and the King of Naples. On his return to Vienna, he found Haydn just starting for London. At their parting the two friends were moved to tears. "I fear, Papa Haydn, that we are saying our last farewell," said Wolfgang prophetically.

On the fourth of March, 1791, Mozart played for the last time publicly in Vienna. About this time he was requested by Schickadener, a brother Mason, to compose a new opera. While he was at work on "The Magic Flute" ("*Zauberflöte*"), the subject chosen, he received in July a visit from a tall haggard man, clad in gray, who handed him an anonymous letter containing a request for a requiem. Mozart agreed to furnish it, and was paid in advance a certain sum, which was to be doubled on its completion. He was required to promise not to make any effort to discover his patron.

The mystery connected with this commission had undoubtedly a sinister effect on Mozart's mind. His superstition led him to believe that he was composing his own requiem.

Long afterwards it was discovered that the work was ordered by Count von Walsegg of Stappuch, who had an amiable weakness for palming off other men's compositions as his own. He copied out Mozart's score, and wrote his name on it in Italian as composer. He had the work performed for his wife, Anna, in December, 1793.

Mozart, in order to get the work completed at the

time agreed upon, called in a young composer, Franz Süssmeyer, to assist him. Mozart's wife, in order to get the honorarium, gave the whole to the purchaser. Süssmeyer's notation and handwriting were very similar to Mozart's, so that the deception was not detected for some time. Only within recent years has the exact part that Mozart himself finished in the requiem been pretty accurately determined. The incident has been a prolific source of romance and romancing.

Considering the state of Mozart's health, and the anxiety caused by his debts, it is wonderful how much he produced during this last year of his life. "*La Clemenza di Tito*," written in a few weeks' time, was splendidly produced for the coronation of Leopold II. as King of Bohemia, but was coldly received, because it happened not to please the Empress.

"The Magic Flute" was performed on the 30th of September. This became the most successful of Mozart's operas, reaching its two hundredth performance in November, 1795, and brought "fabulous receipts," — making a large fortune for the selfish Schikadener; but at first it fell flat. Bitter disappointment! Mozart never received a farthing for it. After this he tried to put all his energies into the requiem, but malarial fever, from which he was suffering, grew rapidly more violent. He died in the early morning of December 5, 1791. There is a legend to the effect that Mozart died of poison. The Russian poet Pushkin wrote a dramatic poem on this supposed incident, in which Salieri is represented as casting the poison into his cup.

The funeral was conducted in the most economical manner, as well became one who had been allowed almost to perish of starvation. The registered cost for

LAST MOMENTS OF MOZART.

"Listening to his own Requiem." H. Kaulbach.

a third-class funeral was eight florins, fifty-six kreutzers, and three florins for carriage hire. His widow was too ill to go out. Baron von Swieten and a few mourners attended his body to the graveyard of St. Marx, where, owing to bad weather, it was left to the grave-digger. Mozart was buried in a pauper's grave!

When his widow recovered from her prostration, — her youngest child was only a few months old, — and the world from its amazing heedlessness, and it was desired to know where the great composer lay, no one could tell. To this day Mozart's grave is unknown.

Such was the melancholy end of him who has been called "the Master of masters."

"Mozart is Mozart, as Allah is Allah," said Viardot.

"Mozart," said David, "was music made man."

"Divine Mozart!" exclaimed Rossini.

"Mozart built a palace where Haydn founded a charming summer-house," said Reichart.

Mozart's widow, after a few months of neglect and suffering, was enabled to pay off the petty debt of three thousand florins ($1,500), incurred through illness. She afterwards married a Danish gentleman, G. N. von Nissen, whom she survived sixteen years. She died in 1842.

Mozart's younger surviving son, who bore the same name, inherited musical talent of no mean order, but his life was handicapped by his father's genius. He gave concerts when he was thirteen. He died unmarried at the age of fifty-three, leaving many unpublished compositions.

The oldest son, Karl, died in 1858, in Milan. With him the name of Mozart died.

In the great Mozart's brief career he produced upwards of six hundred finished works and some two hundred

fragments, — five times as prolific as Beethoven, six times as prolific as Mendelssohn. He was sometimes blamed for lack of decision, for easily drifting with the tide of events; but what industry those great operas, masses, concertos, symphonies, indicate!

He undoubtedly had faults. But in the great balance of character his virtues preponderate. He was hot and hasty, sometimes coarse and inconsiderate in speech, yet he was frank and honest, light-hearted and sweet-tempered, kind and generous, — over-generous and careless of money, — a lovable companion, an unselfish friend, a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, a diligent worker.

Was it not strange, that, as Haydn said, nations did not "vie with each other to possess such a jewel within their borders"?

But posterity has tried to atone to Mozart's memory. Medals, paintings, statues, every form of honor, have been dedicated to his name. At Salzburg, where he suffered so much humiliation, the "Mozarteum," a museum dedicated to memorials of him, is one of the attractions of the town; and here it is supposed that his skull, which is claimed to have been discovered by a strange freak of fate, has been in the possession of a Viennese professor, will at last be placed. And before this year is passed, the centenary of his death will be celebrated at his birthplace by the inauguration of a new theatre on Mönchsburg, where his "Magic Flute" will be performed in his honor. Death brings revenges!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

(1770-1827.)

BEETHOVEN!

That name alone stands in all its rugged simplicity and appropriateness on the pedestal of a memorial monument, in the city of Bonn.

It would have been easy to heap up adjectives and epithets. They might have been collected from every biographical notice of the man it commemorates. One of the very latest to be published calls him "the real musical giant of the nineteenth century," "the father of the great orchestral work created in this century," a "colossus of composition!"

Bonn was Beethoven's birthplace. On a tablet over a restaurant in the Bonngasse are cut — in German, of course — the words:

"In this house Ludwig van Beethoven was born, December 17, 1770."

He is known to have been baptized on that date, but he probably "first saw the light," as the saying goes, in a miserable little attic room in the back building, on the day preceding his baptism. Not until he was forty did Beethoven himself know his own age correctly; for his father, in order to exploit him as an infant prodigy, systematically represented him as two years younger than he was.

As the *van* before his name indicates, the family came from the Netherlands. Beethoven's grandfather was born in Antwerp, but at the age of eighteen removed to Bonn, which was at that time the seat of the munificent Electoral Archbishop of Cologne. Here he rose to be kapellmeister, and to hold a highly respectable place on the Court Calendar.

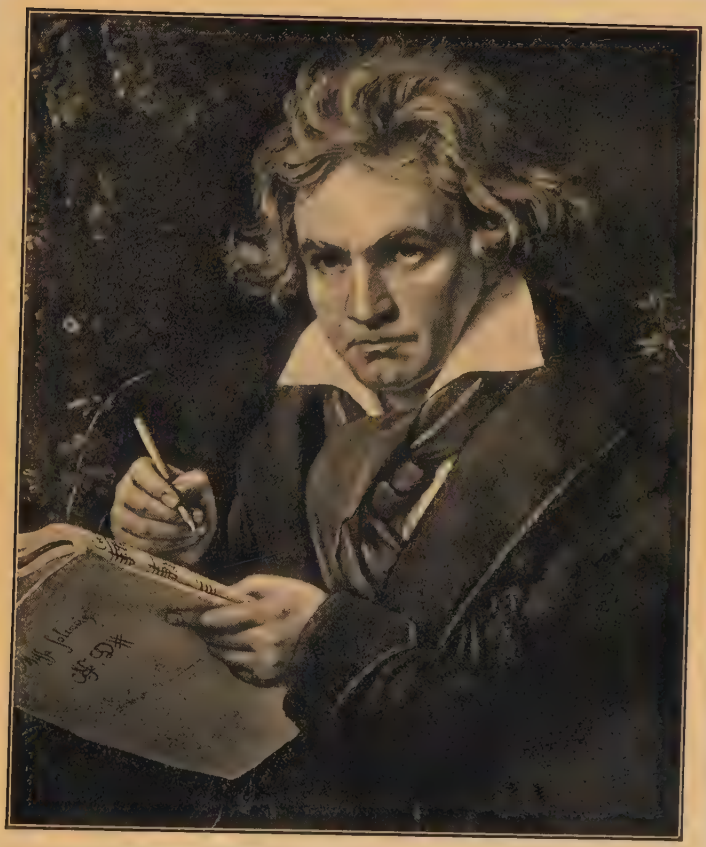
Unfortunately, having an eye open to business, he invested in wine, which he sold into the Netherlands, and it may be surmised that the domestic troubles that overwhelmed him arose from this speculation; his wife, Maria Josepha, became addicted to wine-bibbing, and their son Johann, the father of the great composer, inherited this passion for drink.

Beethoven had always a deep reverence for his grandfather, whom he strongly resembled in person. He was only three years old when the old man died, but his scarlet coat, and his flashing eyes, and his office as ministering angel to the wretched family, made a deep impression upon him.

He had less reason to remember with affection his weak and unworthy father.

Johann, who was merely tenor singer in the Electoral Chapel, had married, against his father's wishes, the daughter of the cook, and pretty young widow of the *valet de chambre*, to the Archbishop of Trêves.

On a salary that never rose above one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, and on what he could earn by giving music lessons — and he might have done well in this, for among his pupils were the children of the various ambassadors and of the local nobility; and often he had more than he could do — he undertook to bring up a family. Louis, or Ludwig, was the second though old-



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

After the painting by Stieler. The original in the possession of the Countess Rosalie von Sauerma, *née* Spohr, Berlin.

est surviving son. Two others, Caspar Anton Karl, and Nikolaus Johann, were born respectively in 1774 and 1776. Better had it been for the great one of the family, had they like the other four children died in infancy. They lived to be a curse to him.

Ludwig's childhood was not happy. Like so many musicians, he early gave sign of his aptitude for "the divine art." At four he began to pick out tunes upon the tinkling clavier. The success of Mozart as an infant phenomenon occurred to the father, who, after the old kapellmeister's death, sank into deeper and deeper poverty. Fond as he was of riding *huckepack*, and of other games, there was to be henceforth no play for the gifted child, except to play on the various instruments deemed necessary for his career.

Was it strange that he came almost to hate music? He always spoke tenderly of his mother, and never forgot her great patience with his stubbornness. "She was a dear good mother; my best friend," he wrote in autumn, 1787. She was a "clever woman," able to hold her own in any society, high or low, a good housekeeper, careful and obliging, and a general favorite. Her married life was not altogether unhappy, though so cursed by the evil spirit of wine; and we have a very pleasant picture of the celebration of her birthdays, with music and song, and dancing (in stocking-feet, so as not to make too much noise). Johann, her husband, when not in his cups, was full of good humor, and liked a merry jest.

When Ludwig was nine, and they were living in a better house near the Rhine, he was intrusted to a teacher named Pfeiffer, who lodged with them. He was a strenuous man. On one occasion, returning home with

Johann from a drinking bout late at night, he dragged the poor boy from bed and kept him practising till morning. He was stern and severe, but when he was old and in poverty Beethoven sent him aid.

The next year his grandfather's friend Van den Eeden, the court organist, gave him lessons; and on his death, his successor, Christian Gottlob Neefe, took charge of him, and so well, that the boy, then only eleven and a half, served during his absence as deputy organist; at first without pay, but later, through the meanness of the new Elector, with a salary of one hundred and fifty florins, subtracted from Neefe's reduced emoluments. With him Beethoven studied Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier." In March, 1783, a notice of the young genius appeared in *Kramer's Musical Magazine.* It was written by Neefe himself, who says he displays "talent of much promise. He plays with finish and with power, reads well at sight. This young genius, . . . if he goes on as he has begun, will certainly become a second Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

His father had already published nine variations composed by "a young amateur, Ludwig van Beethoven, *ten years old*" (he was really twelve); later came a few songs, a two-part fugue, and three clavier sonatas, dedicated to the Elector with a fulsome letter written in obvious imitation of various Mozart dedications. Naturally, these pieces, like Mozart's boyish sonatas, are more interesting from their source than from their intrinsic merit.

There is also an unauthenticated legend that he wrote, in 1781, a funeral cantata, in honor of the English *chargé-d'affaires* at Bonn, a Mr. George Cressener, who had taken such a fancy to him, and saw such promise,

that he is said to have made him a gift of four hundred florins.

There is no explanation given why Beethoven's father never travelled with him, but it is supposed that once, in 1781, he went with his mother on a tour to Holland and Belgium. In the prospectus of the sonatas, Johann advertised that his son "had been favored with a hearing by the whole court, who listened to him with the greatest pleasure."

A proof of his advancement and ability was shown a year or two later, when the Elector Max Franz, son of Maria Theresa, established a National Opera Company at Bonn, with Neefe as director; the youth was appointed "cembalist" in the orchestra, his duties being to accompany from score, — a most exacting and responsible position. As usual his talents were employed without compensation, but the practice must have been valuable.

All the biographies of Beethoven relate a trivial though characteristic anecdote of his boyhood. During Passion Week, the year after the arrival of the new Elector, Beethoven played a practical joke on one of the Electoral singers. This man, Keller, had boasted of his correct ear, and wagered that Beethoven could not "throw him out." The wager was accepted. During the interlude, which Beethoven as accompanist played for the set piece from Lamentations, he modulated to a key so remote, that though he struck the note which Keller should have held, the singer was wholly at a loss. This jest caused considerable amusement, and Beethoven liked to tell of it in after life. Keller complained to the Elector, who took no notice of it further than to recommend a simpler accompaniment in the future.

In the spring of 1787 Beethoven went to Vienna, and

the memorable interview with Mozart took place. The famous maestro evidently found little to commend in the young man's playing, and it was undoubtedly crude and rough; but when Mozart gave him a theme upon which to improvise, it was a different story. Inspired by the occasion, he gave his genius free wing. Mozart, astounded, tiptoed out of the room, and said in great excitement to some visitors who were in waiting, —

"Take notice of him in there; he will make a noise in the world."

It has been supposed that Beethoven never heard Mozart play; but this is probably a mistake, for once, years after, when asked about Mozart's playing, he criticised it as neat and clear, but rather barren, monotonous, and old-fashioned. His own playing was characterized by tremendous energy and individuality and unexampled rapidity. He was often criticised for his lack of clearness and purity, for maltreating the piano, for over-use of the pedal; but no one could ever doubt his genius when he sat down to improvise, or *phantasiren* as he called it.

His hope of studying with Mozart was cut short by the news of his mother's failing health, which recalled him suddenly to Bonn. She died, and the same year his little sister Margaret died. Thus his seventeenth year was passed under shadow. Thayer pictures him as " poor, sick, melancholy, even despairing, motherless, mortified and cast down by his father's ever-increasing moral weakness."

More than once he was obliged to rescue his drunken father from the hands of the police; and in November, 1789, he was officially appointed head of the family, empowered to receive his father's salary.

Though affairs at home were so gloomy, there were some bright spots in his life at Bonn. Toward the end of his seventeenth year he was appointed teacher to Lorenz von Breuning, and was thus introduced to a refined and artistic family. Madame von Breuning was almost a mother to him. She gently guided his impetuosity, kept him to his duties, and often, when her influence availed not, would seize him by the shoulders and exclaim, "There, he has a *raptus* again." Beethoven appreciated her goodness: "She understood how to keep the insects from the flowers," he remarked long after.

The same year the young Count Waldstein came to Bonn and took charge of musical affairs at the court. Beethoven called him his first Maecenas. He came often to visit the musician in his humble lodgings, and was indefatigable in his efforts to help him along.

One bright memory of the Bonn days was a trip up the Rhine in company with an operatic troupe. They went by boat from Drachenfels to Bingen, from Bingen to Mainz, enjoying the ever-changing panorama of castled banks and wooded islands of the Rhine and Main. For Beethoven, who was passionately fond of nature, this journey ever remained "a fruitful source of the loveliest pictures." It was a jolly company under the rule of "King Lux," as they called their director; and Beethoven, who started out with the humble designation of scullion to his Majesty, was formally promoted at Bingen. He long preserved the patent or diploma, sealed with a seal as imposing as that on the Golden Bull at Frankfort, and dated from the heights overlooking Rüdesheim.

At Aschaffenburg-am-Main, Beethoven with several

others went to pay their respects to the Abbé Sterkel, regarded as the greatest clavier-player in all Germany. His delicate technique was a revelation to Beethoven. The young composer himself was called upon to play, and amazed every one by his wonderful variations on a theme by Rhigini. One who heard him during the month that the troupe spent at Mergentheim, wrote: —

"The greatness of this gentle and amiable man as a virtuoso may be estimated, I think, by the inexhaustible wealth of his imagination, the skill of his execution, and the thorough originality of his expression."

But the time for Beethoven's flight from Bonn was approaching. The year after the pleasant trip to Mergentheim, Haydn again passed through the city. Beethoven had an interview with him, showed him a cantata which he had written on the death of the Emperor Joseph II., and probably then and there made arrangements to pursue his musical studies with him.

He must have laid up some money by his teaching or by gifts from friends, and it is known that he had reason to expect reasonable aid from the Elector, whose attention had been drawn to his genius.

Count Waldstein, in his farewell note, dated October 29, 1792, prophesied that through unbroken industry he might receive the spirit of Mozart from Haydn's hands. He left Bonn a day or two later. Says Thayer: "The small and insignificant-looking, dark-complexioned, pock-marked, black-eyed, black-haired young master came quietly to Vienna to study with the small and insignificant-looking, dark-complexioned, pock-marked, black-eyed, black-haired old master."

As court organist, Beethoven wore a sea-green dress-coat, green short-clothes with buckles, white or black

silk stockings, white flowered waistcoat with pockets and gold lace, white cravat, frizzled hair tied in a pug behind, carried his hat under his arm, and wore a sword.

Later he became extremely negligent about his personal appearance. An artist who painted his portrait in 1815[1] described him as wearing a pale blue dress-coat with yellow buttons, white waistcoat and necktie, but his whole appearance bespeaking disorder. Even when he dressed neatly, as sometimes happened, nothing could prevent him removing his coat if it were warm, — not even the presence of princes or ladies.

He was only five feet four inches in height, broad-shouldered, "stocky" in figure; his small head was thick and round; his nose stubbed; his complexion ruddy and coarse; his eyes small, deep-set, bluish-gray, and full of fiery brilliancy; his hair steely black, and when he walked in the wind it gave him "a truly Ossianic and demonic appearance." More than one in those days, when Ossian was so universally read, saw in him one of the gray-haired bards of Ullin. Every passing mood of his spirit was reflected on his features. His fingers were short, all of the same length, and covered with hair. Bettina von Arnim declared that his forehead was heavenly. Once a lovely lady of rank pointed to his forehead and exclaimed, "How beautiful, how noble, how spiritual, that brow!"

[1] Sir Julius Benedict, while he was Weber's pupil, met Beethoven in 1823. "I see him yet before me," he says, "and who could ever forget those striking features? The lofty vaulted forehead with thick gray and white hair encircling it in the most picturesque disorder, that square lion's nose, that broad chin, that noble and soft mouth. Over the cheeks, seamed with scars from the small-pox, was spread high color. From under the bushy, closely-compressed eyebrows flashed a pair of piercing eyes; his thick-set cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame."

Beethoven was silent for a moment, and said, —

"Well, then, kiss this brow!" And she did. With the same spirit, a woman in Boston, when Rubinstein had been playing there, mounted the platform and kissed the keys that his fingers had touched.

Ugly as Beethoven unquestionably was in personal appearance, there was something immensely attractive about him. Women especially were drawn to him. He was said to have made conquests where many an Adonis would have failed. But his worship of woman was ideal. "Virginly pure" his sentiments were said to be. Dr. Weissenbachs, who knew him, praised his moral uprightness, and called him spotless. He had a lofty ideal of life. In one of his letters he says, "Never, never will you find me *un*noble. From childhood up, I have learned to love virtue, and all that is beautiful and good."

Beethoven kept a diary, so that much light is thrown upon his doings in Vienna. We know what he spent for black silk stockings, for walking-stick, seal, boots, shoes, overcoat, desk, wood, for piano-rent, for his meals. He had hardly got settled in his room "on the ground," when the news arrived of his father's sudden death by his own hand. He immediately petitioned for a continuance of his father's salary, and his petition was granted; but the receipts ceased after March, 1794. The French Revolution had sent a wave up the Rhine, and the glittering court of the Electors of Cologne vanished forever. It is believed that after that time he was left to his own resources. But Beethoven, as Wagner says, faced the world with a defiant temperament, and kept an almost savage independence.

He certainly had no reason to distrust his own abilities, and his former position as court organist to the

Emperor's uncle, as friend to Count Waldstein who was connected with many of the princely families of Austria, and as pupil of Haydn, sufficed to give him an *entrée* into the first houses of the capital. As early as October, 1794, he was established as a guest of Prince Lichnowsky's, and had his own horse and private servant. Here he was treated, as he said, in the most *grandmotherly* fashion. "The Princess would have liked to put me under a bell-glass, so that no one unworthy might touch me!"

Some idea of the musical opportunities at Vienna may be gathered from the fact that nine Austrian princes, eleven or more counts, and a dozen other wealthy men had more or less extensive orchestras in their service. There were at least ten private theatres, and the number of young women who were studying music was simply incalculable. Hummel in 1820 declared that there were at least a hundred who played as well as he did.

Beethoven began to take lessons in composition from Haydn, but it was not a success. He quickly discovered that the famous old maestro did not correct his exercises faithfully. The reason for this neglect is not known, but it inspired the young man with distrust. Resolved to have absolute knowledge of his art, he quietly engaged another teacher to overlook his work; he did not absolutely break with Haydn, and even dedicated his first three trios to him, but he refused to call himself his pupil, "for I never learned anything of him," he said. "Papa Haydn" introduced him to Prince Esterhazy, and it is said wanted to take him to England, but though Beethoven's diary shows that he often treated him to coffee or chocolate, Haydn could have hardly been ex-

pected to approve of Beethoven's stubborn independence and revolutionary contempt of arbitrary rules. He called him "the Great Mogul."

Until 1795 Beethoven published almost nothing. What a comparison with Mozart's two hundred and ninety-three works during a corresponding period! But Beethoven was in no haste: he meant to perfect himself in his art before he spread his wings. And when he did trust himself to publish, what a list of masterpieces he gave to the world! In the eight years ending with 1802 there are ninety-two compositions, including two symphonies, the Prometheus Ballet, thirty-two sonatas, two great concert arias, six quartets, three quintets, one septet, and an oratorio. Undoubtedly, some of these works were thought out while he was still in Bonn.

His chamber-music was performed first at the house of Prince Lichnowsky, who had in his service a famous quartet made up of talented lads, none of whom, in 1793, was over sixteen. The youngest was only fourteen.

These must have been happy days for the young genius. He found appreciation and friendship among a cultivated society. Countesses wrote rhyming letters to him, calling him "Apollo's greatest son," "the greatest of great spirits." Brilliant artists worshipped him, and called him *Musik-Kaiser* — "the emperor of music." He was fêted and invited everywhere.

But there was one thing dearer to him than anything else, and that was freedom. "It was his dearest good," said Dr. Müller, who visited him. He utterly abominated anything like condescension. He was, perhaps, jealous of his genius. It grew more and more difficult, as time went on, to induce him to play for company.

He declared "it made the blood tingle to his fingers' ends." "The soothsayer of the innermost world of tones" quarrelled with his dearest friends, rather than gratify them by going to the piano. It required strategy and a degree of finesse to lure him to play; but if his fingers touched the keys, he quickly forgot his surroundings.

When he played, his muscles swelled, his eyes rolled wildly; "he seemed like a magician, overmastered by the spirits that he conjured up."

As may easily be imagined, spies were ready to filch from him his original ideas. His brothers, seeing that he was the coming man in music, got hold of his compositions and disposed of them without consulting him. Thus many pieces which he had withheld as unworthy were given to the world, and it was a frequent source of trouble with his regular publishers.

His relations with his brothers throughout his life were strained and often turbulent. The youngest, though educated to be a musician, secured a small public position through Beethoven's influence. He was a little mean-looking man, with red hair and insecure morals. He fell into evil courses, and finally married a disreputable woman, whom Beethoven called "The Queen of the Night." When he died, after costing his brother thousands of thalers, he left him as a legacy the "nephew Karl," whose weakness and ingratitude poisoned the composer's last days.

The other brother became an apothecary, and through certain transactions during the war amassed a fortune, and purchased a fine estate at Gneixendorf. He was a handsome man, but mean and presumptuous. He was fond of driving on the Prater with four horses, and had

printed on his card: *Johann van Beethoven, Gutsbesitzer* (land proprietor). When once he left one of these cards on his brother, Ludwig wrote on the other side: *Ludwig van Beethoven, Hirnbesitzer* (brain proprietor), and returned it. Beethoven was fond of his brothers in spite of their ill actions. When people urged him to break with them, he refused, for he felt strongly the ties of family. In his letters to the apothecary he addresses him as *Bestes Brüderl*, (dearest little brother), "Most potent of Landed Proprietors," "Possessor of all the Islands in the Danube around Krems," "Director of the universal Austrian pharmacy."

He was terribly impetuous and quick-tempered, but when once the storm had passed no one could be more rueful and contrite. He was constantly quarrelling with his best friends as well as with his brothers, and numberless letters of apology are preserved that show the genuine goodness of his heart. The truth was, that he had an unusually sensitive and irritable organization. Those who understood him were able to make allowances, but the majority of people saw only his eccentric and disagreeable side.

A still deeper shadow was coming over the great composer's life. The first intimation of it he kept to himself, but at last in 1801 he wrote to a friend: "For two years I have avoided almost all society — because I cannot tell people *I am deaf*." Again he wrote: "I have to appear as a misanthrope, — I, who am so little of one!"

The influence of this malady was far-reaching. Deaf people are proverbially suspicious. In Beethoven's case it almost preternaturally intensified his mistrust of men. At first he rebelled and thought of suicide. But he felt

that he had a part to play in the world. He wrote during that same year, of his joy in work; he even grudged the time spent in sleep. At another time, much later, he said, "No friend have I. I must live by myself alone; but I know well that God is nearer to me than to others in my art, so I walk fearlessly with Him. I have always known Him and understood Him. I have no timidity about my music; it can have no ill fate; who understands it must be free from all the sorrow which encompasses others." And again we find in his diary these pathetic words: "For thee, poor Beethoven, there is no good fortune from without; thou must create everything in thyself; only in the ideal world findest thou delight."

In 1802, ill and despairing, he went to Heiligenstadt, and there wrote that most pathetic of all his letters, his "Testament" as it is called, describing his condition, and his resolve to be patient. He pardons his brothers for all they have done, and urges them to teach their children virtue, which — and not money — can alone give happiness. Here he wrote also his Second Symphony. The path under the trees along by the brook where he used to walk is now known as Beethoven Street.

"Beethoven," says Liszt, "led by his genius, strong as a wrestler, melancholy as one disinherited, radiant as a messenger from heaven, — Beethoven first pointed out the transition of our art from the inspired period of its youth into the epoch of its first ripeness." "Beethoven," says Riehl, "brings to an end the classic period of musical art, and opens the romantic modern." And says Louis Engel, "Beethoven was the first man, who, building on the sweet traditions of Haydn and Mozart, left

the path of the nightingale to soar on the mighty wings of the eagle."

Such being the case, he was naturally misunderstood. When the first trios and the First Symphony appeared, the conservative critics declared that they were "the confused explosions of a talented young man's overweening conceit." The Second Symphony was called a monster, a dragon wounded to death and unable to die, "threshing around with its tail in impotent rage!" Later, Karl Maria von Weber declared of the sublime Seventh Symphony, that "the extravagances of this genius have reached their *non plus ultra*, and Beethoven is quite ripe for the madhouse!"

The fact that he was deaf gave additional point to the criticisms of his enemies, and the innovations that he made were regarded as the vagaries of an absolutely deaf man. But he who had so strenuously striven to make himself perfect in all technique, who had by endless diligence remedied the defects of his early education, was sure of his ground. In 1803 he exclaimed, "I am dissatisfied with my previous works; from to-day forth I am going to strike out into a new path."

Speaking to his friend Czerny he said, "I have never thought of writing for fame and honor. What is in my heart must out, and so I write."

While his deafness caused him to fall aloof from his friends, and prevented him from making any of the long "artistic tours" which he had planned, and perhaps to a certain extent unfitted him for writing for the human voice, it was not an unmixed evil. It shut him *into* the realm of higher harmonies, and it made him better known to posterity. As his deafness increased upon him, and all the attempts of the doctors but made him

BEETHOVEN'S VISION.
Painting by A. de Lernude.

worse, he fell into the habit of keeping little conversation books for use when he talked with visitors. One hundred and thirty-six of these books are preserved in Berlin, covering the years between 1819 and 1827. His replies are often absent, because he answered orally, but we know intimately what he was talking and thinking about during all that time; and he kept up a voluminous correspondence with his friends.

Misunderstood, and often savagely abused, even regarded by some as crazy, it must not be supposed that Beethoven lacked admirers who were able to follow his dizziest flights. He was constantly receiving proofs of consideration. Once while he was eating his supper he was delighted by a visit from an English sea-captain who came to tell him how he had enjoyed hearing his symphonies in the East Indies. In this respect he was fortunate above his predecessors. As Riehl well says, "Beethoven's works were often enough criticised very badly; but they were taken notice of as soon as they appeared. Haydn's and Mozart's works were for the most part ignored when they appeared, and that is far worse; while Sebastian Bach's works scarcely appeared at all, and that is the worst of all."

In a certain sense he was a martyr to his time and generation, but still more to himself. His behavior was often atrocious. In giving lessons to young ladies he would sometimes tear the music in pieces and scatter it about the floor, or even smash the furniture. Once when playing in company there was some interruption. "I play no longer for such hogs," he cried, and left the piano. He once called Prince Lobkowitz an ass because a bassoon-player happened to be absent. He called Hummel a false dog. In Madame Ertmann's drawing-

room he used the snuffers for a tooth-pick. And yet he declared that he strove to fulfil sacredly all the duties imposed upon him by humanity, God, and nature. In the highest sense this was true. He was prone to frequent fits of melancholy and depression, but when not depressed he was always gay, good-humored, full of wit and sarcasm, and "cared for no man."

After he settled in Vienna he is known to have made a journey to Prague and Leipzig; in 1798 he was in Prague once more; once he went to Berlin; in 1812 he was at Teplitz, where he met Goethe. The rest of his life was spent in "hateful Vienna" or the immediate vicinity. He was passionately fond of the country. Every summer he went to Baden, twelve or fifteen miles from the city, or to some other pretty place, and wandered for hours every day through the woods. He wrote from Baden: "My unlucky deafness troubles me not here. It is as though every tree around me said to me, 'Holy! holy!'" He grows almost lyric in his delight at the "sweet stillness of the woods." He wrote to Theresa von Malfatti: "How happy I am amid bushes and forests, to be able to wander among trees and rocks! No one can love the country as I do!"

It was his habit to rise at daybreak, work till two or three, with breakfast and a stroll or two interposed; then he would spend the afternoon in the open air, no matter what the weather was. He often forgot his dinner-hour and even his guests, and dropped into a random restaurant where he could get his favorite dinner of fish, and especially trout. Old Zelter used to tell how people thought he was a fool because he would sometimes go into a restaurant and sit for an hour at a time without eating anything, and then call for his bill.

When he composed, he was fond of pouring cold water over his hands, and oftentimes people below him complained at the deluge of water that soaked through his floor.

He detested giving music-lessons, because it robbed him not only of his time but also of his inclination to write, and as Dr. Laurencin truly says, his art in and for itself, in its highest purity and significance, was the highest thing in his spiritual life. He found it trying to have to teach even his favorite pupil, the Archduke Rudolf. He often spoke bitterly of it, and yet he was very fond of the talented prince.

Owing to his utter lack of practical training in money affairs, he was in almost chronic difficulty. He declared that anything except the mere essentials of living seemed to him as theft, but he was endlessly generous to others, always thoughtful of his friends.

In 1808 Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, made him a "pretty offer" to become his kapellmeister at Kassel, with a salary of six hundred ducats. It was a dangerous temptation, but his freedom was assured by a promise of eighteen hundred gulden a year from his friend Prince Kinsky, fifteen hundred from the Archduke Rudolf, and seven hundred from Prince Lobkowitz. This annuity was also a snare. It was paid in paper money, so that it really amounted to only about 320 gulden in gold, and everything was rising. Shortly after Kinsky was killed, and Lobkowitz went into bankruptcy. A law-suit ensued, and after that was settled his income amounted to only about six hundred thalers.

That, together with what he made from his music, would have been well enough, had he known how to manage his affairs. Once when Spohr went to call upon

him, not having seen him for several days and asked him if he had been ill; "No," replied Beethoven, "but my boots have; and as I have only one pair, I was condemned to house arrest."

Not long after he notes in his diary that he has seven pairs — one for every day in the week. He was always welcome to lodge free of expense at more than one noble house, but he found the necessary etiquette too irksome. Baron Pronay furnished him one summer with luxurious quarters at Hetzendorf, but as the Baron insisted on bowing to him whenever they met, Beethoven was so annoyed that he took up his lodgings at the house of a humble clockmaker. Sometimes he found himself burdened with two or three different boarding-places. His habitat was often hard to find. When Reichardt visited him in 1808, no one in Vienna knew where he was living, but he found him at last in a great, bare, lonely room, and looking as gloomy as his dwelling, — "a strong nature, externally cyclops-like, but right gentle (*innig*), warm-hearted, and good."

Friedrich Starke, who had won his confidence and become his nephew's teacher, was breakfasting with him once in 1812, and after the coffee, which Beethoven himself prepared, asked him for a breakfast for heart and soul. Beethoven improvised for a while, and then they played together the sonata for piano and horn (in F). Beethoven transposed the whole piece as he played — not the first time that he had done such a feat. "The whole," said Starke, "was a divine breakfast!"

This same Starke, on another occasion, entered the room unannounced, and found the composer in his night-clothes. He had soaped his face the night before, and forgotten to shave. Perhaps he dreaded to shave, for he

always cut himself. He was extremely clumsy in his motions, and was apt to break anything that he touched. More than once he flung his inkstand into his piano, and, curiously enough, though he took dancing-lessons on his first arrival at Vienna, he could never dance in time.

When Beethoven conducted he indulged in all sorts of queer gyrations. These grew upon him in later life. Now he would vehemently spread out his arms; then when he wanted to indicate soft passages, he would bend down lower and lower until he would disappear from sight. Then as the music grew louder he would emerge, and at the fortissimo he would spring up into the air.

One time when playing a concerto he forgot himself, sprang up, and began to direct, and, almost the first thing, knocked off the two candles on the piano. The audience roared. Beethoven, quite beside himself, began the piece again. The director stationed a boy on each side of the piano to hold the candles. The same scene was re-enacted. One of the boys dodged the outstretched arm. The other, interested in the music, did not notice, and received the full blow in the face, and fell in a heap, candle and all. "The audience," says Siegfried, who conducted, "broke out into a truly bacchanal howl of delight, and Beethoven was so enraged that when he started again, he broke half a dozen strings at a single chord."

He played for the last time in public in April, 1814, at a matinee. It was in his glorious trio for piano, violin, and cello. In private he sometimes "fantasied" as late as 1822, but he was so deaf that it was painful rather than otherwise.

The pathos of his situation often appealed to people with such force as to draw tears. When, in 1824,

Beethoven after much difficulty was induced by his friends to give his Ninth or Choral Symphony and his great Mass — the "*Missa Solennis*"[1] in C — in Vienna instead of Berlin, and the great audience burst out into thunders of applause, he was utterly unconscious of it, and continued beating time till the contralto singer induced him to turn round and see the demonstrations. When the composer bowed his acknowledgment, "many an eye was dim with tears."

Beethoven was not much interested in his contemporaneous composers. He was inclined to laugh at them, and to take a slightly malicious delight when their works failed. Yet he appreciated Hummel, and even Rossini, though he considered him a scene painter. He over-estimated Händel: said he one day, "He is the greatest composer that ever lived," and the great consolation of his dying days was the splendid edition of Händel's works sent to him from London. He could not have known much of Bach's works: yet he had an intuition of his greatness; he said: "He ought to be called not Bach [brook], but *Meer* [sea]." He once said he dreamed of having in his room portraits of Händel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck, — "to help him to win patience." It will be remembered that he had the picture of Haydn's birth-place. Gluck seems to have made little influence on his work.

Yet he was a constant attendant at the theatre when new operas were given, and he studied the works of Gluck's followers. It was his desire to write operas. He tried as early as 1803. In 1805 his "*Leonore*," now

[1] In this mass he has been said to equal Händel in sublimity, Bach in artistic building up of voices, Mozart in magical melody: "thus hath the master plucked a wreath from the unfading stars."

known as "*Fidelio*," in which conjugal love is apostrophized, was first given. It was a most unfortunate time. The French had just entered Vienna. Beethoven's friends were for the most part scattered. The philistines who remained and heard it declared that never before had anything so incoherent, coarse, wild, ear-splitting, been heard! The wonderful introduction of the trumpet into the overture was misinterpreted; it was taken to be a post-horn!

Beethoven altered and curtailed it somewhat, and it was given two or three times in 1806, and shelved again till 1814, when he was induced to revise it, — "to build up the deserted ruins of an old castle," as he expressed it.

On the morning of the chief rehearsal the new overture was expected. Beethoven did not appear. Young Treitschke was sent to make inquiries. He found the composer in bed fast asleep, with innumerable sheets of music-paper scattered around. A candle burned out showed that he had worked till late.

The opera proved a brilliant success. Madame Schröder-Devrient, then a young girl, made her *début* in it. Nothing like her performance was ever known. She did not act the part, but *was* the part, "inspired from the first note with immense power." We have a picture of Beethoven wrapped in his cloak, with only his glittering eyes visible, following her every motion, and afterwards coming to congratulate her.

Young Moscheles was intrusted with the arrangement of the piano-forte score, and to this are due many characteristic anecdotes. One morning he went to show some pages of the transcription; Beethoven sprang out of bed and went to the window as he was to look

them over. The unusual spectacle attracted the street urchins, who began to hoot and point. "What do they want?" asked the master. But he threw a dressing-gown over his shoulders.

When the work was done, Moscheles left it on Beethoven's table with the words: "Finis, with God's help." When he got them back, Beethoven had written: "O man, help thyself."

Beethoven, though nominally a Roman Catholic, was not a formalist in religion; thus being a contrast to Mozart and Haydn. Haydn, indeed, regarded him as an atheist. He was not. He was deeply and truly religious, as is shown by frequent expressions in his diary. His favorite quotation was from an Ægyptian inscription: —

"I am what is. I am all that is, and was, and shall be. No mortal man hath ever raised my veil." This always stood on his table.

But his lack of interest in the church made his religious music less spontaneous than that of his predecessors. To be sure, his idea of church music corresponded with Palestrina's, but he declared that it was ridiculous to imitate Palestrina without his spirit and religious intuition.

His first mass was composed in 1807 for Prince Esterhazy, and performed at Eisenstadt. The Prince did not like it, and when it was over said in a tone of indifference, "But, my dear Beethoven, what have you been doing now?"

Beethoven, noticing that Hummel, Esterhazy's kapellmeister, smiled, was greatly offended; he instantly left the palace, and it was some time before he forgave Hummel.

His second mass was composed for the installation of his pupil Rudolf as Cardinal Archbishop of Olmütz — in March, 1820. But it was not completed till two years afterwards. Of course it was misunderstood and ridiculed. He was in advance of his day. It was offered to the various courts of Europe at fifty ducats each. Only six responded. Goethe paid no attention to his letter. Cherubini, to whom he wrote in a curious mixture of French and German, made no answer. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, who had once asked Beethoven to write a symphony for Napoleon, was silent. George III. of England disregarded his personal letter. Even Prince Esterhazy refused to subscribe!

Beethoven's brother Karl died in 1815, and left to him the charge of his young son. Beethoven adopted the boy, and henceforth all of his energies were turned toward making him good, happy, and independent. The story is infinitely tragic and pathetic. The nephew had talents, but his tastes were low, and all Beethoven's efforts for his well-being failed. He had a lawsuit with the "Queen of Night" over the possession of the boy. The case was mismanaged. The Dutch *van* before his name was supposed to indicate nobility like the German *von*. When the mistake was discovered he was remanded to an inferior court in spite of his exclamation, "*Here* and *here* is my nobility," pointing to his head and heart.

Years of trouble with the boy ensued. No wonder that in 1819 "not a trace of the gladness of life could be seen in his face or on his noble brow." That year he wrote: "I am *miser* and *pauper*." For four days running his dinner consisted of nothing but crusts and beer!

This was not because he had no money. During the Vienna Congress in 1814, Beethoven had produced for the entertainment of the assembled sovereigns several magnificent works, including the Seventh Symphony, dedicated to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. She made him a present of two hundred ducats, and this, together with various other sums invested in bonds, amounting to several thousand dollars, was found after his death. He regarded it as a trust fund for his nephew, and rather than touch it he would have starved to death! He usually got from thirty to forty ducats for a sonata. But he was like a child in regard to business matters, and the terrible disorder which always reigned in his apartments, described again and again by those who visited him, obtained also in his finances, and caused him endless misery. His brothers did nothing to relieve him. It has been even suspected that the Landed Proprietor, who is sometimes known as the pseudo-brother, took advantage of it to feather his own nest

When his nephew was seventeen he came home to his uncle, and speedily began a course of dissipation, which ended in his expulsion from the university, and finally in his attempted suicide. He was ordered by the police to leave Vienna, and Beethoven took him to his brother's estate at Gneixendorf in October, 1826.

It was a melancholy visit, though Beethoven, engrossed in writing his last quartets, and thus living in a realm apart, was oblivious of discomforts and of men. He wandered about the fields, shouting and gesticulating, now taken for a madman, now for a servant, scaring oxen and children and superstitious peasants. His brother's wife insulted him; his niggardly brother threatened to charge him for board; and finally after

a violent quarrel, resulting from Beethoven insisting that Johann should make Karl his heir, he quitted the place on a chilly December day, in a cart, his brother having refused him his closed carriage. Overtaken by a storm, the composer caught cold, and returned to Vienna suffering with inflammation of the lungs. Two eminent doctors were called, but refused their services. Karl, the ne'er-do-well, left his sick uncle, and went to play billiards!

The illness thus neglected resulted in dropsy, and he had to be tapped. With the grim humor characteristic of him, he compared the doctor to Moses striking the rock, and exclaimed, "Better water from the belly than from the pen!"

It has been a cause of wonder that Beethoven on his death-bed was so neglected by his aristocratic friends; and it has never been explained why the Cardinal Bishop Rudolf, to whom he had been such a faithful and self-sacrificing teacher, did not fly to his aid. Great was the indignation in Vienna, when it was too late, to know that the last days of the "greatest composer of the century" had to be eased by a gift from the London Philharmonic Society of a hundred pounds sterling.

It was undoubtedly true, as some one wrote in one of the papers: "Only a word of Beethoven's necessities was needed, and thousands would have rushed to his aid." The truth was, that it had been known for some time that Beethoven was in failing health, and no sudden end was anticipated. It was also true, that Beethoven was to a certain extent forgotten in Vienna, where Rossini, "the swan of Pesaro," had become the idol of the day.

Among the last to call upon him was Schubert. Schubert's friend, the composer Hüttenbrenner, was with

him when he died. It was on the 26th of March, 1827. The ground was white with snow. The master lay unconscious, but suddenly a vivid flash of lightning was followed by a tremendous crash of thunder. Beethoven opened his eyes, raised his right hand, and with clinched fist gazed up with a long, threatening look. Then his hand fell, his eyes half closed: "not another breath, not another heart-beat. The spirit of the great master had passed from this false world to the kingdom of truth. I closed his half-shut eyes, and kissed them; then kissed his forehead, mouth, and hands. At my request, Frau van Beethoven cut off a lock of his hair, and gave it to me as a sacred relic of Beethoven's dying hour."

Beethoven's funeral was long remembered. Eight composers bore his remains. A large number of artists and musicians marched with torches. A crowd of thirty thousand people gathered to see the solemn procession.

Countless anecdotes are told of Beethoven's eccentricities. Many of them are fables. But in spite of all the myths that have gathered around him, we have an excellent and truthful knowledge of his personality, and his personality is more interesting than his biography. He was uncompromisingly honest. He was a passionate lover of the truth. He even dismissed an over-zealous housekeeper, who, in order to spare him some annoyance, told an untruth. When expostulated with, he replied, "Whoever tells a lie is not clean-hearted, and such a person cannot cook a clean meal!"

He loved freedom. His freedom of speech was extraordinary; but though he liked to talk politics, he was not troubled by the police. He was a privileged character. His independence was shown in a thousand ways. When Napoleon made himself emperor, he de-

stroyed the dedication of the Heroic Symphony, and made it general: "To celebrate the memory of a great man." But the funeral march was Napoleon's! Though he held his head high, and regarded himself as the equal of princes, and was not afraid even of Goethe's pride, he was humble. His customary answer to the salutation, "How goes it?" was: "As well as a poor musician can!" In a letter to Amalie von Seebold, who took such a motherly interest in him, he speaks of himself as "smallest of all men." He calls himself pupil of Salieri, who taught him something of Italian.

Deploring his early lack of education, he took pains to read great books. He knew something of Latin, and wrote letters in not altogether idiomatic French and English. In spite of his uncouthness, he gave the impression of being cultivated.

He was never married, but he had several "affairs" which he himself would have gladly consummated with marriage. In July, 1817, he wrote: "But love! only love can give thee a happier life. O God! let me find her — *the one* at last — who shall strengthen me in virtue." And there can be little doubt that it was only circumstances that prevented him from marrying the lovely Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the famous Moonlight Sonata.

When he died he left a number of works in embryo. One was the Tenth Symphony, which was intended to contain in the adagio an ecclesiastical song, in the allegro the festival of Dionysos, for Beethoven had the idea that music was a higher revelation than all of wisdom and philosophy; and "I," said he to Bettina Brentano, Goethe's friend, "am the Dionysos who will press out this glorious wine," the cult of Dionysos seeming to him to imply all the tragedy of life.

The list of Beethoven's works and the order of their appearance may be easily found. This is not the place to discuss them, or to give a criticism of their greatness.

We have only sought to picture the man in his rugged simplicity, his tragic sensitiveness, his brusque honesty, his sublime purity. Under the rough exterior, beat the warm and generous heart. Take him all in all, in spite of his faults, he was a man whom one cannot help pitying, respecting, admiring, and loving.

GIOACHINO ROSSINI.

(1792-1868.)

GREAT men seem to be called forth by the needs of their day, and through the influence of their greatness come to be regarded as the cause of revolutions.

This is the great paradox of history. Nor is there anything more tragic than genius born before or after its time, as we say.

There is a curious parallelism between the career of Napoleon Bonaparte and that of Gioachino Antonio Rossini.

Both were Italians, both men of immense rapidity of execution, both won success by master strokes, both came to dominate Europe, both became French, both spent the latter part of their lives in inaction (the one compulsory, the other self-imposed), both had the gift of enrolling devoted followers.

Napoleon himself may have supposed that he was steering and guiding the mighty forces which gathered round him, and which at last crushed him. Rossini may have supposed that he brought about the revolution in music which for a time caused Beethoven to be forgotten, even in the chosen home of his activity.

Yet he was the child of his time, and the disposition

of men, weary of the uproar of battle, to be lulled by melodious tones, gave his music a vogue which is to us as incredible as the personal influence of Napoleon.

The period from 1800 to 1832 has been called the Beethoven-Rossini epoch of music.

"If," says Ambros, "we have in Beethoven the image of a great soul expressing itself in music and through music, and thereby filling with the loftiest spiritual content the tones which it orders in accordance with the norm and law of beauty; then Beethoven's contemporary, Rossini, is his direct antithesis, the musician who first brought to unconditioned acceptation the principle of mere sensuous enjoyment in music."

A generation ago it was said that with him began the decay of music; "when the dessert is brought on, the dinner is at an end." But dinners and desserts are recurring episodes in music as well as in real life, and it is no longer Beethoven but "the Sun of Italy," alias "the Italian bon-bon dealer," who is forgotten. Indeed, the young of this generation hardly realize how great Rossini was. They almost never have a chance to hear those passages of his which even his severest critics had to confess were full of "immortal freshness and the most fascinating beauty." Ambros compared his melodies to the Venetian beauties of Titian, in whose dark eyes lurks a wonderful something alluring, and yet noble: "they have, to be sure, a certain family likeness; they are like the daughters of one noble race, very beautiful, very lovely, but everywhere showing, with slight modifications, the same family features the first appearance of which may be plainly seen in the portrait of the ancestress who lived in the sixteenth century."

Schumann, a severer critic, called Rossini's melody

G. ROSSINI.

After the etching of Masson.

"Titian flesh without soul." He was the very embodiment of national Italian song, and as such was known as "the Swan of Pesaro."

Pesaro is a seaport town belonging to the Romagna. It has been the birthplace of three famous men: Pope Innocent II., the jurist Pandolfo, and the composer Rossini.

Rossini's father, Giuseppe Antonio, that is, Joseph Anthony, was town-trumpeter, and inspector of slaughter-houses. He did not know, for it was discovered after his death, that he came of a decent family, one of whom, some centuries gone by, had been governor of Ravenna, and that he had the right to a coat-of-arms, with three stars, a hand, a rose, and a nightingale on it. The Italians take great stock in escutcheons.

Perhaps if the town trumpeter, whose duty it was to lead processions on state occasions and to blow mighty blasts when the town authorities were to meet, had known of his patrician origin, he would have been too proud to hold such a menial position. He was exceedingly superstitious — a trait inherited by his son — and yet of such a gay disposition that he was called "*il vivazza*," "the lively."

It was quite in accordance with his nature, that when the French army marched into Pesaro in 1796, he adopted liberal and republican ideas. Then when the Austrians in their turn occupied the Papal States, the trumpeter lost both of his offices and was thrown into prison. Rossini years afterwards speaking of these events said, "Had it not been for the French invasion of Italy, I should probably have become an apothecary or an oil-merchant."

He was born on the twenty-ninth of February, 1792, a

genuine Leap Year's child. When he was sixty he used to say that he was fifteen.

The imprisonment of his father threw the support of the little family on the mother, Anna, who was one of the prettiest women of the Romagna. She sang by ear; and her singing, according to one who heard her, "was like her face, full of tenderness and grace." She became a *prima donna buffa*, and sung in operas, at fairs and carnivals.

After the father was liberated he joined his wife in her singing tours, as first hornist at the various country towns, at Lugo, Forli, Sinigaglia, and Bologna.

At first the boy was left in charge of a pork-butcher, or, some say, a master-cook. When he grew older his father taught him to play the horn, and the little fellow actually played duets with him and solos in public. His first teacher of the spinet was a man named Prinetti. Before Bach's day the thumb was not used. This Prinetti was, as regards technique, a relic of the Middle Ages. His method was limited to playing with only two fingers.

Rossini, who would have doubtless made immense progress under the right teacher, one who understood him, displayed what has been called his characteristic laziness; and his father, to shame him into a sense of his duties, put him into a blacksmith's shop opposite the Civic Theatre, where he had to blow the bellows all day long. Rossini speaking of it in later life declared it was not a bad way of teaching him to play in time!

His next teacher was a poor priest, Don Angelo Tesei, who had been for thirty-seven years training voices in Bologna. Tesei gave him some idea of harmony (figured bass), and practised him in solfeggios so that after a few

months, when he was ten years old, he was able to sing in churches. He was paid at the rate of three *paoli*, or about ten cents, for each service; and as he had a superb soprano voice and sung at sight, he won great success at the cathedral. Thus, and as always, he was of assistance to his parents, whose resources were limited.

When he was twelve he sang the part of little *Adolfo* in Paer's opera "*La Camilla*," which was revived in Bologna. His skill at the piano and at reading complicated scores was so great that, like Beethoven, he was intrusted with the responsible post of *maestro al cembalo*, for in those days the piano was an important part of the orchestra.

"To the mischief with it!" he cried one day when he was set at this work.

His father asked him what he would like to do: "Live on your income?"

"No, but I should like to compose."

Joseph Rossini flew into a rage, and is said to have kicked the lad, exclaiming, "Out of my sight! You might become the first trumpeter of the kingdom, and you will be nothing else but the poorest composer of Italy."

The lad's personality always won him friends. He had received some training in reading and writing at the hands of Don Innocenzo; Don Fini taught him a little mathematics. The Chevalier Giusti of Lucca, chief engineer at Bologna, took an interest in him, and initiated him into the beauties of Dante and the other Italian poets.

A tenor singer named Babbini, who had once enjoyed some reputation, and had created the principal *rôle* in one of Cherubini's operas, gave him still further training

in singing; and possibly through the influence of the Countess Olimpia Perticari of Pesaro he was admitted in March, 1807, into the Communal Lyceum of Bologna, where he fell into the hands of another priest, Stanislao Mattei, who had been a pupil of the famous Martini. Even before this he became the director of *I Concordi*, a singing society composed of amateurs who gave a concert every month; and he even directed in Haydn's "Seasons" with such success that every one was surprised.

Spohr, who recognized Rossini's genius, once said, "Had he been scientifically educated and led to the right way by Mozart's classic masterpieces, he might easily have been one of the greatest composers of our day."

It was not Father Mattei's fault that he failed of a scientific musical education. Unfortunately this learned man was devoted to routine, and could not realize that genius often attains at a bound what plodding industry takes years to master.

Rossini could never have submitted to eighteen months of such drudgery as Beethoven underwent in Vienna.

His aim was simply to compose operas; and when Mattei in an unguarded moment acknowledged that he knew enough to compose operas, he threw aside further instruction, except such as he could get from reading scores, and began that career which within a dozen years made him the best-known composer of his day.

When Richard Wagner visited him in 1860, Rossini said, "I had facility, and perhaps if I had been born in Germany, I might have done something worth while." He then realized that the Italy of his youth was not a land for earnest endeavor. A rigorous censorship suppressed all that was best. To wear a blue coat was

treason, and a man who read Dante was looked upon with suspicion as a Jacobin.

Music was at a low ebb. Just as in the days of Palestrina, Belgian and Netherland composers furnished most of the music for the Church, so now Italy sent across the Alps to satisfy its greed for new operas. We have seen Händel, Gluck, and Mozart composing for Naples and Milan; Simon Mayer, Peter Winter, Joseph Weigl, Paer, and other Germans had actually forsaken their fatherland and settled in Italy to write in the Italian style. In 1816 there was some talk, says Riehl, of inviting Beethoven to compose an Italian opera for Milan.

When Rossini was born, there were alive only three Italian composers of great repute: Zingarelli, Cimarosa, and Paisiello. Cimarosa died in 1801, and when Rossini made his first success people said Cimarosa had risen again.

Rossini is said to have composed his first opera without knowing that he did so. When he was fourteen he met with the Mombelli family, who in themselves formed a whole operatic troupe. The mother, seeing Rossini's talent, occasionally furnished him with verses, asking him to make of them a solo, a duet, or a trio, as the case might be. Thus unconsciously grew "*Demetrio e Polibio*," which, though not played till six years later, established his reputation.

A singular incident that happened, probably about this time, cast its influence over his career. While he was accompanying at the Sinigaglia Theatre, the prima donna, whose name was Carpani, indulged in a cadenza which was so unmusical that the boy laughed outright. The sensitive singer complained to the Marquis Cavalli,

her manager and also her lover. He summoned Rossini, and threatened to put him in jail, if he presumed again to laugh at great artists. Rossini, quite unabashed, explained the reason of his laughter, and gave such a clever imitation of her method that the marquis was amused. Pleased with his ready wit, he promised him that if ever he wanted a libretto he would furnish him one. The marquis was also director of the San Mose Theatre at Venice, and when Rossini wrote to remind him of his promise the text was put at his disposal.

He had already composed, for the Lyceum of Bologna, a cantata entitled "The Lament of Music" (*Il Pianto d'Armonia*), which was performed in August, 1808. It was, as it were, his commencement part. Curiously enough, in the list of Rossini's works given by Edwards, the next one that followed was an orchestral symphony, and then a string quartet! The symphony in Italy and the symphony in Germany were as dissimilar as could well be. This one by Rossini, says Azevedo, was simply an overture with fugue, written by the young composer in imitation of that to Mozart's "Magic Flute." He had studied the violin, and had thoroughly learned the 'cello.

There is an absurd story that he transcribed and arranged some forty of Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies and quartets. Undoubtedly the greater part of his musical knowledge he obtained from reading over and studying the works of old masters in the excellent library of the Lyceum. But whatever he did in the form of concerted and chamber music, is quite forgotten, and justly so. He was himself so dissatisfied with his "symphony," that he tore it up. Rossini never had any illusions about his own merits.

About the same time, he wrote a mass for solo voices,

chorus, organ, and orchestra, for Triossi, an amateur musician of Ravenna. It was executed under his own direction during the annual city fair. The formation of the orchestra offered some difficulties: eleven flutes, seven clarinets, five oboes, and nine bassoons presented themselves: a terrible excess of wood-wind!

The opera which Rossini was now engaged to write for the Marquis Cavalli was in reality a one-act *farza*, or opera bouffe. He received about forty dollars for it. It was brought out with success at the San Mose Theatre, and the composer was fairly launched on his career. He was young, but Mercadante at twenty-four had written eight operas; Pacini was famous at eighteen, Generali at seventeen, Bellini at twenty-two; Donizetti at twenty-five had composed five great operas, and three less important ones. Fruit ripens early under Italian skies.

During the next fourteen years Rossini wrote upwards of thirty operas for the Italian stage; he wrote them for Ferrara and Milan, for Venice and Naples, for Rome and Vienna. The demand was great, and the supply was equal to the demand. When they succeeded he was happy; when, as occasionally happened, they fell flat, he would write his mother enclosing a pen-drawing of a bottle or phial, to signify a great or little *fiasco*, a word which in Italian means bottle.

One time, receiving an invitation to a picnic after the failure of one of his operas, he ordered from the confectioner a marchpane ship bearing the name of the opera: the mast was broken, the sails tattered, and she lay on her beam-ends in a sea of cream. He did his part to eat it up!

Another opera, written in 1812 for Venice, contained a trio which some one recognized as note for note the same

as a trio in Generali's "*Adelina.*" Generali is said to have approached and reproached Rossini. The audacious young pilferer replied: "I know it, but this trio is the most important situation of my opera. As nothing suitable occurred to me, I took the liberty of borrowing it from you. Could I have made a better choice?"

Yet of this same opera, which was one of the few of Rossini's early productions to be revived in Paris and Vienna years afterwards, "Stendhal" said, "An experienced eye [why not *ear?*] would easily recognize in this one-act opera, the germinal ideas of fifteen or twenty leading themes, which afterwards made the fortune of his masterpieces."

Rossini, like Händel and Gluck, had no hesitation in despoiling his earlier works to enrich his later ones. Some of his arias were made to do service three or four times, and he used his overtures over and over again.

Naples was at this time the musical centre of Italy. Rossini naturally gravitated thither. But before he left Naples he played a practical joke which came near having a serious ending. The Marquis gave him a wretched libretto. Rossini deliberately set it to the absurdest of music: the bass had to sing only high notes, the soprano only low notes; every thing was mixed; and to cap the climax, the orchestra had in one movement to tap the tin lamp-shades as cymbals. The Venetians had never heard such discords. They smashed the seats and chandeliers, and almost demolished the theatre. Rossini was hissed and hooted, and found it prudent to disappear.

To another of his early operas written for La Scala at Milan, Rossini owed his exemption from serving in the army. Eugène Beauharnais, vice-king of Italy, had

heard it, and when application was made to him in favor of the composer, he braved the anger of Napoleon and granted him exemption.

"Lucky for the army," Rossini said, "for I should have made a poor enough soldier."

The first opera to give Rossini a European reputation was "Tancred," brought out in 1813 in Venice. "Within four years," says Azevedo, "this masterpiece made the circuit of the world, except France; and its enchanting melodies carried everywhere the name of its fortunate author, who was henceforth immortal."

Strangely enough, it was full of what the Italians considered dangerous innovations. Mozart's later and greater works, for the very reason that they were greater, had scarcely crossed the Alps. It took them more than a quarter of a century to become popular outside of Germany! Rossini's great innovation was in writing his melodies exactly as they were to be sung. Hitherto it had been the custom of Italian singers to load their arias with all sorts of extemporized ornaments, till often the original themes were buried out of sight.

The taste of the Italians demanded that sort of thing. Rossini yielded to it, and, while he gave his melodies a permanent form, they, too, were over-decorated with filigree work. He also introduced recitative accompanied by quartet of strings in place of 'cello and piano.

A phrenologist who examined Rossini's head, not knowing who he was, recorded about this time a rather striking picture of the man: "A brilliant eye — a delicate, shrewd smile — an arched, prominent brow — inspiration — creative genius — energy — wit — fruitfulness — facility." It was a true picture.

All Venice was soon singing and whistling the arias of "Tancred." They penetrated the court-room, and the judges could hardly repress them. They were carried into church, and the Pope's command to banish them was found unavailing.

The famous "Aria of the Rice" (so called because it was apocryphally said to have been composed while the rice was cooking for dinner, and also said with perhaps equal truth to have been stolen from a hymn sung at vesper service), is even now occasionally heard in the concert-room.

Barbaja, manager of the opera-house of San Carlo at Naples, heard of Rossini, and, with the foresight which had raised him from the humble position of waiter in a café to be proprietor of several theatres and of the gambling-houses then attached to them, came and offered him an engagement at a handsome salary. Rossini accepted it.

He was required to write two operas a year, and was burdened with an immense amount of administrative details relating to Barbaja's two theatres. "If he had dared," said Rossini afterwards, "he would have made me do his cooking for him."

The Emperor of Austria gave La Scala $40,000 a year. The King of Naples paid $60,000 a year toward the support of the San Carlo Theatre. Rossini's salary was two hundred ducats a year, and an interest in the gambling which was then allowed by government, though not long afterward suppressed.

"*Elisabetta*" (his first opera written for Naples) was given in 1815. The part of Queen Elizabeth was taken by Isabelle Colbran, an imposing beauty with a "Circassian eye," and a magnificent mezzo-soprano voice. She

was Barbaja's favorite, but Rossini soon won her affections, thereby making the manager his bitter enemy.

His engagement at Naples did not prevent him from writing for other theatres. Thus the same year he composed for Rome in thirteen days the famous "Barber of Seville," which showed the Italians that comic opera was not obliged to follow idle traditions. The subject was familiar. Paisiello's opera with that title had been composed for St. Petersburg thirty-five years before, and was well known in Italy.[1]

Rossini's success was all the more brilliant because he had to contend with the prejudices of Paisiello's partisans. The first night it was hissed, owing partly to a series of unlucky mishaps, including the sudden apparition of a cat on the stage, and an aria sung by an artist who was taken with the nose-bleed; but after Rossini substituted a long cavatina modified from an earlier opera, it conquered. The next night Rossini stayed at home. The whole audience left the theatre between the acts, went to his lodgings, and gave him an ovation.

As an illustration of his popularity, a Milan theatre gave a ballet entitled "The Return of Orpheus from Hades, or the Glory of the celebrated Maestro Rossini." Orpheus tries to release his beloved Euridice with old-fashioned music, but it is of no avail. Only when one of Rossini's romanzas is played, do the cruel shades relent and let her go.

The Revolution, which expelled the King of Naples in 1820, the loss of revenue from the gaming-tables, and the large expenses of opera without royal subvention, almost ruined the redoubtable Barbaja. Rossini was requested

[1] Paisiello's "*Il Barbiere de Sevilla*" was revived in Paris in 1867 as a curiosity.

to write an opera for Vienna. He married Mlle. Colbran in December, 1821, and with her started for the Austrian capital. "*Zelmira*" had been played with immense success in Naples; its success was still greater in Vienna, where Rossini became the idol of the day, though the German papers and critics accused the public of ingratitude towards Mozart and Haydn, and blamed Rossini for corrupting musical art.

Rossini had the good taste not to quarrel with his accusers. He remarked: "The German critics wish that I composed like Haydn and Mozart. But if I took all the pains in the world, I should still be a wretched Haydn or Mozart. So I prefer to remain a Rossini. Whatever that may be, it is something, and at least I am not a bad Rossini."

He was always able to disarm criticism by his candor. Even the young man who threatened to assassinate him for having given so much to the bass drum to do in a certain overture, became his warm friend as soon as he came into the sunlight of his presence.

His popularity in Vienna was enormous. Day and night his house was surrounded by admirers anxious to get a sight of him. All the great princes who had patronized the German masters found a new "fad" in Rossini, and gave him elaborate dinners and suppers. The philosopher Hegel was so charmed by his music that he wrote to his wife in Berlin: "So long as I have money for Italian opera, I shall not leave Vienna!"

It has been said Beethoven refused to receive him. Such was not the case. He recognized his genius, but owing to his deafness their intercourse was painful and unsatisfactory. Speaking of Rossini's visit to Beethoven, Schumann afterwards wrote: "The butterfly

flew into the way of the eagle, but the latter swept aside from his course, so as not to crush it with the stroke of his pinions."

Rossini's last opera written for Italy was "*Semiramide.*" It was required for the carnival season at Venice. He received $1,000 for it. While he was writing it he was invited by Prince Metternich to dine. The story is told that at dinner the conversation turned on German music, and Rossini asked the prince to give him the theme of a tragic air for his new opera. Metternich, being further urged by the ladies present, finally said, "Dear maestro, at this instant I can think of only one appropriate German song. Perhaps you can make use of it. It is a melody of the deepest pain and despair."

He sang it.

Rossini was delighted, and took it for the grand aria and the overture, and it made a great impression in Italy; but the Germans who heard it could not understand why the Queen of Assyria, bewailing the death of her spouse, should sing the well-known theme, "Rejoice in life while the lamp still burns."

The next year Rossini went to London, stopping on his way at Paris, where he was both fêted and attacked. In London he made his fortune. King George IV. himself presented him to his court, and treated him to snuff, an honor which instantly raised him high above ordinary mortals. He drank tea at great houses, and received fifty guineas each time for accompanying his wife's singing. For directing at the theatre three times he was paid 2,500 pounds sterling. The King's pleasure at singing duets with him was so intense that the comic papers caricatured it.

Once when the King was singing a solo he made a

mistake. Rossini went right on. "It was my duty to accompany your majesty," he replied when the King remarked having gone off the key: "and I am ready to follow you to the tomb!"

He left London after five months (no small part of which was spent in writing in autograph albums for titled ladies), and though he did not compose the opera for which he had been engaged, he had a new bank account of 175,000 francs.

He returned not to Bologna but to Paris, where he had accepted the direction of the Theâtre Italien for a year and a half in place of Paer. Paer, who was given a place as conductor at an increased salary, became one of the leaders of the cabal which tried to ruin Rossini in Paris. Bertan called him Signor Crescendo!

But the French composers, Auber, Hérold, and Boïeldieu especially espoused Rossini's cause, and became greatly influenced by his style.

It was almost a repetition of the great battle between the Piccinnists and Gluckists. Politics also again was enlisted. But Rossini had really no rival, and so in a short time he became a sort of autocrat in Paris. His salary was 20,000 francs a year, and when he wrote his cantata, "The Journey to Rheims," in honor of the coronation of Charles X., he was given a superb service of plate. The same piece was revived in 1848 at the proclamation of the Republic.

Rossini, as director of the Italian opera, brought out a number of great singers; he had his own chief operas performed; he invited Meyerbeer, Bellini, Donizetti, and Mercadante to Paris.

Yet he was not considered a success as director, and at his own request he was retired in 1826, and given a

WILLIAM TELL.

Act II., Sc. 3. Painting by Schwörer.

nominal position as "inspector of singing," with the same salary.

From this time he began to compose for the French Académie. Among other things he re-arranged his "*Mose*" (which on its first representation, nearly ten years before, had met with reverses, owing to the absurdity of the Red Sea as represented on the stage, and was saved by the famous prayer, precursor of all operatic prayers).

Rossini had made friends with a Mr. Aguado, a well-known banker, who invested and many times multiplied his British pounds. At Aguado's country house "William Tell" was for the most part composed.

Unfortunately the libretto was wretched, but Rossini's reputation as a composer largely rests on this work, which marked a new departure in his style. Hanslick declares that such a change in a man who had written forty operas was something unprecedented in the history of music. He was only thirty-seven, and at the height of his fame and powers. Yet this was the last opera that he ever wrote. It has been called his "swan song." Various reasons were given by Rossini himself, but none is satisfactory: his laziness least of all.

After the July Revolution, which cost him his pension, he returned to Italy for a time, but his father was dead, and there was nothing to keep him there. He was rich, and fond of good living. He came back to Paris, and built a magnificent mansion at Passy, where he lived a life of luxury and dissipation. After the death of Madame Colbran-Rossini, from whom he had been separated for some years, he married Mlle. Olympe Desguilliers, who had nursed him faithfully when he was ill. Rossini called her his providence. Nevertheless, not altogether pleasant stories are told of her.

He did not entirely cease to write. In 1832 he composed his theatrical, rather than religious, *Stabat Mater* for a Spanish friend. On the title-page stood the words, "Composed for Señor Varela and presented to him." This led to a law-suit. After the death of Don Fernandez, he replaced four numbers that had been written by his friend Tadolini, and sold the work to a French publisher for 6,000 francs. Varela's heirs brought suit, and were defeated. The work was first performed in January, 1842. In fourteen concerts it brought in 150,000 francs.

He wrote also a number of songs, piano pieces ("sins of his old age," he called them), and a little mass.

Once he exclaimed: "If my youth might be given to me for a year, a month, a week, a day, even for an hour, I would agree to write a two-act opera, oversee the rehearsals, and direct it myself."

But when he was offered a hundred thousand francs for a new work, he replied: —

"I have written enough Italian; I don't wish to write French; I cannot write German. Let me rest. I will not write more for fame. I have enough money."

A French caricature represented him lying on his back, like the classic representations of the Nile or the Tiber, and from his jar of harmony, carelessly overturned, was flowing a stream from which eager music-mongers were carrying away rich spoils.

He cared more for the glory of having invented a new salad dressing (and this brought him a cardinal's apostolic benediction) than for all his fame as a composer. He compared Mozart to truffles: each giving constantly new pleasure and comfort. Once he exclaimed, "Truly, I would rather be a sausage-maker than a composer."

That Canova praised his physical beauty, and wanted him for a model, was for him "worth more than all musical fame." He called life a comic opera, the four acts made up of eating, loving, singing, and digesting. "The stomach is the conductor who directs the great orchestra of our passions," was one of his sayings.

Though superstitious, he was sceptical. He cared nothing for the fine arts or politics. His one act of patriotism was the composition of a hymn during the independent rising at Bologna in 1815. When in 1848, being in Italy, he was asked to subscribe to the great national fund, he is said to have given a lame horse and an uncollectable note. The populace learning of it gave him a cat-concert, and in consequence he sold his palace, which had the seven notes of the scale over the portal as a sort of escutcheon.

He considered Mozart the greatest composer of the world, and two years before he died, when Vienna gave a great concert in behalf of a Mozart memorial, Rossini sent two choruses, and wrote that they came from a man who worshipped Mozart as divine.

Rossini was one of the wittiest and best-natured of men. In his rooms on the Chaussée d'Antin he received every Sunday morning dressed in a *negligé* costume. After he built his villa at Passy he refused to go there by train, but drove. He always chose a hack-driver with tired horses, because he was afraid to go fast. All sorts of honors were heaped upon him. He was Commander of the Legion of Honor, and member of multitudes of societies. Statues of him were erected in Pesaro and in Paris. He cared little for such things. He told Wagner, "I have no claim to be reckoned among the heroes."

Goethe once summed up the characteristics of Voltaire

in a wonderful sentence, attributing to him depth, genius, intuition, perception, sublimity, naturalness, nobility, wit, good taste, tact, many-sidedness, brilliancy, vivacity, elegance, and a dozen other qualities, some of them inexpressible either in English or German. Ambros applies this characterization to Rossini, and declares that the upward step which he made in "William Tell" was unexampled in the history of music.

Wagner declared that with Rossini died the old opera, but of his personality he said: "He gave me the impression of the fairest, the most truly great and admirable man whom I ever met in the world of art." But Wagner's prediction was not strictly true, as is proved by the tremendous interest excited in the year of grace 1890, at Rome, where during a Rossini revival nearly all of his early operas were given with great success.

Rossini's superstition caused him to dread Fridays and the number thirteen. He died on Friday, the thirteenth day of November, 1868! His body was at first placed in the Madeleine, but it was afterwards removed to Florence.

His manuscripts were sold for one hundred and fifty thousand francs. In July, 1889, the so-called *Fondation Rossini* — a retreat for the invalids of song — was opened in Paris with appropriate ceremonies. To this luxurious home, where fifty French and Italian musicians may find rest in their old age — a palace and a park — were devoted some four millions of francs by the childless maestro. There may be seen Rossini's spectacles, his wedding ring, his academic robes, his inkstand.

He died, like Beethoven, in the Catholic religion.

Though so easy-going in morals and life, he once exclaimed: "He who wrote the *Stabat Mater* must necessarily have had faith."

Among his manuscripts was found a composition with this inscription: "May this mass be reckoned as an atonement for all my sins, and open for me the gates of Paradise!"

Such was the strange and paradoxical career of one of the greatest and most disappointing of men.

NOTE. — It is said toward the end of 1863 Rossini composed a mass which was performed in Paris at the house of the rich banker, Pillet-Will, and that on the last page of the manuscript the following words were found: "Heavenly Father, — Finally terminated is this poor mass, actually composed of sacred music and of music damned (*musique sacrée et sacrée musique*). You know I was born for the opera bouffe, and all of my worldly belongings consist of a little bit of heart and less scientific knowledge. Therefore, bless me, and permit me to enter Paradise. — GIOACHINO ROSSINI."

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(1786-1826.)

IF Rossini was born under a lucky star, Weber, as he himself so often said, was under the life-long influence of an evil star. If Rossini's life (viewed superficially) was a gay comedy, Weber's was a tragedy. If Rossini charmed the world with his "filigree melodies," and even founded a school of opera, Weber has a greater claim upon fame, as the father of German song, the precursor of the Chopins and Liszts, and the prophet of the so-called "music of the future."

Weber was the musician-laureate of the age of romanticism. The age of romanticism has passed, and Weber is comparatively forgotten, though his influence still remains. Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner had much to learn from him. Bayreuth and "*Parsifal*" are offshoots of Berlin and "*Der Freischütz.*"

Between Rossini and Weber there is a yet wider distinction. Rossini sank from a lofty height of activity to a life of sloth and dissipation. Weber cleared his wings from the soil of an unworthy life, and soared to noble distinction as a man and a composer. Rossini was the victim of himself and his passions. Weber rose superior to circumstances. Rossini's career warns and

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.
Painting by Ferd Schi[illegible]

preaches a sermon. Weber's is or ought to be an inspiration.

Most despicable among men is a titled adventurer. Such was the gay, fascinating, unscrupulous, disreputable Baron Franz Anton von Weber, by turns soldier, gambler, financial counsellor and district judge, fiddler, kapellmeister, theatrical manager, strolling player, town-musician, and pensioner.

Fortune smiled upon him generously when he married the proud and beautiful Maria Anna de Fumetti, and immediately succeeded his father-in-law in a lucrative and honorable position under Clemens August, Elector of Cologne and Bishop of Hildesheim. For nine years he was thus favored. Then, on the death of the Elector, he lost his position, and after five years of private life he started out on his wanderings as a viola player. We hear of him as settled in Lübeck, where he published some respectable songs, and became director of the theatre. His wife, whose fortune had been squandered, died of a broken heart, leaving eight young children. At the age of fifty the gay widower went to Vienna and married Genovefa von Brenner, a pretty maiden of sixteen, who had some reputation as a singer. He took her to Eutin, a small town of Oldenburg, where shortly before he had served as kapellmeister to the art-loving Prince-Bishop of Lübeck. His place was now another's, and he was obliged to earn a pittance as director of the town band.

Here, on the 18th of December, 1786, was born Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber — the child of genius.

His father, like Beethoven's father, had been dazzled by the success of young Mozart, and had vainly hoped that each of his children would turn out an infant

prodigy. The glamour was all the greater now because his niece Constance had married Mozart.

The poor little baron was a feeble child, suffering from a disease of the hip-bone, which made him lame for life. He was not able to walk at all till he was four; before he used his legs he was taught to sing, and his hands were wonted to the keys of the clavier. He showed no special bent for music, and his step-brother, who tried to teach him, is said to have flung down his violin-bow in despair, exclaiming, "Carl, whatever you may be, you will never become a musician!"

During his early years he had no settled home. His father was travelling about as director of a dramatic troupe composed chiefly of his own family. They were in Weimar in 1794, where the mother appeared in the theatre, under Goethe's direction, as Constanze in Mozart's "Elopement from the Seraglio."

When he was twelve, his gentle, unhappy mother died of consumption, and he was left to the care of his father's sister Adelheid. The forcing system to which he was relentlessly subjected at last began to produce some fruit. At Munich, under Court Organist Kalcher, he wrote a mass, trios, sonatas, four-part songs, and his first opera, all of which were afterwards destroyed by fire, perhaps purposely, perhaps accidentally. At Salzburg, under the training of Kapellmeister Michael Haydn, he composed six "little fugues," which his father promptly published, falsifying his age by a year. The Leipzig *Musical Times* spoke respectfully of them, but complained of the misprints. Even more flattering was Rochlitz's judgment upon his second published work — "Six Variations" on an original theme. He remarked, however, that the engraving and lithograph-

ing were ill done — apparently by an engraver who knew nothing of notes and their value.

This was particularly severe, because the lad had lithographed the pieces himself! An erratic genius named Sennefelder, who had failed as a lawyer, as an actor, as an artist, as a poet, and as a dramatist, was by accident the inventor of lithography, and taking a fancy to the fascinating old baron and his son, taught them his secret. Carl Maria, already grounded, superficially, in the arts of painting and engraving, attained some proficiency in this new process, and even made improvements in the press. He became so much interested in it that he had some thought of adopting it as his life-work. In a letter to the publisher Artaria, he wrote: "I can engrave music on stone in a manner not to be surpassed by the finest English engraving, as you will see by the accompanying specimens."

But Weber was born, not for lithography, but for the stage. His early amusements, as he followed the fortunes of his "Thespian sire" from town to town, were behind the scenes; and we cannot be much surprised to find that the manager of a theatre at Carlsbad, knowing of his precocity as a composer, gave him an original libretto called "The Forest Maiden, or the Dumb Girl of the Forest." This half-comic, half-romantic opera was set to music in the autumn of the year 1800, and performed at both Freiberg and Chemnitz, but with little success. It was given eight times at Vienna five years later, and travelled even as far as St. Petersburg. Only fragments remain. The next year, while studying at Salzburg with Michael Haydn, he composed another comic opera, entitled "Peter Schmoll and His Neighbors."

Haydn heard a private performance of it, and was

enthusiastic over its correct counterpoint, its fire and delicacy, and the ability shown by his "dear pupil," both as composer and pianist. Josef Otter, concert-master at Salzburg, prophesied that he would be a second Mozart. The work did not attain quite the success expected by these prejudiced friends.

Weber's last teacher was the celebrated, or rather notorious, Abbé Vogler, that "spangled mountebank of art," who, indeed, had influence at court and brilliant qualities. The young baron at his suggestion gave himself up for two years to "diligent study of the various works of the great composers." He also had the honor of arranging Vogler's opera "*Zamori*" for piano. Through the abbé's good offices he, the youngest of his pupils, was appointed conductor of the opera at Breslau at a salary of six hundred thalers a year.

He found it hard to quit gay, music-loving Vienna, where, in company with his friend Lieutenant Gänsbacher, poet and musician, he not merely tasted, but drank deep, of the Pierian spring of dangerous pleasures. His songs, sung in his rich, melodious voice, to accompaniment of the guitar, no less than his remarkably pleasing personality, gave him immediate entrance into all hearts. More than one lady of rank loved him with passionate devotion. He was then the Lord Byron of music.

For a "beardless boy" of seventeen to assume the direction of a number of professors, all older and more experienced than himself, required considerable courage, but he grappled manfully with the task. He carried out with a high hand many necessary but displeasing innovations, and enforced a discipline such as had never been known before in the little theatre. This course

made him enemies, and when, just after having finished the overture to his new opera, "*Rübezahl*," he accidentally drank some nitric acid, instead of wine, and was laid up for two months, and lost his beautiful voice, matters came to a crisis. His enemies had made such headway against him that he resigned his position in disgust.

Breslau had proved disastrous to his finances. Disreputable pleasures, and the demands of his father, who was now wholly dependent upon him, loaded him with debts which were not discharged for years.

Musically he made progress at Breslau. He discovered his great gift for conducting, and laid the foundation of his fame as a pianist. It is said that his improvisations at this time were "golden dreams, rich, beautiful, and edifying." But the fragments of an opera which he wrote then, he himself long afterwards confessed to Spohr, were of little value or promise.

After he left Breslau, he spent a few months as "music-director" in the service of Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, at Carlsruhe, where he had a position somewhat like Haydn's at Esterhaz. It was expressly stated in his diploma that he was thus received on account of his talent, and not his family, "of which no consideration was taken." Still, when the Duke learned that Weber's father and aunt were left behind in wretched circumstances, he sent for them and gave them lodgings near the palace.

The few months that he spent in that stiff, formal, and absurd, but music-loving little court, made "a brilliant spot in his checkered and troubled existence." He heard good music, and composed, among other things, two so-called symphonies for the Duke's band.

But war broke out. The Duke went to the frontier.

The chapel was dismissed, and Weber became private secretary to his patron's brother, Duke Ludwig, at Stuttgart.

A more unfortunate move he could hardly have made.

Friedrich, King of Würtemberg, was a man of talent and power, but tyrannical, cruel, and utterly unscrupulous. He was enormously fat, so that a space had to be cut in the royal dining-table to allow him to get near enough to feed. He was mean, contemptible, fond of coarse jests, fearful in anger, dangerous in friendship. He loved pomp. Three hundred chamberlains served him. A host of idle and dissipated young nobles, chosen mainly for their good looks, swarmed in the palace.

The King's favorite was an unprincipled scoundrel named Dillen, who, from being groom in the ducal stables, had been made a count, a general, and finally minister. Partially dependent on the King was his brother Duke Ludwig, who, having failed of the throne of Poland, had come to live at Stuttgart, where he kept up an extravagant and unseemly establishment.

Into this false and miserable life Weber was suddenly thrown. His principal duty was to raise money for "horses, dogs, hunting-parties, journeys, gambling debts, wine, pensions, and all sorts of dubious allowances." When the Duke's purse was empty he had to apply for aid to the King, who repaid with interest Weber's open dislike, and treated him ignominiously. On one occasion, after a terrible scene with the hideous old monarch, he met an old lady who asked where she could find the court laundress. Weber showed her to the King's private apartment. The King disliked old women, and when the unwelcome visitor stammered out that a young gentleman had directed her there, he suspected that

Weber had played this trick upon him, and ordered him arrested. It is said that while he was in prison he got hold of a miserable old piano, tuned it with a door-key, and composed one of his well-known songs. This was in October, 1808. The Duke got him released, but the King never forgot the insult.

The young musician found plenty of friends. Some had a bad influence upon him. F. C. Hiemer, a dissolute young poet who adapted works for the German stage and tried to remodel the libretto of his opera "The Dumb Girl," introduced him to "the sirens of the Royal Theatre" and all the follies of a perfectly reckless society.

On the other hand, Lehr, the royal librarian, opened his eyes to the glories of German philosophy, and did much to train his mind toward logical thinking. Danzi, the new conductor of the Royal Opera, a man of weight and character, though old enough to be his father, formed an intimate friendship with him, gave him excellent counsel, and tried to restrain him from the dangerous and unhappy life which he led.

Weber, like Mozart and Beethoven, had a fund of uproarious wit, and this he displayed, as they did, in his letters. Like Mozart, he often wrote them in verse, and many were addressed to his friend Danzi. Some of them are still in existence, set to humorous music, and signed "Krautsalat" (cabbage-salad), his nickname among his wild young friends. Weber's money affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. They were still further embarrassed by the sudden arrival of his old father with bass-viol, two poodle dogs, and a fresh burden of debts — those for gambling, the most dishonorable, being then considered the most honorable.

The debt of honor at all events had to be paid, and it was paid. One story says that the old Baron — who still insisted on being called Major — found in his son's desk a sum of money belonging to the Duke, and sent it off. Another relates that Weber obtained the necessary sum through a former groom of his, who, unknown to him, pledged that the lender's son should be spared from the conscription. The pledge was not kept. The King heard of the scandal, and saw in it a chance to punish his enemy.

On the 9th of February, 1810, while rehearsing his new opera "*Silvana*," Weber was suddenly arrested and dragged off to prison. There was a mock trial presided over by the King, who outdid himself in violence. But Weber showed so much dignity and pleaded his cause so well that even the King saw there was no case against him. Nevertheless the young man and his father were unceremoniously bundled out of the country without a chance to bid any one of their friends farewell.

Thus was Weber banished from Würtemberg for life, but he could say in the words of Catiline, —

> "What's banished but set free
> From daily contact with the thing I loathe?"

It was the turning-point of his life: a harsh medicine that wrought a moral cure.

With only sixty-five florins, and with a trunk full of manuscripts of songs, piano duets written for his pupils, — the Duke's two daughters, — and other compositions (for he had not neglected his art), Weber with his father came to Mannheim, where he found firm friends. But his old teacher, Vogler, was at Darmstadt with Gänsbacher, and after a few months of various musical

and social enjoyment he also went there. At Vogler's he made the acquaintance of young Meyerbeer, and under the stimulus of their activity he wrote his first piano concerto, six sonatas for violin and piano, and his operetta "*Abu Hassan.*" In alliance with Meyerbeer and several other musical friends, he founded a Harmonic Union (*Harmonischer Verein*), composed of literary and musical people, "with the general object of furthering the cause of art, and the special object of advancing thorough and impartial criticism." Each member had an assumed name, and it was proposed to establish a journal. In this regard Weber's mantle fell on Schumann.

"*Silvana,*" composed at Stuttgart, was now produced for the first time at Frankfurt, but with small success owing to the rival attraction of a balloon ascension. Caroline Brandt, who afterwards became his wife, sang the title rôle.[1]

In spite of the musical court of the Grand Duke, and the "skittish" pleasures which the three young musicians enjoyed together, "melody-hunting," eating cherries on a wager, making merry music at beer-houses, Weber found Darmstadt dull, and was not sorry to leave it. He felt lonely and sad, but he was able to say honestly, "Within the last ten months I have become a better man." And his naturally buoyant spirits soon conquered.

A project to secure for him a permanent position at Mannheim, though supported by the Princess Amelie of Baden, fell through and he was driven to undertake an

[1] It is interesting to note that this opera has been recently fitted with a new libretto, remodelled and enriched with other of Weber's music, and performed with great success. The hundredth anniversary of Weber's birth was widely celebrated throughout Germany by revivals of his operas and a complete publication of his works.

artistic tour. After a farewell concert at Darmstadt, by which he cleared two hundred florins, he slowly made his way to Munich, here giving a concert to enthusiastic students, there stopping to dally with some maid who at a masked ball had touched his ever-susceptible heart. At Munich he made the acquaintance of Carl Baermann, a famous clarinetist, for whom he wrote a number of clarinet concertos and other pieces. Owing to the good-will of the Bavarian court, his concert was successful, and he found pleasant and profitable employment for several months. Here he wrote, "Every man in the orchestra wants me to compose a concert piece for his special instrument." He was nothing loath, and even composed a piece for a new instrument called the harmonichord.

After leaving Munich, he went on a long tour through Germany and Switzerland, first alone and afterwards with Baermann. On his way to Lake Constance he inadvertently crossed a corner of Würtemberg territory, and suddenly found himself under arrest again. But orders came to carry him to the next frontier, and so he was transported at the King's expense exactly where he wanted to go!

At Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig he gave several concerts, and made hosts of pleasant acquaintances. He had some notion of settling in Leipzig, and devoting himself to literary work. A novel which he began, entitled "A Musician's Wanderings," was interrupted by an invitation to visit Emil Leopold August, Duke of Gotha, whose talents Napoleon respected, but who was as mad as a March hare.

This merry monarch had a mania for wearing female attire; he dyed his hair different colors on different

occasions; he played the absurdest tricks on his courtiers; he wrote ridiculous poetry, and set his own verses to still more ridiculous music. Yet he had sane moments when he corresponded with great men in fitting language, and he knew how to appreciate genius.

When Weber and Baermann reached Gotha, they found their great contemporary Spohr residing at the same court and engaged on his "Last Judgment." Spohr, who had known Weber as a dissipated youth at Stuttgart, was not at all gracious; but the Duke would scarcely let Weber out of his sight, and kept him so busy composing and performing that his son calls this visit "an artistic debauch!"

Weber was glad enough to quit this exciting and nerve-shattering life, and to be on the free road again.

After a short delay at Weimar, where the Grand Duke and his Russian daughter-in-law welcomed him, and the worshipful Goethe unaccountably snubbed him; and after a concert in Dresden, the receipts of which, in spite of his thirty-three visits paid in one day to all the notabilities, amounted to only fifty-six thalers, — Weber, still in company with Baermann, reached Berlin on the 20th of February, 1812.

Here a new life began for him. He found a home in the palatial mansion of the Beers — the parents of his friend Meyerbeer. The gay, loose immoralities of the Southern cities were frowned upon in the Northern capital. A serious, sober, intellectual spirit here reigned, partly due to the grave political crisis that year of Napoleon's fall, and it had its influence upon him. Moreover, he was saddened by the death of his old father, whom he loved devotedly, in spite of his faults and foibles.

Just about this time his opera "*Silvana*" was produced with medium success, but it opened his eyes to its faults, and showed him what he must do. His acquaintance with the first male chorus ever founded in Germany (*der Liedertafel*) was a great stimulus to him, and he composed for it some excellent four-part songs.

Yet this time his stay lasted only till September, when he found himself once more the guest of the Duke of Gotha, with whom he passed nearly three months and a half of enjoyable yet irritating activity, and got much gain, especially from his intercourse with Spohr, of whom he often speaks in his diary.

But Weber had his father's debts to pay, and in December he was once more on his wanderings. Sir George Grove finely compares him at this period to an ancient troubadour, singing his melodies from house to house. The wanderings ended at Prague, where Wenzel Müller, one of the most popular and original musical geniuses of his day, had been for many years director of the theatre. He had just resigned, and Weber was offered his place at a salary of 2,000 florins ($400), a benefit guaranteed at a thousand more, and three months' vacation. The opera had to be remodelled, and Weber was obliged to engage the artists.

As it were by accident, the very first person with whom he made a contract was the brilliant young singer, Caroline Brandt. She made her *début* on the first day of January, 1814, in Isouard's "*Cinderella*," and by reason of her beauty, her excellent acting, and her well-cultivated voice, she became a great favorite. Weber himself was pleased with her dignity and modesty, her unaffected simplicity and innocence. Unfortunately, soon after his arrival at Prague he had become infatuated with an

actress, who, though the mother of several children, managed completely to enthrall him. His diary is witness to what he suffered through her heartless treatment of him. Weber could not help contrasting the character of the two women, and after a severe struggle, and not without many jealous tribulations, he tore himself loose from the unworthy, and gave himself up to the worthy love. On his first benefit night, after Caroline Brandt had made a great success as Zerlina, in "*Don Giovanni*," she accepted Weber's hand. Owing to her rival's machinations, however, the engagement was broken more than once, and it was not till December, 1817, that they were married.

At Prague he was indefatigable in the duties of his office. He was "scene-painter, stage manager, prompter, copyist, superintendent of costumes, and musical director." In order to manage his men better, he even learned Bohemian, so as to talk with them in their own tongue. For three years and a half he retained this position, notwithstanding a great many annoyances. During this time he brought out no less than sixty-one operas, of which thirty-one were entirely new works. He atoned for a youthful attack upon Beethoven by producing "*Fidelio*," but much to his disgust it was coldly received. He wrote, "Punch and Judy would suit them better!" Nor did he use his position to further his own interests. On the contrary, he injured his health, and at last, worn out with the struggle, he sent in his resignation.

His most important compositions during these years were songs, and especially the four-part patriotic male choruses from Körner's "Lyre and Sword" — works which even to-day are unrivalled in their kind, and which gave Weber immense popularity among the people.

As a song-writer, Weber knew how to move the masses. He collected and remodelled the popular folk-song. He felt that the spontaneous melodies bubbling up from the heart of a people are as genuine music as the more refined themes of elaborated art. The world has come to Weber's standpoint in this regard; but in Weber's day, Wenzel Müller, whose melodies were like folk-songs, was looked down upon by the cultivated; and Weber, whose lineage was aristocratic, separated himself from the aristocracy of music by the same form of innovation. He wrote one hundred and twenty-eight songs, and many of them are still sung, though Schubert, Schumann, and Franz have outshone him.

His cantata "Battle and Victory," in honor of the battle of Waterloo, is even now regarded as superior to Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria."

Weber, on leaving Prague, had hopes of being appointed court kapellmeister at Berlin, but his evil star prevailed. Another less worthy received the place. Even the two concerts which he gave there had small success, owing to violent storms and the expected coming of Catalani, the Patti of the day.

In 1816 he was appointed kapellmeister of the German opera at Dresden, though his title was not confirmed for life till the following year. It seemed like a bright prospect. But it had its dark side. Italian opera was more strongly intrenched in Dresden than in any other German city. The King of Saxony, August, called "the Just," hated the King of Prussia, and saw in Weber's patriotic songs of the "Lyre and Sword" reason for detesting the composer also. This feeling of ill-will was fostered by his prime minister, Count Einsiedel, a small, arbitrary, narrow-minded man, who

from the very first interview became Weber's bitter enemy; the Italian kapellmeister Morlacchi was Count Einsiedel's favorite.

In this city, then, Weber was called upon to establish German opera. When he was first presented to the new company he astounded them by declaring that he should exact implicit obedience, that he should be just but pitilessly severe. He was described at that time as a small, narrow-chested man, with long arms, refined but large hands, thin, pale, irregular face, with brilliant blue eyes flashing through his spectacles; "mighty forehead, fringed by a few straggling locks;" awkward and clumsy, but charming in spite of all, especially when he smiled. His dress was a blue frock coat with metal buttons, tight trousers, Hessian boots with tassels, a cloak with several capes, and a broad round hat.

It was not long before his subordinates began actually to worship him. His genial temper, his high ideal, his genius, made them forget his frail body and bend to his will. The operas given under his direction were so admirably performed that even the King had to acknowledge it, though he found it hard to forgive the new kapellmeister for re-arranging the orchestra, and for actually publishing in the paper analyses of the operas over his own name. This was a terrible innovation in strait-laced Dresden.

As a writer and a poet Weber has been described as restless, unfinished, but original, striving after new ideas, overloaded with figures, humorous with the childish humor of the romantic school. His criticisms on music and musicians were generally mild and sympathetic.

Ten years before, Weber had come across a little volume of ghost stories by Apel. He had then been

struck by one of them, which seemed to promise well for an opera libretto. But the scheme was laid aside. At Dresden he accidentally picked up the same volume, and having at a reunion of musical and literary people called "The Poets' Tea" met Friedrich Kind, he made arrangements for a libretto on the story of the Magic Huntsman.

Kind wrote the book very rapidly, and thus Weber began the composition of "*Der Freischütz.*" It was his habit to compose mentally, and not to put music to paper till it was all complete. His power of mental abstraction was marvellous. Yet so many interruptions occurred — his marriage, his extra duties as conductor of the Italian opera during Morlacchi's eight months' absence, his constant struggles with cabals, the birth and death of his little daughter, and his insecure health, that it was not until midnight of November 30, 1819, that the first act was finished, and the last on the thirteenth of the following May.

And meantime what a rich abundance of works his fertile pen poured out; more than 128 pieces! — songs, duets, and quartets, festival cantatas, incidental music to dramas, concertos for various instruments, — piano, bassoon, harp, guitar, — overtures, offertories, and last and not least his two great masses.

His best-known piano composition of this time was the "Invitation to the Dance," which, says Ambros, contains all that the German has of "poetry, gallantry, tenderness, grace" — "not a dance but *the* dance, as a poetic idea expressed musically with all the rich forms included in it with such fascination, nobility, and brilliancy," the foretaste of Strauss! We must also mention the music to Wolff's Spanish drama "*Preciosa,*" "more than half

SCENE FROM THE FREISCHÜTZ.

an opera," as he calls it, and containing some of his most fascinating numbers.

Weber's popularity among the youths of Germany was proved this same year, when he and his wife went on an artistic tour to Leipzig, Halle, Göttingen, and other cities. The students, especially, simply worshipped him, gave him serenades, and showed him every honor. He was regarded as one of the greatest pianists that ever lived.

After most vexatious delays "*Der Freischütz*" was given for the first time in Berlin on the 18th of June, 1821, the sixth anniversary of Waterloo and "*la Belle Alliance*," when Germany threw off the foreign yoke! What a significant event! For now Rossini and Spontini were all the vogue, and the triumph of "*Der Freischütz*" was the triumph of German nationalism. A full description of the performance is given by Sir Julius Benedict, in his Life of Weber. Benedict at that time was his pupil, and was present. Such a popular success was scarcely ever scored. Yet the critics croaked, and even Spohr failed to see the reason for its popularity. The romantic poet Tieck thought it the most unmusical din that he ever heard on the stage. But Tieck, who wanted to elevate the drama at the expense of the opera, was naturally opposed to Weber, who wanted to elevate the opera at the expense of the drama. His very individuality was what the critics could not appreciate.

But the people liked it, and it was given no less than fifty times in eighteen months, with receipts amounting to 37,000 thalers. Its five-hundredth performance took place in 1884.

He wrote a friend from Berlin: "How often the

highest desires which I thought beyond my reach have been attained, and still the true, beautiful goal has arisen ever farther and farther away! And how little I satisfy myself in what has seemed to satisfy others! Believe me, high approval weighs like a great obligation on the honest artist's soul, and he never pays it, though he do his best."

A week after the first performance of "*Der Freischütz*," he gave a concert in Berlin, and played for the first time his famous "*Concert Stück*," which he had completed on the very morning of that exciting day.

The two months that he had spent in Berlin were the happiest of his life.

When he returned to Dresden he found a laurel wreath that some one had put in his trunk. He seized it, and crowned Mozart's bust with it, exclaiming, "This belongs to thee."

He had become one of the most famous men of Europe, but still there was no change from the studied coldness and insulting neglect with which the King and his minister treated him. It was remarkable that the authorities even refused to the end of his life to gratify him by conferring a paltry order upon him — "perhaps the only instance on record," says Benedict, "of this favor being withheld from an artist of such eminence."

He had an offer from the new Elector of Hesse Cassel to become the director of opera there, at a salary of 2,500 thalers ($1,875). The chance was most flattering, but so great was his desire to conquer the hostility of the Saxon court that he refused it, and generously recommended Spohr, who was then living in Dresden. This self-sacrifice was rewarded by an increase of 300 thalers ($225) to his paltry salary! The opera was not

given in Dresden till early in 1822, but then its popular success was enormous. Yet even then the court did not realize what a great man Weber was.

On his return from a delightful visit to Vienna, where "*Der Freischütz*" was given no less than fifty times consecutively (though at first the censorship cut out the part of "Samiel," the Evil One, and refused to allow the enchanted ballet, and made other mutilations), Weber removed with his wife and their baby son (his future biographer) to a farmhouse about five miles from Dresden, and not far from the King's summer residence at Pilnitz. Here, amid the picturesque beauties of "the Saxon Switzerland," a delightful home-life began for him. He had the fortunate faculty of forgetting the annoyances of his public position so soon as he crossed his threshold, and his joyous nature made him a delightful companion. He never lacked guests from among the congenial spirits of the literary and artistic world. Among those who enjoyed his boundless hospitality were the poets Jean Paul Richter, Tieck, and Wilhelm Mueller, the composers Benedict and Spontini, and many others.

Unfortunately he had parted company with Friedrich Kind; and for his next opera, which was written at the order of Rossini's manager, Barbaja, for Vienna, he accepted a libretto from a ridiculous elderly blue-stocking named Helmina von Chezy, whom Weber called "that confounded old Chez." This was composed in 1822 and 1823, at Dresden and Hosterwitz; and in the month of September, 1823, Weber went to Vienna to superintend the production there of "*Euryanthe*." He jestingly called it "*Ennuyante!*"

It was during this visit that he went for the first time

to call upon Beethoven, with whom he had already had a lively correspondence, now unfortunately lost. Sir Julius Benedict accompanied him, and gives a charming account of the visit to the cyclopean genius at his summer place at Baden.

Weber was amazed at the chaos of the man's room. Beethoven reminded him of King Lear. "His hair thick, gray at ends, here and there quite white; brow and skull wonderfully broadly arched, and lofty like a temple; the nose square like a lion's, the mouth nobly formed and gentle, the chin broad and double, the jaws seemingly capable of cracking the hardest nuts."

Weber wrote his wife: "He received me with a love that was touching; embraced me certainly six or seven times in the most affectionate way. . . . We spent the afternoon together in great joy and content. This rugged, repellent man actually paid me as much attention as if I were a lady he was courting, and served me at dinner with the most delicate care."

"Success to your new opera; if I can, I will come on the first night," were Beethoven's parting words.

On the 25th of October "*Euryanthe*" was given for the first time at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, which, in spite of the rival attractions of Rossini and his troupe, was packed with a most brilliant audience, including "the highest political authorities, the flower of nobility and beauty," and all the musical notabilities of the city.

On the fourth performance Weber was called out fourteen times, and hosts of congratulatory poems were showered upon him. Beethoven, though unable to be present, wrote: "I am glad, I am glad. For this is the way the German must get the upper hand of the Italian sing-song."

In "*Euryanthe*" we find perfect unity of coloring, immense brilliancy of orchestration, and more than a hint of "leading motives," thus being a precursor of "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*."

Weber's own idea of it was expressed in a letter to the Academy of Music at Weimar, who wished to give the music of "*Euryanthe*" in concert: "It is a purely dramatic effort," he said, "its effect to be expected only from the aid of all the sister arts." Thus he appears as the prophet of the music of the future. "*Euryanthe*," says Ambros, "is an epoch-making work. Wagner is found rooted in this opera."

Nevertheless, after twenty performances it was withdrawn. It was killed by its impossible libretto.

Weber returned to Dresden sick and weary, and during the following fourteen months could do nothing except attend to his official duties. When Benedict next saw him, he "seemed to have grown older by ten years in those few weeks; his former strength of mind, his confidence, his love for the art, had all forsaken him. Sunken eyes, general apathy, and a dry hectic cough bespoke clearly the precarious condition of his health."

In 1824 Weber had a letter from Charles Kemble of London, telling of the unprecedented success of "*Der Freischütz*" there, and urging him to write an opera for Covent Garden Theatre.

The proffered reward — £1,000 — was large. With a presentiment of speedy death he accepted it, decided to take "Oberon" as the subject, and began with feverish anxiety to study English; and between the second of October, 1824, and the eleventh of February, 1826, he took no less than one hundred and fifty-three lessons.

While engaged in composing the opera he was taken

violently ill, and was ordered to Ems. On his way he called on Goethe, and for the third time the great poet treated him as an intruder. A more cheerful event was the first production of "*Euryanthe*" at Berlin, in December, 1825. He had not visited the capital for four years, and he received an ovation. The opera was given to perfection. He wrote his wife that he had achieved "the most complete and magnificent triumph."

He returned to Dresden, and prepared for his journey to England. To his friends he said: "It is all the same whether I go or stay. I am a dead man within a year. But if I go my children will have bread to eat when their father is dead. If I stay they will starve. What would you do in my place?"

The King was icily cold when he went to bid him farewell. When he tore himself away from his wife and children, and the coach door closed, Frau Weber sank to the floor, exclaiming, "I have heard his coffin lid shut!"

Accompanied by his friend Fürstenau the flutist, he travelled with his own carriage and horses, passing through the places made memorable by his wedding journey ten years before. Everywhere he was received with ovations. He went also to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of the leaders of French music. Rossini was, as usual, full of tact and kindness. Cherubini welcomed him warmly. At the opera he was loudly applauded.

He reached London on the sixth of March, and was delighted with England. He wrote his wife that no king could receive greater proofs of love and interest than he did. Strangely enough Weber, who was quite worshipped by the public, was almost wholly neglected

by the aristocracy, who had taken such a fancy to Rossini. They shut their hearts and their salons to the little insignificant, sickly man who had come among them. His hopes of large rewards from private sources were cruelly disappointed.

But in spite of his racking cough he superintended sixteen rehearsals of "Oberon," and on the twelfth of April directed the opera, which was received with every mark of approval. For the first time in the history of the English opera, the whole audience remained and yelled frantically till Weber appeared before the curtain.

Yet a concert which Weber gave in May, and at which "a phalanx of the best English artists" took part, did not half fill the house, and brought him only $480. And yet more than 30,000 Germans were then living in London! At this concert Weber played for the last time upon the piano.

A projected benefit had to be given up on account of the change in his health. He was forbidden to appear in public again.

Then the restlessness which was always characteristic of him came over him. His one desire was to get home. He bought gifts for his Dresden friends, wrote his wife a last letter, telling her she need not answer it, for he should be with her soon, and made ready to go. But on the morning of the fifth of June, Sir George Smart, at whose house he stayed in London, found him dead in his bed, with "no trace of suffering on his noble features." His last words had been, "Now let me sleep."

Seventeen years later his body was brought back to Germany and re-interred in the Catholic cemetery in Dresden, where Richard Wagner spoke a splendid tribute to "the most German of German composers," the creator of the romantic opera.

"Behold," he said, "the Briton does thee justice, the Frenchman admires thee, but only the German can *love* thee!"

He had redeemed the errors of his youth by suffering. The glamour of vice and dissipation had been seen in its true colors. Manliness, simplicity of character, true nobility, were Weber's legacy to his people. Nor in musical literature is anything more beautiful and pathetic than his letters to his wife, especially those from London, just published by their grandson. What courage, cheerfulness, love, breathe in those touching words, and what a contrast to the reality of his diary! Jestingly he writes her that "Mr. Cough [*Mosjö Husten*] is very capricious, coming and going without any reason," but is a "right good aid to early rising." If any one would know Weber the man, he is seen at his best in these charming, graceful, affectionate epistles.